

SMART SET

True Stories from Real Life

July

25
Cents



Behind a
FAMILY DOCTOR'S DOOR

HENRY
CLIVE
JUN 9 1927
THE CHRONICLE

The Challenge to Ugliness

—and to those who oppose woman's rights to beauty!

Abundant Proof that "Marvo"

Most Amazing Liquid Discovery in the
History of Beauty Culture

**Removes Old Outer Skin-Film and
New Skin Appears Clear,
Youth-Like, Beautiful**

Legions of Both Sexes, Young and Old, Testify
to It's Astonishing Value and Harmless
Action, Thereby Denying the Lies and
False Statements of Charlatan
Doctors and Competitors
Who Infer in Newspapers
That All Such Products
Are Dangerous

READ FREE OFFER BELOW

Like the Gift of
Some Fairy Princess!

"BEAUTIFUL
NEW SKIN IN 3 DAYS"

**Often
In Only
3 Days**

Surface Wrinkles
Signs of Age
Wilted Skin
Little Lines
Large Pores
Freckles
Blackheads
Acne Postu
Pimples



The Old
Surface Film
Comes Off!

Blemishes
Are GONE!

New Skin
Appears!

Then Joy,
Happiness;
Beauty
of Youth
Remains!

You Have
the
"Ageless Face"

AFFIDAVIT.

Personally appeared before me on the day and year above written, William Witol, President of Marvo Beauty Laboratories, Inc., who being duly sworn does depose and declare, that Marvo Liquid Skin Peel is protected by registered Trade Mark, is made in said laboratories under his personal supervision, and that IT DOES NOT, NEVER DID, and NEVER CAN contain even one drop of acid of any kind whatsoever, nor any poisonous or harmful ingredients.

Ida R. Engelberg,
NOTARY PUBLIC

Signed Wm. Witol.



Great is the progress of science these days, almost beyond belief. We knew it would come sooner or later, and women have prayed for it, begged for it, would have pawned their priceless jewels for it, yet here it is, almost for a pittance, the wonder beauty-rejuvenating discovery of the age!

It was scientists who gave us Aspirin, to harmlessly relieve us of our pains and aches. It was scientists who gave our dentists Novocaine with which they now extract teeth without pain or shock to the nervous system. And now they give us Marvo, that brings out the clean, soft, velvety, youth-like skin, producing a clear, beautiful, natural, girlish or boyish complexion that almost carries one back to the days of great miracles.

No plasters nor clays to use, no creams nor powders, no masks nor steaming pots, no bleaches nor harmful acids, no makeshifts! No danger to the most tender skin, no pain—yet the old dead skin scales, the blackheads, pimples, enlarged pores, surface wrinkles, blemishes, tan, freckles and signs of approaching age are BANISHED—BECAUSE THEY'RE OFF!

And yet, there are envious competitors and conniving doctors who write articles of warning against the use of scientifically prepared cosmetics and toilet products, in fear that their old, antiquated methods and treatments will be relegated to the already heaping piles of useless antiquity.

Our offer to send ABSOLUTELY FREE to all readers of this magazine, the treatise called "Beautiful New Skin in 3 Days," together with overwhelming proof and illustrated evidence that Marvo, the talk of the beauty-building profes-

sion, is all that we and thousands of happy users claim it to be, IS OUR CHALLENGE TO UGLINESS,—not ugliness of face—but ugliness of unscrupulous competitors and doctors employed to write lying articles of warning intended to frighten the public from buying and using the products of able and long established, honorable manufacturers of many splendid and valuable toilet requisites so essential to the upkeep of womanly beauty, a clear skin and attractive complexion.

This new and instructive, illustrated Treatise, will be sent ABSOLUTELY FREE to all who write for it. It will come to you by mail, post paid. It will read almost like the tale of some Fairy Princess, come to touch you with her magic wand and make you more beautiful, more charming, more captivating. Your day-dreams come true, your ambitions rewarded, your future a success—the kind of success that real, natural beauty brings to its possessor.

It would take all the pages in this publication to tell you the wonders of MARVO. Let the Treatise we mail free explain it to you in the quiet of your own room, where no prying eyes will learn what YOU have discovered. Write for this NOW, before the supply is exhausted. It will not cost you a cent! You don't have to buy MARVO unless you want to, but just try and keep yourself from doing so after you learn what it is and understand how easily you can acquire a brand-new skin. Your request will be kept confidential. Men as well as women who need it should write without delay. A post card will bring it to you by return mail. Just say "Send Free Treatise," and thank your stars you saw this announcement! Address, Marvo Beauty Laboratories, Dept. 26-Y, No. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Authoritative advice concerning feminine hygiene

*—by a physician who is a specialist
in body grooming for everyday people*



On page 89

*Dr. Sutton makes
3 important statements:*

*One douche a week is
plenty for a healthy woman*

*Avoid any strong prepara-
tion (carbolic acid, bichlo-
ride, etc.)*

*... Where an antiseptic
is desired, Zonite may be
used ...*

*(We are pleased to give credit
to Dr. Sutton's book which
contains 100 pages of advice on
the care of the skin and hair.)*

2 important statements
Zonite is not a poison
Zonite does kill germs

Use Zonite Ointment
for burns, scratches,
sunburn, etc. Also as a
powerful deodorant
in the form of a van-
ishing cream.

NOBODY realizes so well as the physi-
cian just what the rela-
tion is between beauty
and hygiene. Nobody
knows so well as he,
just what can be accom-
plished by careful "body-grooming."
Dr. Irwin C. Sutton, formerly of the
Mayo Clinic and Johns Hopkins Hos-
pital, has given special attention to
hygiene of this nature, particularly in
the case of women. It is, therefore, in-
teresting to note the recommendations
he makes in his new book entitled
"Good Looks."

Dr. Sutton, like most physicians of
today, is heartily in favor of feminine
hygiene as a healthful routine, and
recommends a douche at weekly in-
tervals. As an antiseptic to be used for
this purpose, he names Zonite.

This is natural enough, because Zonite
combines certain qualities not found
together in any other antiseptic. In the
first place, Zonite is *effective*. In the
second place, Zonite is absolutely non-
poisonous. And in the third place, its
action is immediate.

Zonite safe compared with poisonous compounds

Most people know Zonite chiefly as
the great World War Antiseptic, which
saved countless lives in the Allied
Hospitals in France. But since that
time it has become the *Great Family
Antiseptic* of America, and among its
many uses, this service for feminine
hygiene is not the least important.
Women are learning more and more
the dangers of using poisonous anti-
septics for this intimate purpose.

*At all drugstores
In bottles*

25c, 50c and \$1

*Full directions in
every package*

Zonite
the Great family
Antiseptic



They are learning of the
mercurial poisoning that
may follow the use of
bichloride of mercury—
the hardening and scar-
ring of delicate tissues
that often follow the
use of carbolic acid compounds. Not
to mention the dangers of accidental
poisoning, especially with children in
the house.

In germicidal strength, Zonite is forty
times as effective as peroxide of hydro-
gen and actually far more powerful
than any dilution of carbolic acid
which can be applied to the human
body.

*Send for free booklet which is
frank but scientific*

Zonite can now be obtained anywhere
in the United States, even in the
smallest town which has a drugstore.
Full directions accompany every bottle.
But if you want a copy of the special
booklet devoted entirely to the subject
of feminine hygiene, write to us for it,
using the coupon below. We shall be
only too glad to mail it to you, with
extra copies for your friends if you
want them. This booklet is authentic,
clear, frankly written and attractive.
Don't forget to use the coupon.

ZONITE PRODUCTS COMPANY

250 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y.



Please send me free copy of
the Zonite booklet or book-
lets checked below.

- ☐ Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home
Please Print Name 12 G

Name

Address

City

State

(In Canada 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)

VOLUME 80
NO. 5

SMART SET

True Stories from Real Life

JULY
1927

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Cover Design Painted by Henry Clive

Assistance in the production of photographic settings was extended through the courtesy of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, pages 23, 37, 66, 67 and 71

Next
Month

Beginning:
Flame of the Desert
*The Self-Told Story of an American Girl's
 Adventures in Old Algiers*

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What were HER MISTAKES?

... find the answer here
and WIN A PRIZE
Nothing to Buy—No Obligation

What IS Charm?

—You know it isn't Beauty;

pretty faces are so numerous they are commonplace. Charm is an elusive "something more." We know that it makes one "stand out from the crowd"—distinctive—winning and holding admiration without conscious effort, but what is it?

Isn't it a composite of character, of tolerance, of graciousness, of poise and many other things, not the least of which is a face beaming with vivacious, animated loveliness?

Above all else a face should be interesting. Beautifully perfect features and a rose petal complexion can be—often are dull, lifeless, uninteresting; to be interesting a face must be expressive—animated—and this any face can be, even though not one of the fetures may be perfect if judged by classic standards.

But this animation must emanate from within. You cannot create it with make up. It must come from tingling tissues so vibrant with joyous youthfulness they live and breathe and seem to say, "well cared for."

Your face can know this wonderful feeling—

YOU can see this fascinating, animated loveliness develop in YOUR face from day to day; you can even hurry it along if you wish, and in ten days make the change so evident, so remarkable as to be quite unbelievable if you didn't have the actual proof of seeing it.

But you never can accomplish this with soaps, creams, lotions or skin foods, all of which are excellent—indispensable for what they are really intended to do, but quite powerless as tissue builders.

The reason is very simple when you remember that tissues are nourished from within by the blood, and from without by the oxygen absorbed through the pores.

Having determined how the tissues obtain thier nourishment, the method of supplying it in the increased quantity required becomes equally simple and easy to understand.

It consists of, FIRST, cleansing the pores to their depths so they may absorb a greater quantity of oxygen. Second, an augmented supply of blood to the facial tissues.

Both are accomplished every time you use Boncilla Beautifier. Its classic material is the most absorptive substance of its kind known to science. It literally takes into itself everything that is in the clogged pores.

The rare East Indian balsams with which the classic material is mixed are of themselves a skin tonic indorsed by the highest medical authorities.

The powerful drawing sensation that you experience as the Beautifier dries on the face is a physical manifestation of what is taking place beneath the skin, and the pink color of the skin that you see when the Beautifier is removed shows you how it has brought an increased supply of blood to the facial tissues to nourish, energize and invigorate them.

It's the wholesome way, the natural way—it's the ONLY way to tone and rebuild starved tissues.

YOUR face needs Boncilla Beautifier. In woman's life today there's so much to do of work and play, so few hours left for

After this page was all ready to print, I discovered, too late, that several words had been misspelled. I want you to find these—spell them correctly and send me the list.

To each of the first 25 who do send me correct lists (postmark to determine time of mailing) I will give, without any cost or obligation, an Ideal Set of Boncilla.

(Total value of these (25) prizes—\$81.25)

To each sending the next 1,000 correct lists, I will give our Boncilla La Petite Set. (Total value of these (1,000) prizes—\$500.00)

To all others who send in lists, I will send our Miniature Set. Everybody wins something.

Carolyn Haines

rest and sleep before another day.

Work, worry, weariness, and late hours given to happy joyous living take the youthful freshness and animation out of your face faster than the recuperative power of nature unassisted can put them back.

You know this is true; your mirror has told you so on many a morning.

It's the animated loveliness it puts into your face—the refreshed feeling it puts into you that makes Boncilla Beautifier different from any other cosmetic. You instantly feel, you quickly see its effects.

It invigorates the facial muscles, soothes the nerves, tones the skin; it firms the tissues, refines the skin texture, keeps it soft, smooth and free from lines and annoying complexion blemishes.

You really see and feel something definite accomplished every time you use Boncilla Beautifier. Of course you will not be amazed by a miraculous transformation after using it once; your own good sense tells you better than that; but you will see enough to convince you of the truth of every word you have read hear, and that you have found the way to make your face reveal a loveliness it now conceals.

If you will use Boncilla Beautifier six times within a period of ten days you can very greatly

hasten the accomplishment of what you are striving for and after that once or twice each week is sufficient. You can of course use it once a week from the beginning but why go so slowly when the reward is so great?

Boncilla Beautifier, as wholesome and as harmless as fresh air, will solve your problems in tissue building, in skin care, in elimination of complexion blemishes, and in addition to all this it will give your face animated, expressive loveliness to enhance your individuality, personality—CHARM.

It is not the purpose of this article to urge you to buy anything. Its purpose is to explain in simple language how facial tissues are nourished and how naturally and unfailingly the action of Boncilla Beautifier supplies this nourishment, but if you wish to begin putting this greater loveliness into your face without a moments unnecessary delay, you will find Boncilla Beautifier on all of the better toilet goods counters—everywhere.

If you want to see what using Boncilla once or twice will do, send the coupon with ten cents to cover mailing cost of test packet.

Carolyn Haines, Personal Service Dept.,
Boncilla Laboratories, Inc., Indianapolis, Indiana.

I want to try Boncilla; send me your test
packet. 10c enclosed to cover mailing.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

TOWN _____

STATE _____

BB-7-ST

Facial appearance
is important to the
attainment of the
good things in life.

Beautify your Nose!



Thousands of men and women have done it—and found love, fortune, admiration, success and happiness.

You've heard it said: "She has a lovely complexion, a graceful figure, charming ways and sparkling wit—if only her nose was not so unshapely!" Or perhaps—"He'd be a greater success in business if his misshapen nose did not make him so self-

conscious and timid."

You've heard people say this about others—have they ever whispered it about *you*?

The shape of a person's nose largely determines the question of good looks. And today, just as throughout the ages, handsome features are important factors in bringing to their possessors all those things that every person most desires.

If your nose is too long, broad at the nostrils, drooping, turned up or bulbous; if it is flat, snub or flabby; if it is unshapely in any way—*don't just pity yourself and do nothing about it.*

There is one sure way to correct the condition—in the privacy of your own room—in less than 30 days—without a soul knowing about it until the happy results are apparent.



Before After

AVOID DANGEROUS METHODS

The ANITA ADJUSTER makes unnecessary the dangerous, painful and expensive operations so often resorted to to overcome nasal deformities.



After Before

Anita Nose Adjuster

The Modern Scientific Nose Mold

Shapes while you sleep. Quickly — Permanently — Comfortably



The Anita Nose Adjuster, though costing only \$5, is scientifically constructed of the finest porous, silky materials—reinforced—to gently support and mold the nose without the slightest pain or discomfort. More than 50,000 men and women have been benefited by it in the last five years. It is the only nasal adjuster made to individual measurements, and is adjustable to your needs from day to day. Doctors highly endorse and praise it.

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Anita Building,
Newark, N. J.

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Address.....

Town.....State.....

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The Anita Co.—largest exclusive manufacturers of nose adjusters in the world—absolutely guarantees that if, after 30

days' use, you are not delighted with the results—your money will be refunded.

Our new FREE booklet, "Nature's Way to Happiness," tells the causes of nasal deformity and how to attain facial beauty. You want a copy. Mail the coupon and you'll receive it in a plain envelope. All communications treated in absolute confidence.



Gold Medal Winner

The "Anita" is the only nose adjuster awarded the highly prized diploma and Gold Medal at the International Exposition of Inventors held in New York City, February, 1923.

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Learn Without Lessons in 90 DAYS

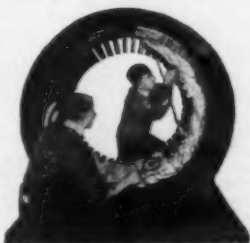
LACK of experience—age, or advanced education bars no one. I don't care if you don't know an armature from an air brake—I don't expect you to! It makes no difference! Don't let lack of money stop you. Most of the men at Coyne have no more money than you have. That's why I have worked out my astonishing offers.

FREE Railroad Fare

I pay your railroad fare to Chicago, and assist you to part time work while training. Then, in 12 brief weeks, in the great roaring shops of Coyne, I train you as you never dreamed you could be trained . . . on the greatest outlay of electrical apparatus ever assembled . . . costing hundreds of thousands of dollars . . . real dynamos, engines, power plants, autos, switchboards, transmitting stations . . . everything from doorbells to farm power and lighting . . . full-sized . . . in full operation every day!

No Books—No Printed Lessons

No dull books, no baffling charts . . . all real actual work . . . building real batteries . . . winding real armatures, operating real motors, dynamos and generators, wiring



JOBS OPEN

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Armature Expert	\$100 a Week
Substation Operator	\$95 a Week
Auto Electrician	\$110 a Week
Inventor	Unlimited
Maintenance Engineer	\$150 a Week
Service Station Owner	\$200 a Week
Radio Expert	\$100 a Week

houses, etc., etc. That's a glimpse of how we make you a master electrician in 90 days, teaching you far more than the average ordinary electrician ever knows and fitting you to hold big jobs immediately after graduation. Here, in this world-famous Parent school—and nowhere else in the world—can you get such training!

Jobs, Pay, Future

Don't worry about a job. Coyne training settles the job question for life. Demand for Coyne men far exceeds the supply. Our employment bureau secures dozens of positions weekly. Two weeks after graduation, Clyde F. Hart got a position as electrician

month. \$60 a week is only the beginning of your opportunity. You can go into radio, battery or automotive electrical business for yourself and make up to \$15,000 a year.

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Coyne is your one great chance to get into electricity. Every obstacle is removed. This school is 28 years old—Coyne training is tested—proven beyond all doubt—endorsed by electrical industry. You can find out everything absolutely free. Simply mail the coupon and let me send you the big, free Coyne book of 150 photographs . . . facts . . . jobs . . . salaries . . . opportunities. Tells you how many earn expenses while training and how we assist our graduates in the field. This does not obligate you. So act at once. Just mail coupon.

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Book**



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H. C. LEWIS, Pres., Dept. B7-84
1300 W. Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.
Founded 1899

Here's The Most Inspiring



Look for this on the Newsstand July 1st

Magazine You Ever Read!

Don't Miss the August Issue of SMART SET

IT'S brimful of entertainment, brilliant with illustrations. You'll like its vivid, first person stories of success and achievement; its thrilling, self-told stories of adventure, excitement, danger; its dramatic personal stories of the heart, of romance, love and marriage.

Here are just a few of the many vital stories from life you'll find in August SMART SET:

Beginning **Flame of the Desert** *A Vivid, True-Life Serial*

DO you realize that far away on the other side of the world other girls are dreaming dreams and other men are having marvelous adventures? Things that sound unreal and impossible to you are just everyday occurrences to them, and love which really makes the world go round, comes to them as it does to you. When you read the beginning of this amazing story, "Flame of the Desert," you'll see that hopes and fears, treachery and bravery—all the things in the hearts of men and women are the same under foreign skies as they are here. And love, *real* love, brings heaven as close to the desert as it does to your home town.

Let the Stars Help You Choose Your True Mate

By BELLE BART
Noted Astrologer

BELLE BART, astrologer, is held in high esteem in New York, Washington and Paris as a guide to those who seek to attain love, success and happiness in life. In this article she makes astonishing revelations of how happy marriages can be made, and unhappy marriages prevented, by a study of temperaments based on the stars.

My Eight Years in a Steel Jacket Taught Me How to Live

By DOROTHEA ANTEL, *The Sunshine Girl*

IF you had to sit up in bed day and night, encased in a steel jacket; if for eight years you had not known a moment free of pain, would you think life was worth living? Would you have spunk enough to refuse charity? Would you be interested enough in life to build up a bedside business? And if you were a man, engaged to a girl who had become thus crippled after the engagement, would you refuse to be released as the man in this case has done? Read this story of smiling through pain and heartache and you'll feel guilty at ever being glum.

From a \$9-a-Week Factory Job to Mistress of My Own Beauty Parlor

by MAUDE L. CHAPMAN

THE self-told story of the manicurist who serves Ir. in S. Cobb and other celebrities; who, overcoming sickness and hard circumstances, now owns and manages the Bush Terminal Building Beauty Parlor in New York's busiest spot. A story of feminine hustle and grit that gives you an insight into the kind of girls now running the thirty thousand beauty shops in America today.

~ ALSO ~

Do You Support Your Husband?

By THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

Author of "People 'Round the Corner"

The Lady with the Purple Past Who Became an Angel of Mercy

By O. O. McINTYRE

Have You Got "It" by ELINOR GLYN

And Many Others

The Real Diary of a Real Girl

YOU'LL be fascinated with the August Smart Set. For here are the secrets of success and happiness; real, vivid stories of struggle and achievement, of drama and love, told by those who have lived and experienced the things they write about.

Once you have read these vital swift-moving stories from life you will never be content with the made-up fiction in other magazines.

Be sure to get your August SMART SET, Ready July 1st

Sweet (?) girl graduate



Get rid of dandruff

Many a girl otherwise sweet, and many a man otherwise charming, is rejected because of loose dandruff (epithelial debris.)

Put it up to yourself. Could you really be interested for long in anyone careless enough to permit such a disgusting condition?

For, after all, loose dandruff is now easy to check, by the systematic use of Listerine, the safe antiseptic.

You simply douse it on full strength

and massage thoroughly. Almost immediately you note improvement. Keep it up several days systematically. We'll wager final results will delight you.

Whenever you have any evidence of dandruff don't delay treatment. Go after it immediately with Listerine.

It puts you on the pleasant and polite side. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

SPREADING
LIKE WILDFIRE
So goes the good
news about Lister-
ine Tooth
Dentifrice that
the teeth whiter in
the time than
ever before. The
quicker for the
25c
price
large tube.

LISTERINE

—and dandruff simply do not get along together

O. O. McINTYRE'S Best True Story This Month



A Little Girl with Pigtails

I KNEW her as a little girl with taffy colored pigtails, playing with mud pies. She was one of a large brood. Her father lived on a hillside patch back of town. He was one of those quiet, uncomplaining men who seem born to toil.

He would try desperately to wrest a living from his few unfertile acres. He usually failed and then he would work part time at the planing mill, cut grass, beat carpets or perform the many other odd jobs around a country town.

Her mother was one of those drab colorless women who seemed eternally big with child. I don't think I ever saw her in town, but once in awhile, driving the cows home, I would see her bending over a wash-tub in the littered yard.

They were the sort that every small town, in its smug superiority, knows as "poor white trash." Yet there was always something heroically pathetic to me about the father in his futile efforts to rise above the miasma of forlorn hope. I remember one year when his crop failed he became a cook on a river packet and was taken taken off at midnight to the pest house with smallpox. When he recovered he went back to the soil and again it mocked him.

The daughter with the taffy colored pigtails was the flower of the flock. Faint signs of beauty were showing despite the fact she had reached that awkward age of gangly legs, buck teeth and freckles.

The world spun on and I came to New York. In floundering around to find a niche among the cliff dwellers, I became a theatrical press agent.

One afternoon I sat in the crepuscular atmosphere of the theater talking to Flo Ziegfeld. A tired, harassed and hoarse director was feverishly whipping the show into shape.

Out of the wings floated a vision of loveliness like a puffball, or an egg, beaten white. Her blonde hair shimmered like spun gold. She danced before a mirror almost nude with a narcissian intoxication.

"That's a beautiful girl," I said.

Mr. Ziegfeld nodded and with that slow nasal drawl replied: "Gene Buck found her slinging hash in a depot restaurant over in Jersey. She's a find."

AFTERWARD in her street clothes she drifted out into the theater and sat down beside us. "This is Mr. McIntyre, our publicity man," he said.

"Are you Odd McIntyre?" she asked. I replied that I was. "You don't remember me?" she ventured. "I used to see you driving cows home from the pasture."

It came over me in a flash. She was the girl with the taffy colored pigtails.

"Your father," I inquired, "he is still alive?"

"O yes," she answered, "but he doesn't know where I am or nothing about me, and don't you put it in the papers."

I never talked to her again but I have watched her career which has not been particularly brilliant. Her undraped figure has graced several revues and cabaret shows. She has become merely one of many show girls known for her beauty and Venus-like figure. She has been able to wear exhilarating silks and a few jewels, drive her own car.

Yet I often wonder if she is happy. Just as I wonder, when I see her name on theatrical billboards, what has happened to that tragic little old father who struggled so uncomplainingly and futilely and received only bruises.

Behind a Family

*The First of a Series
of Revelations from a
Physician's Note Book*

A Case of Tangled Love



*The
DOCTOR*

A DOCTOR not only sees life in its most intimate, and often shocking details; he is also told all its secrets. It is inevitable that this should happen because people in pain complain or confess. It is for this reason that the doctor has always been bound by professional honor not to betray the secrets entrusted to him. The criminal, the man dishonored, the woman smirched may all talk freely to a reputable physician and know that they are not endangering their freedom or their reputation.

However, it is not only customary, but necessary that doctors give reports of some of their more interesting cases to other

doctors for the advancement of science, and at times to the public for the dissemination of knowledge. They do this by hiding the patient's identity, and omitting or changing those details which might be recognized by acquaintances or relatives. So they keep the real secret.

HENCE, I feel free to tell the following story. The problem it contains, that of the man who succeeds financially and then turns to romance and away from his wife, and also that of the wife who cannot keep her husband's love, is typical. Its solution may shed light and bring aid to those who are suffering in a similar way. It is, indeed, one of the most human of human stories which has come under my observation.

I designed my office to give the atmosphere of sanctuary and refuge. It is on the ground floor, quite devoid of surgical instruments and machines, lined with books, like a library. The lights are softly shaded and the furniture comfortable. The patient sinks into a low arm-chair; I

am seated near him, and he is at once soothed by the quiet and the somewhat cloistral light.

If it is a purely medical case, we adjourn, after he has told his trouble, to the next room, which is of white tile, with all the usual paraphernalia. But as often as not the medical aspect of the case is tangled up with other matters. Any one knows how grief and worry and heartbreak may ravage the body and produce even grave illnesses. It is then that the stillness, the comfort, the soothing light of my office make the patient forget his self-consciousness so that he may at last break the silence and reveal things which he has never spoken of before.

Doctor's Door



The WIFE



The DANCER



The HUSBAND

It was late one winter afternoon that a man of about forty, whom I shall call Randolph S—, came to me to be treated for a cold. He was tall, of a broad frame, and handsome, with dark eyes, black hair and a finely shaped nose. He was an unusual and very masterful man, but his face was pale; there were lines under his eyes, and the eyes themselves were full of pain. I knew at once that the cold was the least of his ills.

AFTER a few moments of silence, he said in a low voice: "It's quiet here; I can sort of sink back."

"You say it's a cold?" I asked.

"Yes, but it's nothing. My wife made me come. She'd heard of you from Mrs. G—. But it's nothing. It's just that she's fussed up about me."

"About your health?" I asked.

He was silent a long time, and I said nothing. Then he leaned forward, clasping and unclasping his hands.

"Doctor," he said, "I'm going to do something, if you will permit me, that I've never done before in my life. I'm going to tell you some things; for if I can't get some common sense in this business there's going to be an all-around smash-up. It'll come hard to tell you; but you don't mind, do you?"

"No," I said, "I don't mind, but if you smoke, let's."

We lit cigars, and then, in the silence, he began to speak with the greatest difficulty, his voice often so low that I hardly caught his words:

"Della and I got married when we were very young. I was twenty, she was eighteen. We didn't know the first thing about life. I had been working from the time I was fourteen; she had been a stay-at-home. We were awfully fond of each other, and I was just beginning to rise in the motor company. So we married and made our own home. We had one child, but that died, and we've had no other children."

He paused.

"I was always a puritan, Doctor. My father was a minister, and I took certain things for granted. One was marriage. There should be no divorce, no unfaithfulness. Besides that, I thought that the flesh and the devil were in league

with each other, and that the less of the flesh the better. Della felt exactly as I did, so there was very little love making or even affection.

"We were good pals. Della kept the house; I worked; we had friends and relatives; we kept no secrets from each other.

We were, I suppose, quite happy. My whole aim in life, my whole ambition was to get to the head of the business and make a great success. All my energy went into that; I didn't mind getting up at dawn and staying in the office till midnight if it was necessary.

"When I was tired I found my home a place of rest and refreshment. It was pleasant to have a loyal wife who soothed me one moment, and the next gave all her help and advice for working out new problems. She was devoted to me and I don't see how I should ever have succeeded without her. She sacrificed her comfort every day so that I might have my meals or my sleep at such times as I needed them; and she was always ready to go out for a visit or a ride with me. She was a perfect wife for a man on the make.

"The trouble is, that I have succeeded all too well. I became head of the company, and so rich that it was futile to make more money, and ridiculous to keep on working so hard. My ambition in that direction was completely satisfied; work could be delegated now to others; the business began to run itself; and I suddenly found myself a man without a goal.

"You see what I mean. For years I had lived excitedly, intensely, because I was playing a big game, fighting a great fight. So long as the victory was still to be won, I strained every nerve and muscle to make the goal. But once the fight was over, I relaxed and found myself for the first time with little to live for. The fever, the conflict, the joy of battle was over, and I found life monotonous and meaningless. How stupid it seemed to take a ride with Della, to play cards with friends, to go and sit around the office. I had nothing else to fall back on. Business had been my sole love.

"SO YOU can imagine, Doctor, what happened."

He paused and seemed unable to proceed. His face grew haggard. His eyes appealed to me.

"Yes," I murmured, "it is easy to imagine."

"A woman—" he said and his voice was stifled by a short sob. "Pardon me but you can't know what this means. A puritan all my life; my wife devoted to me; never any secrets from each other; years of peace; and then for me to stoop to dishonor so that," his voice trailed off indistinctly, "if Della finds out it will wreck her, break our home, ruin me—everything gone."

Again he was silent.

"Is it too late?" I asked.

"I am infatuated," he said. "I met her casually through a friend. It came at the very moment I was ready; I felt a great hunger—for what I didn't know. I see now it was a hunger for beauty, and romance, and dancing, and music, and joy; a hunger to break loose, to taste unknown experience; a hunger for something glorious and disastrous. Then she came, and she and I were like tinder that burst into flame.

"She is a dancer, Kyra W—, beautiful and young, one of those blondes, with dark eyes and a soft smile. I'm afraid I can't tell you though," he smiled. "It's just that she got me at all points. Her hands are delicate and soft, and she seems all—all silk to me; both a child and a woman. Her voice is musical. She's still young enough to drink life to the bottom of the cup. She loves, and has, all the things I need. When I am with her, I am a different man. I am young, and happy; I laugh and want to sing. I find I can play. But when I go home I am again the quiet, staid middle-aged man who is sober and almost lifeless."



With a sudden low moan Kyra leaped up and ran to Mrs. S—. "Oh, you poor thing!" said Mrs. S—. "I couldn't help it," Kyra cried. "Forgive me, forgive me."

He paused to control himself. He obviously wanted to put his head in his hands and sob it all out.

At length he said, "Doctor, you see how things stand. I have always been a man of honor, open and aboveboard. I have never stooped to deceit and intrigue. I have never led a secret life. Yet now I am doing all the things I have abhorred and condemned in other men. Della does not deserve it. She has been perfect; she has never once been disloyal.

"Yet now I give her paltry excuses for being home late; I am no longer open with her; she begs me to tell her why I am

be the end—the end," he repeated softly. "It will be such a blow to her, that she might even kill herself."

He paused, then leaned toward me.

"For God's sake, Doctor, tell me what to do."

"Can you give up the other woman?" I asked.

He shut his eyes, and for many moments he was lost in thought. Finally he said:

"No."

"THEN," I said, "you should consider whether telling your wife isn't the best thing to do."

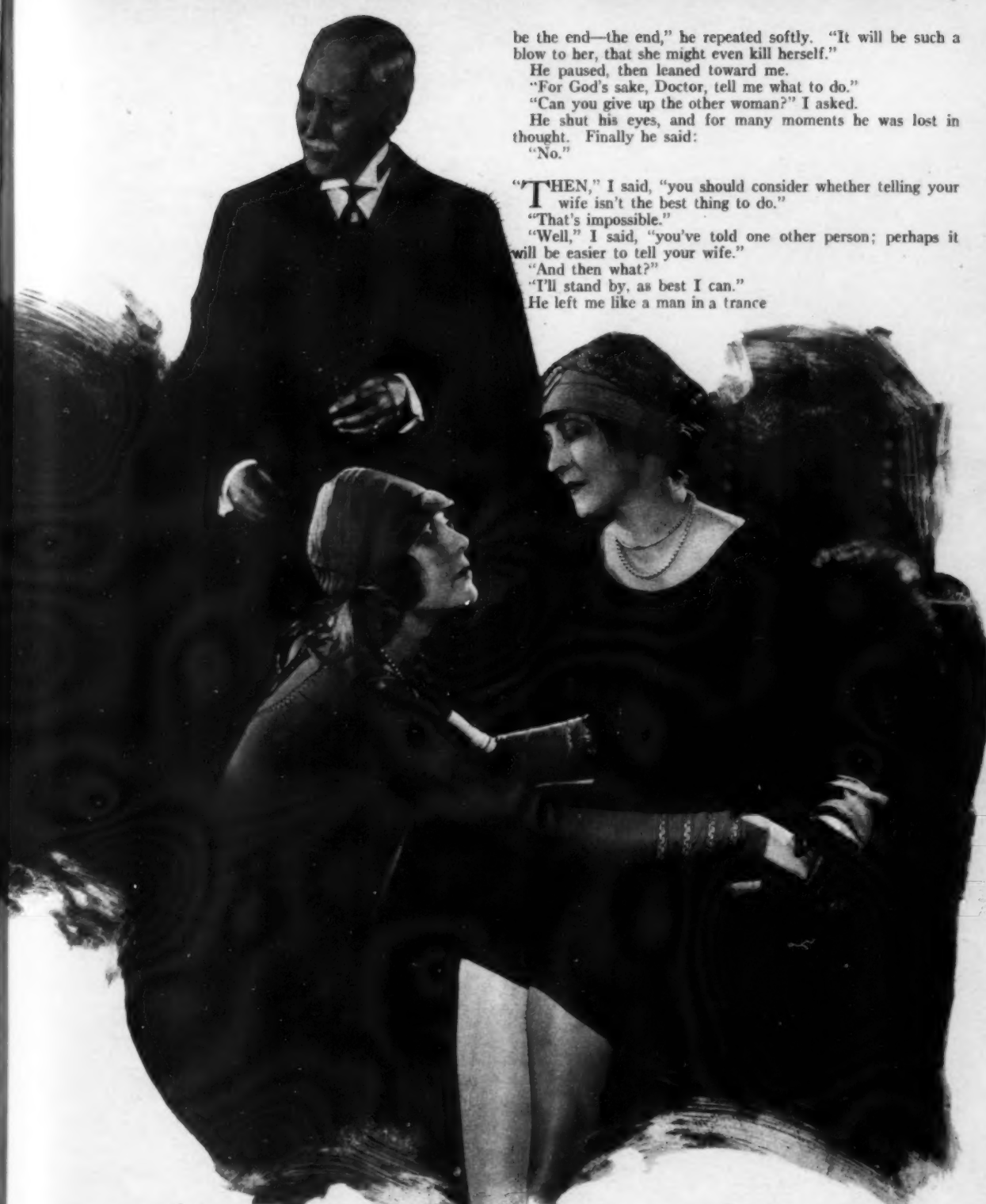
"That's impossible."

"Well," I said, "you've told one other person; perhaps it will be easier to tell your wife."

"And then what?"

"I'll stand by, as best I can."

He left me like a man in a trance



so troubled, so absent-minded, so casual; and I know that she does not fully suspect my secret only because she will not allow herself to. She refuses to believe that it is even possible for me to be untrue to her. She clings to her faith in me.

"But I know how such things run on. As I get more and more engrossed and entangled, she won't be able to keep back her suspicions, and the truth will have to be known. That will

That evening, he telephoned me about ten o'clock.

"Doctor," came his frightened voice, "she tried to take poison. I stopped her. She's lying down and getting up, and is distracted. It's all over for all of us."

"Just watch her closely till I get there," I said, and hung up.

Twenty minutes later I rang the bell of S——'s apartment. It was a beautifully furnished duplex [Continued on page 93]



A Flapper

By DAVID BELASCO

Dean of Theatrical Producers

I'M RESIGNING from the Grand Old Party, The Cluckers' League, which for generations past has been whispering:

"Girls aren't what they were; they're not fit to mother men." And along with the resignation I've resolved to break a lance in defense of our American Girl of 1927. She's all right and she'll make just as good a mother and probably a better grandmother than her prototype of a generation ago!

True, she's a dizzy little thing, leggy as a grasshopper, apparently as aimless as a butterfly and almost monkey-like in her lack of reverence for the inborn beliefs and commands of her elders, but—

She's honest, bless her! She's stepped from her swaddling clothes right into the front and center of the greatest revolution since 1776, and I do not exaggerate when I say that she has the "old folks" hanging over the ropes and yelling for assistance.

While I was still a member of The Cluckers' League, I too "viewed with alarm" the modern girl. She did not seem to come up to sample somehow. "Sample" being our preconceived idea of what constituted maidenly charm, and particularly those items having to do with modest concealment of sinful legs.

Then too, I was a bit amazed when she covered her ears and uncovered her knees. It simply wasn't done when I was a boy. Actually, in my youth, the hell-skids were greased and yawning for the girl who even permitted a glimpse of her ankles.

But right in the midst of my mid-Victorian consternation over the supposedly declining morals of Miss America, I made a startling discovery. The stage was becoming a standard of respectability! Mothers who a few years ago would have fainted at the mere thought of "dear Justine" becoming an actress, suddenly began to importune me to take their girl-children out of the swirl and welter of modern life conditions and give them the comparative safety of the wings and back drops!

THINK of it! Modern boys and girls were "playing so rough" that anything, even the theater, would be preferable to the continuation of a liberty which might, and possibly had, become license. The whole situation failed to add up into a sum, translatable into logical explanation.

Then one day there came a letter which sent me nose-diving into the Pool of Inquiry. Except for the names, here is a verbatim copy:

My dear David Belasco:

I have no excuse for bringing my troubles to you except the privilege of an old and sweet friendship, but I trespass because I know you will advise me honestly and well.

You, of course, will remember my daughter Mildred. She came home from finishing school last summer—or at least her outward semblance returned. But she was not the child I had borne, the child I had loved so devotedly for twenty-two years. She speaks a language I cannot understand and her attitude toward me is an insolent toleration such as one might extend to a half-wit.

She has a fund of semi-medical information suitable only for a single-sex clinic, but this she expounds in my presence to her men friends until I am forced to call a halt. Usually this brings me only a sarcastic rebuke and in nowise does it serve to limit the disgusting discussion.

Mildred has her own latch-key. She smokes and drinks to excess and it is no uncommon thing for her to be absent from home several

Sets Me Right

*While I Was Still a Member of
The Gluckers' League I, too, Viewed
with Alarm the Modern Girl*

days at a time. When I try to inquire into her acts she says:
"Silly old Mums, you'd never understand in the world, for if
you did I'd take you with me."

Now my dear David Belasco, I come to the favor I would
bespeak for I have no male kin to turn to. Mildred, out of
all the sweet things of her childhood, seems to retain only her
respect for "Uncle David." Will you see her, talk with her and
if you can ascertain for me, her mother, what she is doing and
thinking—whither her baby feet are
carrying her? They still are baby feet
to me, for it seems only yesterday that
I received your baptismal gift to her.

Please, David, please, see if you can
think with her brain, see with her eyes,
attune your steps to hers. And then,
when it is done, will you give me a few
moments and make me understand my
own daughter?

Affectionately,
Julia——

The girl came to me two days later.
I was struck instantly by her delightful
ease of manner. Poised, sure as a bird
on the wing, she gave me a boyish hand-
clasp and put up two gaudily painted
lips for my adopted-uncle salute.

"Lo, Uncle David," she chirped.
"The studio's Ritzier than ever, and
you're looking like something the flap-
pers dream of."

I gurgled weakly and then I said:

"You're on the wrong wire, Mildred.
That's the line for the sophomores, my
dear"

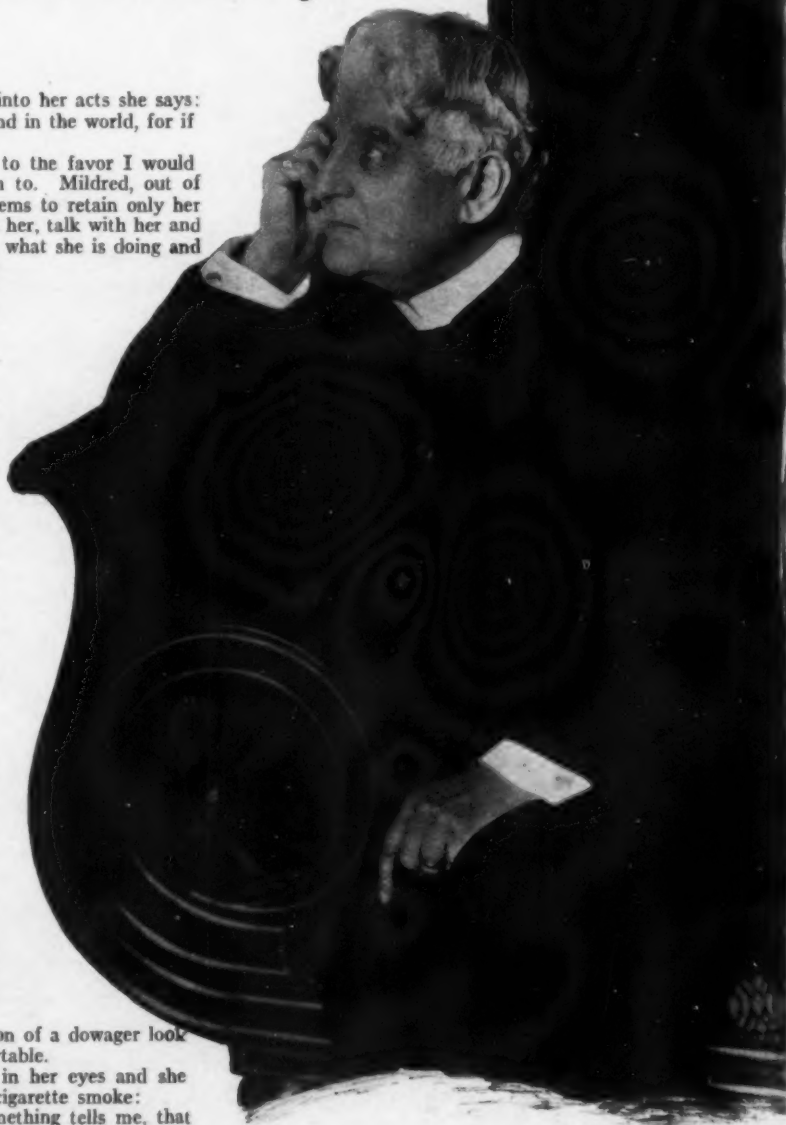
SHE wrinkled her pert little nose at
me, discarding the comfortable chair
I had placed for her and dragged a low
stool over beside my battered work-
table. Then from a mesh bag she pro-
duced a vanity case, "did" her cheeks
and lips anew, tucked a vagrant lock of
bobbed hair under the side of her
cloche hat, lit a cigarette—and pro-
ceeded to give me the calm-eyed inspection of a dowager look-
ing over her new butler. I was uncomfortable.

Presently a mirthful twinkle appeared in her eyes and she
began to soliloquize through a cloud of cigarette smoke:

"Something tells me, Uncle David, something tells me, that
I'm going to be lectured on my sinful ways. And something
also tells me that I'm not going to like it. I'm a savage woman,
Mister Man, and I bites and scratches something awful when
I'm offended."

Here was Caesar's strategy with a vengeance. She had antic-
ipated my attack with a surprise blow and I was left gasping.

"Not lectured, child," I corrected, [Continued on page 89]



Thomas Fell

Mildred came to me two days later. "Something
tells me, Uncle David," she said, "I'm going to be
lectured. And something tells me I'm not going to
like it."

The Real Diary



ON MY seventeenth birthday I had made up my mind that I was not going to be a shop-girl all my life. A customer told me that day that I had "IT" so I suppose some of the credit for all I have accomplished belongs to her because she put the great idea into my head. Every man who came my way since has contributed to my success. Old D——, the floorwalker, got me my first promotion; Mr. B——, the buyer in the gown department got me a job as a model. Now I am on the verge of marrying the brother of one of our best customers and I took good care that his sister, Madge, should hear about our little affair first. She's the kind of a sister who thinks she is her brother's keeper.

NOW, unless my dope is all wrong, Madge will first come down here, very ladylike and polite, to see if it's true. Then she will go home and raise particular merry hell with her dear brother Laurence. She'll deliver a tirade against me, because when she comes down here I'll annoy her to death. She'll call him vile names and me worse. And, since Laurence is the kind of prune he is, he'll decide he has done me a great injury. Also he will be roused to all the stubbornness that is in him, which is some. He will dash down here and ask me to marry him just to show his sister he is what he thinks he is and to play the young knight to my possibly muddled-up reputation.

January 9—Right as usual! She came today. Laurence's picture was on the piano. His housecoat was on a chair. I was first guilty, then defiant. Probably no sister was ever

I started out to wear Jimmy as a decoration, to show the world I could get the best there is and I ended up by forgetting all about that and getting crazy about him

more thoroughly convinced of the perfidy of a brother. Then, two or three times in the last week, I have let Laurence discover me in frilly pink things that are no wardrobe for platonic friendship.

I SHOULD not dare these touches if I was not going to marry him. But between his sister's injustice and his own inclinations he will certainly fall.

January 18—I am now Mrs. Laurence E——. In future I shall use the name Narcissa E——. We were married yesterday at the Little Church Around the Corner. It was horrid, but I looked nice. Laurence is going to be a terribly trying husband. He is so affectionate. Good men usually are. What a terrible time preachers' wives must have. I hope I shan't have to be married to him long. We are staying at the flat. I have some new clothes and a maid. And a diamond pendant for a present. Not so bad.

JANUARY 19—Like Lord Byron (I have been reading Don Juan) I "awoke to find myself famous." My face is plastered all over the front page of every newspaper in New York. Everywhere I look I see columns of the romantic

of a Real Girl

*The Secrets of My Life
Good and Bad
Which I Never
Dared Tell Even My
Best Friend*



*I sat with Jimmy when
in walked Laurence. He
had followed us from the
night club*

details of our courtship. Romantic! Well, my idea is that the essence of romance is uncertainty and there certainly was never anything like that about our courtship. There are photographs of me that the papers took out here in our flat and of Laurence in golf togs and evening suits and poses of dear old Madgie. How she must like it! And of course Mama E—— and even one ancient portrait of the dear departed Mr. E——.

"Scion of Knickerbocker Family Weds Beautiful Shop-girl."

That was the heading in one afternoon paper. They were all like that. Well, it sure has put me on the map. Everything I do from now on will be copy because I'm the lovely young shop-girl that lured the unfortunately penniless heir to the E—— name into matrimony.

I could get some social position out of this marriage. I might struggle and worry my way into their old set if I could overlook the snubs and the insults and the ridicule. So far, none of the family have recognized my existence. Laurence says Madge will come to me some day and call me sister. I'll bet she'll call me a lot of other things first. Well, it doesn't worry me like it would if they were in Bradstreet as well as in the Social Register.

But Society isn't what I want out of this. What do I care for a lot of old hens? I wouldn't be much better off than ma, skimping and trying to make both ends meet and never having as much as anybody else, besides having to put up with Laurence.

I DON'T want to live their proper, straight society way. I'd have about as much fun as a ukulele at a funeral and be just about as popular. No, not even if Laurence had money, that wouldn't be the life for me. I shall see my way to get ahead in my own plan from this, though.

January 28—Laurence brought a friend home to dinner last night, a good-looking young chap named Jack M——. It's the best tip on my husband's character I know that not even his best friends call him Larry. Anyway, Jack M—— is a pleasant amusing little chap, with a knowing eye and an Irish smile. I needed a laugh. After all, I'm only seventeen. Laurence may think he married me to keep me safe from the savages of this great city but honest to heaven I'm pretty near filled up with this rescued damsel stuff.

Jack M—— always has one eye on the rove for a pretty woman but I am not pretty. I never shall be. In a year or two, with the clothes on, I may be beautiful. Now I am just fascinating. I think M—— is rather fascinating to women, but I can never tell whether a man is fascinating or not till I've seen his bank-book. Laurence did buy me some nice clothes after our wedding and you bet I didn't let him go along to pick them out. I've got to think about my future. He's the only one in the family can concentrate on my past.

WELL, Jack M—— didn't miss a thing the first time he looked at me. I am wondering if I am losing my innocent, hurt-dove look. I mustn't lose that. This "affair of the devil" look from under my eyelashes, the pouting mouth, and my beautiful figure, are all very well to get Jack M—— and young flirts that are looking for excitement. That "poor little girl, what are you doing all alone in this great city and aren't you afraid the wolves will get you?" look is the one that lands the nice innocent man with the virgin bank-roll.

However, Jack M—— is pretty well fixed, I guess. Only it would be as hard to get at as if it was in a safe deposit. He's as easily roused by "IT" as B——, the gown buyer, who has much the same tastes.

When he came in I looked at him pleadingly and I said very low:

"I know you must hate me. I see it in your eyes. You think I lured your friend into a *mésalliance*, I suppose. Please don't think that. And please don't hate me. I really don't deserve it."

It gave him to think. He wasn't a bit sure after that. A woman a man like that isn't sure about has the same lure for him that a puzzle has for a puzzle hound. Laurence was dressing and we sat in front of the fire. I had on a dinner frock of jade green that made my eyes look exactly the same color. I had on little silver sandals that tied about my ankles, and green stockings. As I sat down in a dark chair under the soft light, I let the skirt get twisted so that he saw about all there was of the green stockings.

This time I could have the setting. There was even a grinning Chinese god on the little table at his elbow, blowing out clouds of incense.

A man like Jack M— thinks he can always tell about a woman. He knew me for just what I am, yet my eyes and my words stumped him. Our conversation could have been said out loud in a church, yet there wasn't a word in it that didn't mean a million things. He is a bad man. I do not think bad men will contribute much to my million dollars. They may cast their tithe into the storehouse but no more.

He let me know instantly that he was mine if I was his. He had no respect for his friend's honor or his friend's wife. His duty will never interfere with his pleasures to the slightest degree. He is the sort of man who pays liberally but only for what he gets. I am looking for men who will pay liberally for what they think they are going to get. Well, it was worth while to study his type. I must never waste much time on them. Laurence was silly enough to think I wasn't cordial to him. I suppose husbands are a separate race of humans and can't be expected to show intelligence.

FEBRUARY 16—Oh, this is funny! It is to laugh. Well, it helps me to put up with Laurence. I am beginning to hate men. To Jack M— I am a nice young married woman, ready to coquette a bit, but not dangerous to his freedom or his pocket.

He has been here very often and it has been fun. It is like having a perfect partner in a bridge game. I am spending a good deal of time on my looks and he is quite cuckoo about me. I am taking dancing lessons too.

Well, anyway, yesterday Mr. Jack M— and I had tea and were walking up the Avenue to meet Laurence who had been at his bankers. We stopped in front of Tiffany's. There in the window was a necklace of beautifully cut rubies. I thought I could never care for anything but diamonds but these—oh, wonderful! I wanted to touch them.

Jack saw it quite well. "Do you want them?" he asked.

I could not speak. I tried to laugh. I must conquer this or I shall lose my head sometime when I need to remain cool.

Tonight, after dinner, he brought them to me in a white velvet box. He gave them to me right in front of Laurence. For the first time in my life I nearly fainted.

"A little necklace of no value that I picked up years ago in Shanghai," he said, "It's for Madame Narcissa if you'll allow me. It suits her." And he turned to Laurence.

That imbecile was delighted. I was furious. But I began to see a way out and I laughed. Old Jackie thought he was going to trick me. He knew how much I wanted them. He knew I wouldn't be able to refuse them. He thought I'd have to pay for them or my husband would know all!

Well, it won't be many days before I'll be ready to tell him myself. Jackie couldn't know that. He thinks I am keen about my wonderful marriage, that I have great plans for future greatness. He thinks I'm a vain, foolish, shallow thing, desiring the jewels my husband can't afford to give me and ready to pay the price. Pay, or my nice marriage would be all messed up.

THE world is full of surprises and I guess Mr. M— will get his. And I shall have my rubies, my beautiful rubies. Oh, what a complete ninny Laurence is.

April 10—It's come. Thank God, I am rid of that man. I could stand even poverty better than the boredom of being

with a man I detest and who adores me. The papers ate it up. They have laid the first cornerstone of my reputation as a Circe. Laurence lost his head and admitted I put him out. But before he went, I had the pleasure of telling him the truth about a few things. It will be good for his soul. But of what use was he to me any more? His constant presence, his emotions, his devotion, all handicapped me terribly. I had to spend so much time on him.

I wonder if I shall ever be able to be around a man and not try to make him crazy about me. Even when I am through with them, there seems to be some instinct in me to feed my own pride by making them crazy about me.

Laurence was very angry and pitiful. He thought we were getting on grand. Imagine living with a person and not having understanding enough to know more about them than that. Men aren't very psychological. He clung to my knees and actually wept. No old roué is ever so completely the slave of a thoroughly aroused adoration as is a young semi-angel like Laurence. I had told him everything and shocked him most to death and still he couldn't let go of me.

The lease on my flat still has a long time to run so I shall stay here. In writing all this down, and studying what I have gained by my marriage and how I have improved myself I realize that I am one of the most discussed women in New York and that personally I am ready for the next big step.

I will go on the stage where I can show myself to the best advantage.

April 16—Jackie M— wasn't thrilled about his gift of the ruby necklace. And he sure didn't get anywhere when he came to talk them over with me. I gazed at him in wide-eyed and innocent reproach when he suggested I might give them back. I had on a simple little black frock, I suppose you might call it semi-mourning for a semi-departed husband, and my hair was done very smooth and simple. I was a little pale. Actually, I was tired out.

When he started to be pressing, I got up and put my hand at my throat and said in my huskiest, sweetest voice:

"There seem to be so many things lately that I do not understand. So many things. I guess I have been wrong to be so trusting and simple. Mr. M—, I am not very smart and I am only seventeen, you know. I have had to seem older because I have had to fight the world alone, but the girls of your world are just babies at that age, aren't they? I only know that I am very much alone and that I do not know which way to turn. Please, I don't want to seem inhospitable, but I am not very strong and I—" I vanished into my room.

I HAD him puzzled again. But I don't think he'll dare ask for the necklace. I shan't give it to him of course, but I like to win by his consent rather than by just having it in my possession.

April 20—This is the third milestone in my life. I had my first interview with Emil L—. I am still all excited and thrilled over it. I did not know there were men like that in the world that just knew everything. I have known ever since I was a cash-girl about Emil L—, the greatest producer of beautiful girl shows in the world. He has made beauties right and left.

The night before, I had been to see the Emil L— Revue. Such exquisite creatures! Such knowledge of how to get the most out of themselves I never saw. Yet a lot of them had been in other shows and productions and nobody had realized what they were. He seems almost to create them.

FOR the first time since I made up my mind what I was going to do, I was afraid. I could trick and conquer and hold those other men, but what could I do with this all-seeing eye? Would he think I had "IT," or would he think I was just a cheap little shop-girl trying to be something I couldn't?

He is a little bit of a man, bald and quite unimpressive and colorless. He sat in a big chair smoking a cigarette in the longest holder I ever saw. Yet right away, for all that, I felt him there. I guess he must have "IT" too. He did not speak at all, and I stood there cold with fear and excitement.

I had worn the thing I thought the most becoming, not new, because I wanted to appear easy in it. A plain, one-



*T*onight Jack brought the necklace I had seen and loved. He told Laurence it was a little trinket of no value and he gave it to me right in front of the imbecile. For the first time in my life I nearly fainted.

piece black velvet that showed my figure but was simple and elegant. My marten cape. A small, close fitting hat, very becoming, without a veil. New French-toed shoes and the sheerest of stockings. It took me three hours to dress. I wanted to look my very best but without artificial means that might prejudice him.

I stood still as a statue. It took all my self-control, for he never said a word for the longest time. I thought I should have to yell, or throw something at him. But I just held still.

AT LAST he said: "Hmmm! Yes, you are a very clever young woman. You have a great chic, not at all like an American. You are more Parisienne in your dress. Also you have one of the most beautiful figures I have ever seen in my life. Your face is nothing much. It will not register so well across the footlights. But what is that when you have the other? Which is a great deal. Yes, you are smart. Ah, that is what you do not want them to see, eh? But you are cold and you have no emotion and that is what you do not want them to know also. I see. But women can't fool me. I know them too well.

"You would never get anywhere on the stage, that I know. Never. Acting is a great art, for which you must have a great soul. And you have a very little soul. Yes. But you also have very little ankles. So often the two go together. So I think you will be very nice indeed in my revue. We shall make you, you and I, the talk of New York, eh?

"But do not try to let your smartness go against mine. Because yours is only that of a pretty female cat. Do not play tricks with me. And we shall do fine. Come to-morrow at nine. We start then."

May 1—I am not going to try any tricks on him. But he is a man and there must be some way a woman can get at him. Though all I want from him is the best chance he can give me.

June 2—This is my eighteenth birthday. But I am not eighteen! I am no age. I know I was born old. I do not remember ever feeling young or gay or just silly and happy. I do not remember that I ever knew less about the world and men than I know now. I have always seemed to realize that I should have to be all for myself and just drag what I wanted out of the world. Every action and every word that I have spoken I have had to think of its effect. Never natural. Never free. But I shall be. Money is the only freedom for women.

I don't know why I am so low today. I feel like a flat tire. Not a soul to remember my birthday but Jake A—. No one knows it is my birthday, of course, but I've got a silly, nut longing for a cake with some candles. I might go to see ma. I have sent her money, but I don't really want to see her.

JAKE'S present just came. A wonderful, wonderful string of pearls. They are grand but somehow I wish they hadn't been pearls. Beautiful, beautiful, but so sad. How funny for Jake to send pearls. Still, every successful revue girl ought to have her pearls, I suppose even though they mean tears. Tears. But they will go well with what one of the papers calls my "sad, sweet loveliness."

Jake is going to give me a big supper party. I have a gorgeous new frock—I like that word—and I will wear the new ermine cape I teased out of Emil. And the pearls. What a nice evening Jake will have. I am such a good trade mark to his success. A sound investment!

June 3—I sure had the willies yesterday. That last entry sounds like the dying chorus girl's last lament. Birthdays are devilish things. Even when one is only eighteen. Emil L— says a woman is only really pretty between sixteen and twenty. After that she may be a number of other things but never pretty.

The party was a huge success. Everybody gave this little girl a great big hand. There was a big party of men there from out of town who do business with Jake. They got an awful kick out of meeting Narcissa E—, the newest revue belle. Jake was as cocky as a young mother and I cooed and showed them the pearls he gave me. One was a distinguished old bird named P—, about forty-five. He is an automobile manufacturer. I told him to look me up. He had a queer gleam in his eyes that I may cash. But it's funny. There's plenty of admiration and affection and pride and that stuff buzzing around, but you'd never believe how little real money.

JUNE 8—I have just looked back over these last pages and I'm ashamed of myself. They sound like nothing. Any girl in the revue might have written them. They are confused and worthless, no clear coherent thought, no gleam of wisdom. I get nothing helpful or inspiring, no ideas from them.

So I am going to set myself down to write clearly what has happened to me since the day of my first talk with Emil L— and try to get a foundation for some new development.

The first thing Mr. L— did was to send me to Louise for some gowns. I used to wish I was smaller—I'm five feet, four—because I thought little women could pull the "I'm so lonesome, won't somebody please take care of me?" better. But as I stood before millions of full length mirrors for days while my gowns were being fitted I was glad I am tall.

One thing has been firmly established. I am a great clothes model. That is good, because lots of men regard a woman as a sort of hatrack on which to hang evidence of their prosperity.

Madame Louise came herself when she heard Mr. L— had phoned about me. I saw her brows come together and she walked around and around me never taking her eyes off me. Then she said:

"This is quite different. This one must have some real things."

How clever that woman is!

She stripped me, took a sheet of pink chiffon and wrapped it about me skin-tight from my armpits to my knees and sewed it up. Then she put on me some black lace stockings and some tiny, round-toed shoes.

"Now we proceed," she said. "Bring me the real lace dinner gown and the cloth of gold model. Bring me lots of black chiffon velvet and black crepe and cloth of gold and cloth of silver and gray chiffon. For her—nothing 'jeune fille'."

SHE actually made gowns on me. While she pinned and fixed and sewed she talked. "Never, ma petite, wear other than black stockings. Such a mistake and so many American women they make him. Not is there one woman in a million that can wear colored stockings. You have beautiful legs, but I would not permit the light stockings. Another advice. Let your hair alone. Do not get it that unnatural look of the hairdresser which men so much hate. Even if it is marcelled, make it smooth and convent-like and a little bit mussed up. That is the right way."

Mr. L— was completely [Continued on page 92]

Is Divorce an Evil?

Prize Letter Contest

Read, on page 36, what Judge Erlanger, Justice of New York Supreme Court, says about divorce.

Is he right or wrong? Should two people, no longer in love with each other, be forced to live together?

Is the freedom of American womanhood responsible for the increase of the divorce crop?

If so should this freedom again be taken from them?

Write SMART SET a letter of 250 words in answer to the question

Is Divorce an Evil?

Base your letters on your experience and observation. For the best letter SMART SET will pay \$15; for the second best, \$10; for the third best \$5; and \$1 for each of the next ten best. SMART SET editors will act as judges. Contest closed June 30, 1927. No letters will be returned.

Danger

Signals



When the eye of a gypsy girl glitters as does Joan Crawford's, some poor Roman lad is due for a dose of well deserved punishment

To! Ho! Ho! and a skull and cross bones! A pretty maid like M.G.M.'s Gwen Lee, cruising about under such a banner, is a challenge to "give chase and capture"



Myrna Loy knows her stuff! Feet apart! Arms akimbo! Shoulders squared! Head back and a mocking smile! Warner Brothers' director shouts "Perfect. Hold it!" as she registers defiance



The New Silhouette



THE wrap-around silhouette! Want a new evening cape? Try this! Dorothy Sebastian wears several yards of perfectly straight satin, so draped as to bring the flowers wherever she wants them. (The feather silhouette, worn by Gertrude Olmsted, is expensive but effective! The feathers take a permanent wave beautifully



The golf silhouette! If you play, copy Lois Wilson's minstrel show adaptation of a sport costume with a broom in place of a brassie

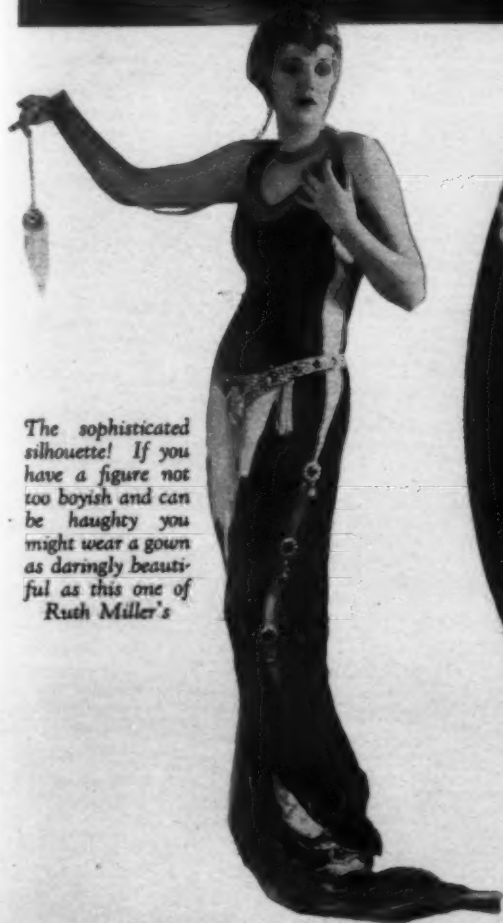


The "ready in a minute" silhouette! Do you need a gown like this? Ouida Wilson was "almost dressed" when her beau called at the appointed time

Film Fashions



THE tulle silhouette! Want to be alluring? Here's how! A deliciously feminine lounging robe of chiffon and tulle, worn by Norma Talmadge, suggests rather than reveals a beautiful figure. (The Turkish silhouette! Feel like loafing? You can do it luxuriously in a harem suit like Sally Phipps's



The sophisticated silhouette! If you have a figure not too boyish and can be haughty you might wear a gown as daringly beautiful as this one of Ruth Miller's



The Oriental silhouette! If ladies' "smokers" become fashionable you'll be the Shah's Sultana in a Far East dress like Etta Lee's

*When a Girl
is on
The Fence*



MARCELINE
DAY, as Betty
in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Rookies," had no
intention of losing her
recruit to a mere dancer
so she rouged to conquer.
She met Greg, George K.
Arthur, half-way and
made up his mind for him
too. It looks as if she fin-
ally persuaded him that
it didn't matter a bit if
there are two sides to a
fence as long as you can
lean over it



Something More on the Subject of Love on Approval



Sampling Husbands

By *MADAME*
ELINOR GLYN

APPARENTLY I did not go deeply enough into the actual relation of a "husband on approval" in my article last month. Correspondents want to hear more details of how the notion could be carried out, since so many thousands of women and men are so unhappy in marriage as it is.

We must always suppose that there are to be no children in discussing this relation and as they must be ruled out it is obvious that the idea will not appeal to any ardent lovers of babies, or those domestically inclined. But for those who intend not to burden themselves with a family anyway in the first year of matrimony, the "approval" plan might work out satisfactorily. And afterwards when, or if, they decided to renew the agreement and make it solid, they might include a family in the programme!

We will say Edith and James have fallen in love. They have not stopped to analyze each other's characters, they are just "crazy" about each other, and feel that they must wed! They have enough money to start a home, but they have a wise old owl of an uncle who knows the world! He says to them:

"Now I believe you are thoroughly unsuited in temperament, my children, so try this plan. Both of you sign a paper that if you have grown to hate each other in twelve months or if one of you has ceased to love, you will secure

a divorce in an inoffensive way and go free without scandal." Edith and James are aghast. Their state of emotion makes them feel that they want to swear vows forever. But as Uncle Bob can materially benefit them, they agree! And they marry.

EDITH is rather a little fool, but Jim is a sensible fellow, and he does not let her forget that he is only "on approval," and can retire from the bond in a year, so when Edith begins to feel that her baby charms are not thrilling him so intensely as at first, she begins to use her brain.

It happens very often in marriage that the woman grows more in love after the ceremony, and the man less. So she tries her very best to please him, driven by the fear of severance and he, knowing he can get away, is not galled into restiveness, but has time to appreciate her efforts and value her sweetness. They begin to know each others' characters too, and round off the roughness which began [Continued on page 107]

*Dancing Island Lured Me with Its Hint of Romance and My
Quest for Adventure Drew Me to its Forbidden Shore*



DANCING Island, the winter home of a northern millionaire, lay across Florida Sound, a place of beautiful and forbidden mystery in the rosy dawn. A soft-voiced breeze blowing from the open sea had melted the night shadows clinging to its sleeping palms, and brooding jungle. From the porch of my Turtle Island pine cottage, Dancing Island seemed a sort of paradise, with the tile towers and turrets of its proud old castle-like mansion reddening in the glow

of the early morning sun which was just coming up behind it.

Ever since I could remember, the little isle had been my dream place. For years I had gone to Dancing Island in my secret fancies, seeking the romance and adventure that I felt waited for me in its mysterious glamour. But, I had never really dared steal across the sound in one of our boats. Dancing Island was forbidden to me, because, like all the rest of the folks on Turtle Island, papa and my brother, Tom, looked



My Love Came Out of the Sea

I thought of what my father would do when he found me on an uninhabited beach with a man from Dancing Island. "You'd better stay hidden, Andy," I said. "If it's my folks coming I'll manage to get word to your friends where to find you."

upon the millionaire's estate as a place of silken sin. Mr. Weston, the owner, and his friends were said to be a godless lot whose carryings-on made even the devil blush! They drank liquor, gambled, and most of them were divorced, according to the stories we heard. That was why I never had dared set foot on Dancing Island.

But, when a beautiful place like Dancing Island is forbidden to a girl, it becomes all the more fascinating, and tempting. The old idea of forbidden fruit, I guess. We all want what

we cannot have, especially if we've allowed ourselves to fall under the spell, and glamour of the forbidden.

Another chance for me to steal away to Dancing Island in search of romance was about to slip by. The millionaires were due to leave within a few days. Winter was over in the north.

There was always a last big party. The wildest of the year. This farewell masquerade party was to take place tonight. That was why I was up with the dawn. I wanted to see the beautiful yachts putting in for the ball, and pretend I was on one of them, a rich girl all dressed up in silks and satins. I had played this game of pretend many times before, and although it left me with a feeling of loneliness, I found a thrill in the hope that some day my dream of going to Dancing Island would come true. It just had to! I was starving for things that Turtle Island never could give me.

"**M**AYBE something'll happen today," I said, hoping against hope. "Perhaps my dream man'll come."

A sound, as of summer thunder roaring out of the flaming sea dawn, took the rest of the words out of my mouth. Startled, because there was no sign of storm in the early morning, I turned toward the rising sun from which direction the sound came.

A mysterious white smear was darting past Little Greeneye, an uninhabited island below Turtle where gulls and pelicans fought for the beach, and wild cats padded through the jungle at will.

Shortly the white smear proved to be a beautiful speed-boat charging through the water under a spray of flying white foam. Thrilled I watched her rushing up the coast. She came abreast of our beach, and swung into the Sound. I ran down the

shingle, and when I reached the high-water mark the graceful craft had stopped. A tall young man in a yellow raincoat, and a braided yachting cap stood amidship. He cupped his hands to his lips, and asked the way to Dancing Island.

My cheeks felt on fire. For the moment I lost my voice, but it came back at his smile. I told him the piers lay around the tip of the island.

He edged his boat in closer and leaning over the wheel, he said, "Thanks, awfully. I've run up from Palm Beach. Almost two hundred miles."

"I suppose you came for the masquerade ball tonight," I said.

HE STRAIGHTENED up again. "Yes, Mr. Weston asked me up. Said it's going to be the best ever. Even going to outdo the one last year."

"I was away teaching school on the mainland last year. But, folks here said it was mighty wild according to their way of thinking."

"And to yours?" he laughed. "Do you think they're terribly wild?"

"I don't know. I've never seen one, but it hardly seems possible they can be as bad as folks claim. Dancing Island seems too beautiful to be really wicked," I answered.

He was silent for a few moments and seemed to be figuring something out in his mind. Suddenly he snapped his fingers as if he'd made a swift decision.

"Tell you what I'll do, if you're game. I'll give you a chance to see the party for yourself. It's a mask affair. Anybody could get away with crashing the gate. It'd be a great lark to take you—and say, do you know I'm sure I'd enjoy your company. Do you dance?"

"A little," I admitted. Turtle Island thought dancing was sinful. But I'd picked it up on the mainland.

"My name's Andy Cartigan. I'll meet you on Dancing Island beach opposite here at nine tonight, and I'll bring a costume for you. Are you game?" he asked.

His words made my head swim, and my heart pound. I didn't believe I would ever have nerve enough to do it. But, I was afraid to let him even suspect such a thing, so I promised to meet him at nine o'clock.

"Good! And now, please, aren't you going to tell me who you are?" he asked.

"I'm Lydia Morgan, and I live in that cottage up the beach," I answered.

As I pointed to the unpainted house facing the open sea, that my folks had followed for years, a feeling of terrible guilt and fear swept over me. I felt as if eyes were peering at me from behind our closed shutters, and I seemed to hear papa and Tom condemning me for having spoken to the young stranger, much less having agreed to go with him to the forbidden island.

But at the sound of the stranger's voice saying good-by, I drove my feeling of guilt and fear away. After all it was foolish to give in to such things. Our house was empty. My father and brother were away on a two days' fishing trip.

"GOOD-BY," I called as his engines thrummed into life. A last wave of his hands, and he was rushing away toward Dancing Island in the beautiful speed-boat whose hull gleamed like copper in the rising sunlight. I stood waving to him until the craft disappeared around the point of the millionaire's island.

When night drifted in from the open sea, and the lights of Dancing Island began to gleam through the violet shadows dad and Tom were still away. My skiff was handy. There was nothing to stop me from going except the knowledge that I would be doing something that was strictly forbidden.

Once in the boat I never dared look back for fear I might

imagine that someone was watching me, and lose my nerve.

The Sound was like a mirror reflecting a million points of star gold. When my bow grated against the pebbly beach of Dancing Island, the sand dunes, and the palm trees seemed unreal shadows in the spring night. It was the music throbbing through the night spaces, and Andy Cartigan's voice calling me from the shadows of the tall, feathery palms, that convinced me I was not dreaming.

I ran toward the man who was waving something at me. "You're to be a harem girl, Lydia. See the Turkish costume I got for you," he said.

The gorgeous silken costume was all aglitter with beads and pearls. Its beauty made me catch my breath. "Oh! how beautiful," I cried, thrilled by the sheerness of the silk, and the colors. I would be wearing silken things for the very first time!

"Suppose you dress behind these trees. I'll wait for you by the road," he said, and I gasped again. This time at the fascinating picture he made in his knight's costume, as he stepped out of the shadows. He was my dream man come to life, and I shut my eyes in a moment of sheer ecstasy.

AFTER I got into my costume, Andy helped me arrange it, and put my mask on for me. As his fingers drifted over my face, I could feel my cheeks burn.

"O. K.," he said. He took the bundle of my own clothes and hid it in the bushes near the car that stood in the palm shadows.

My first fears as to discovery assailed me as we got into the machine. But, Andy was certain no one could tell I was an uninvited guest.

"Don't worry. They're all too full of champagne to recognize their own selves in a mirror," he laughed.

"Are they awfully drunk?" I asked, wondering how I would act if they were. I'd never been around drinking people before. Yet, if Andy had been drinking, too, it couldn't be so bad, because he didn't seem a bit changed from the morning. "Have you been drinking a lot, too?" I asked.

"Just a few to keep up with the crowd. They've been doing a little serious imbibing since noon. But, most of 'em are used to it."

The music suddenly sounded in my very ears, and the southern dark melted into the vari-colored glow as if rubies, emeralds, and sapphires were spraying the night with glittering lights. The car stopped, and Andy helped me out. For a second time fear of discovery swept over me as I saw the great castle-like house glowing with color, and alive with swaying figures.

"Come on, Lydia, there's no need being afraid," he said, drawing me forward gently. His hand was like a touch of magic. I moved along

with him, enraptured by the lights, the vision of the dancers, and the music.

All fear of discovery left me as we went up the broad veranda steps into a circle of soft light where the merry masqueraders were dancing. Everybody was talking and laughing gaily. Servants in picturesque uniforms were weaving in and out of the crowd offering cool drinks. One man in the costume of a pirate had a great bowl of punch and when not drinking from it himself was offering it to the others.

We were soon inside the ballroom. The floor shone like a polished mirror. I caught my breath at the beauty of the room and the dancers. On all sides women in silken fineries were dancing by in the arms of men.

Suddenly the lights in the ballroom went out. The music stopped. Purple and orange fire glowed from torches held by servants. Everybody stopped dancing, and an eerie silence fell over the crowd as a man dressed [Continued on page 97]

The Empty Shrine

By Louella F. Still

IT WASN'T your fault if I made
you a god
And built you a gilded shrine,
Refusing to see you as human,
Insisting that you were divine.

It wasn't your fault if I worshipped
you
With all of my heart and soul,
Finding your slightest word or deed
A part of the perfect whole.

It wasn't your fault if the God of
gods
Was a rôle that you could not
play;
And I honor you more since you
left the shrine
Where I'd placed you and ran
away.



FOR a moment I seemed to hear my father and brother condemning me for speaking to this man. Then I drove away my feeling of fear and guilt and stood waving to the handsome stranger until his beautiful speed-boat disappeared around the point of Dancing Island.

Do You Believe that Every Woman in the Home



*Perhaps You Men Don't Realize That Wives
Know All About YOUR
Stenographers*

IN THIS article I intend to speak honestly and with what may be called brutal frankness. It is time that some woman told the truth. Most wives are too timid or too vain to do so.

I shall begin by making a declaration. Here it is. I believe that married men's stenographers are the most potent of all the factors creating marital discord.

It is part of the stenographers' stock in trade to dress stylishly and to enhance their good looks. Most of them have something of the vamp about them. Many of them are unprincipled enough to regard a married employer as fair game.

Of course I did not appreciate all this when I was first

By An Observing Wife

married. I knew my husband loved me. I knew he was working hard.

I was proud of his well-appointed

offices. I was glad when his increasing business made it advisable for him to engage more employees.

At the time of our marriage, and for several years afterwards, Robert's stenographer was a middle-aged and homely spinster. She was unattractive, yet I liked her and always spoke kindly to her when I stopped in at my husband's office.

Then a relative of hers died and left her money. It was no longer necessary for her to work. She gave up her job.

"I am glad Miss Meeks has gone," my husband confided to me. "She had been with the concern [Continued on page 84]

Has a Dangerous Rival in Her Husband's Office?



*You Employers Ought to Know
What I Know About*

Your Wives

A LOT has been said about improving conditions for the working girl—more pay, proper light and ventilation in offices, and chairs of the right height to prevent muscle strain—but nothing has ever been said about improving our employers' wives. I wish some of these efficiency experts who are called in to manage offices would get busy with them. They are our greatest hardship. I don't mind poor office conditions nearly as much as I do the wives that go with the offices.

I wonder why it is nobody has ever criticized the wives? The wives certainly have their say about us. According to them, we stenographers are nothing but vamps of the motion

By a Private Secretary

We wear our skirts to our knees, we rouge our cheeks and lips and powder our noses, all to take their husbands away.

How they squeak and squeal—those wives! Like futile mice scurrying around in a circle. They scamper into their husbands' offices with their sharp, beady eyes, and run out again to squeak and squeal some more. They squeak at the way we wear our hair. They squeal at the clothes we have. "The very idea of this" and "the very idea of that." What a hullabaloo they raise when they all get together about the "unprincipled vamps" in their [Continued on page 80]

picture variety of ten years ago. We work for only one purpose, to win their precious little husbands.

I Only Know I Love Him

I KNOW the answer to a question that has puzzled the world for thousands of years: Why will a girl love a weak, foolish man? She can't help it. If one could direct one's love at will, then selecting the right mate would be like shopping for the right hat. But it can't be done. Though love may tear our hearts to bits when it sweeps over us there is only one answer, "I love him".



GUILTY!

IN THE middle of the afternoon Jim Cosgrove asked me to run over to the newspaper office and get some printed forms we had ordered. Jim was county collector, and there were two other deputies beside myself: Barney Rife, who had been in the office six years, and Mrs. Waddell, a widow. I, being the youngest of the force, was elected to do the odd jobs and the errands.

As Mr. Parton, the editor, tied up the bundle of printing, he asked sort of careless like over his shoulder:

"Kitty, how are you getting along at the court-house?"

"Fine," I said. "I like it better all the time."

He tied the string and turned from the bundle and looked at me with a wrinkle between his eyes. The look made me uncomfortable. He started to hand me the bundle, hesitated, then nodded toward the door:

"Come into the office a minute."

He shut the door behind us and gave me a chair. I felt more uncomfortable all the time. This was the way people did when they had something disagreeable to say.

"Kitty,"—everybody in the little Arizona county seat town called me 'Kitty' and I liked it—"you are pretty good friends with Barney Rife, aren't you?"

I blushed clear to my knees. I thought I had kept my feelings for Barney deeply concealed but even the town editor

knew it. One can't keep anything a secret in a small town.

"Y-e-s," I confessed, my heart beating hard. What was it about Barney, I wondered.

"I sometimes play a little poker," the editor smiled. "A lot of us do. But we generally play for small stakes. A bunch of us were down Mule Creek Saturday night, fishing"—he grinned again—"fishing for aces mostly. Barney was with us. He lost pretty steadily. I won nearly everything. He had had a few drinks and he got mad and dared me to raise the limit from one dollar to five, and then to ten."

"I protested: 'Barney', I said, 'a young fellow on your salary can't afford to gamble like that.' He got mad and wanted to fight. I finally obliged him and he lost \$550."

THE editor stopped and looked at me closely. I guess I was pretty white.

"And," he said slowly, "he paid it from a big roll of bills which he dug out of his hip pocket."

My blood ran cold. I knew what the editor thought—that that money belonged to the county.

I jumped up.

"Thank you, Mr. Parton, for telling me."

I hurried out. I wanted to be alone to think. One thing was clear. Mr. Parton had not done this in spite. If he had



Cosgrove put his hand on my shoulder. "Kitty," he said, "do you know anything about a receipt for taxes?" "Yes, Jim," I said without hesitation, "I know all about it. I stole that thousand dollars."

wanted to hurt Barney he would have told it to Jim Cosgrove or the sheriff. Instead, he had told it to Barney's best friend.

Of course, he was mistaken. That money was Barney's own. He had no one but himself to support, and on a salary of two hundred dollars a month he could easily have saved up much more than that.

YET a traitor thought slipped into my mind. Barney was not the sort who saves. Several times during the last three months he had offered me expensive presents, some of them so costly I had refused them. And he spent freely other ways. He lived in a five-room house at the foot of Mule Mountain, right at the edge of town, with an old Mexican woman as housekeeper. And he gave parties. I had been to several of them—perfectly nice parties, but even perfectly nice parties cost money.

I did my work the rest of the afternoon in a sort of feverish daze, saying over and over to myself:

"It's all a mistake, and I'm a traitor to even doubt him for a moment."

Yet in spite of that I kept watching him from the corner of my eye. I had watched him hundreds of times before—his curly hair, his clear pink skin, his laughing eyes, were so good to look at—but this afternoon I was watching for a different

reason. I didn't want to watch him that way but still I did.

Our county was one of the big southern Arizona counties, practically all range. There had been a drouth for four years, and a dreadful slump in cattle prices. Hardly any of the land owners had been able to keep up their taxes. Everybody was so hard hit the county just let their taxes run. But this spring the rains had come fine, and the price of cattle had risen. Lots of land owners had begun to come in and pay up delinquent taxes. As Jim Cosgrove, the collector, was in the office very seldom and I was rather new, Barney and Mrs. Waddell handled most of the big collections. I noticed this afternoon that Barney managed to get practically all the back tax collections at his window. I thought, too, that more than once the glance he shot sideways at me was a little uneasy.

AFTER closing time I went down the stone steps of the old court-house without looking back, but as usual I was listening. Quick light steps behind! How often my heart had lilted to those footfalls.

"Well, Kitty," Barney was at my elbow, "a walk tonight?" "No, Barney." It hurt me to say it for I loved those walks in the dusk! "Not this evening. I have a headache."

He laughed. "You little liar. You've never had a headache in your life, but if you have promised to play bridge with those

duffs at the hotel, all right. I'll take a walk by myself."

"It isn't that, Barney," then I wished I had let it go at that. "I—I've got some thinking to do."

"See here, kid," he said, "what is the matter with you? You don't seem natural."

I forced a laugh. "No, I guess it isn't natural for me to think, but I must get used to it."

He was quite serious as he turned to the right, up toward his little brown and green house among the rocks at the foot of the mountain. Once he looked back as though to say something, frowned and went on.

I TOOK a walk that night alone. I followed the path that skirted along the side of the mountain above the little old mining town. My heart hurt as though needles were sticking through it. This was the path Barney and I had followed on our first walk, three months ago. We had followed it many times since. Three months of ecstasy! Three months floating on clouds, of sailing on mountain winds, of flying through space among those millions of stars. I stopped by the big red rock that rose fifty feet above the path. It was on that rock that his arms had first drawn me to him, and our lips first met.

My finger nails dug into my palms. Oh God! how a little dart of doubt or suspicion may pierce our most gorgeous bubble of happiness!

Then he came suddenly from the shadow of the rock, eagerly, laughingly and gathered me in his arms.

"My little wandering star!" he said, "did you think I would not follow you?" He held me so close our hearts beat one against the other and he kissed me until the heavens spun around and around like a fiery wheel.

I did not say a word to him about the money. If he was innocent, and he must be, I would not for the world hurt him by a suspicion. If he were not, I must know it first. Of course, he was honest. Of course that money was his. Forcibly I flung out every doubt, and clung close to him as we went back down the path to town.

Yet once alone, the lights out, and the covers drawn to my chin, that cold, fearful doubt crept into my mind again.

I knew the answer to a question that has puzzled the world for thousands of years: Why will a girl love a dishonest or bad man? She can't help it. If one could control and direct one's love at will, then selecting the right mate would be merely like shopping for the right hat.

But it can't be done. Though love may tear our hearts to bits when it sweeps over us, as it had over me that night, there is only one answer, "I love him."

And yet that doubt became more than a doubt; it became a consuming fear. It was no mere matter of mistrusting him. It was a hungry fear of losing him.

I would watch tomorrow!

I T WAS noon and I had to go out to lunch. When the office was very busy we took turns. Mrs. Waddell had gone first. The work slackened, and Barney told me to run along without waiting for her to return. He could manage the collections.

I hardly ate any lunch so I got back before Mrs. Waddell. On the court-house steps I met a big, shaggy sheep-herder, who was just closing his bill book. One of our returned delinquent tax payers no doubt. I gave him a smile and a nod.

In the hall just outside the door marked "Collector" I saw a folded slip of paper. I stooped for it. It looked like a tax receipt. It was a receipt for \$1,928.35, back taxes on the San Pedro Ranch. The sheep man had dropped it. I turned to call him back. Then a thought flashed into my mind. The receipt was signed by Barney Rife. This would be a good chance to find out. If he were taking money from the county, it was probably on these delinquent tax payments, where it would be most easily hidden.

I slipped the receipt into my hand-bag and went into the office.

Barney left for lunch at once. I watched him out of the window, while he walked down the steps, then hurried to the tax books. My fingers trembled as I hunted

the receipt stub which corresponded to the slip I had found.

I stared at it a long time in a sort of dead stupor. Only my eyes and my mind saw standing out on that stub like fingers of fire the figures \$928.35.

I sat down stunned, and leaned my head on my arm. The man had paid in cash. Barney had given him a receipt in full, but had marked the stub \$1,000 short and kept the \$1,000. As the ranchers during these hard years had been accustomed to making only partial payments, this might not be discovered for years. When it was discovered it would be faithful, honest old Jim Cosgrove that would be held for the shortage.

Through the window I saw Mrs. Waddell returning. I hurriedly replaced Barney's tax books, and was at my own window when she came in.

I sat staring at the figures in the book before me. They meant no more to me than snail tracks across the floor. I could not think. I felt emptied of everything but one sharp hurt, a hurt like a sharp piercing cry in the still darkness of a desert night. Mrs. Waddell did not notice me. Did she suspect Barney? Maybe she knew, and was only waiting her time. More than once when Barney and I had passed a bit of playful banter or coquetry, I had seen a peculiar look in her cool green eyes.

I HOPED Barney would come directly, yet I dreaded his return. Could I look at him, speak to him, and hide my guilty knowledge? Yet I feared more that Mrs. Waddell might go to his window to wait on some one, and find something suspicious about his receipt stubs. But how could she? I had the receipt hidden in my blouse, and she could not know that stub showed a thousand dollars less than the amount collected.

My mind began to work, boiling in a wild sort of turmoil. I did not know what to do. I knew what I ought to do. My duty as a deputy collector was perfectly plain. I ought to report the matter to honest old Jim Cosgrove who had been so kind to me. There are women so fine and strong they can do the right thing even at the cost of hurting some one they love, but I could not. My heart cried out that Barney must be saved, no matter who suffered. I might share his guilt, and his punishment, but I could not betray him to the law.

Then as my mind cleared, I saw what I must do. I must try to save Barney, not merely from the law, but from himself. I would see him at the first possible moment, let him know I knew, and beg him to make good what he had stolen. But what if he could not? Usually that was the way.

Barney came in whistling. My heart stopped. I bent low over my books. I knew my face burned crimson, and then drained white. I felt he was watching me, and I



On top of a rock Barney and I sat very close together.

kept my eyes turned away so that he might not read them.

An hour later Jim Cosgrove came in. It was rather unexpected. He seldom spent the afternoon in the office. Usually he drove out to his ranch and did not come back until morning. Jim did very little active work in the office, yet I had a notion he knew more about the books than he let on.

He sent Barney to the bank, and while Barney was gone, Jim took his place at the window.

My hand shook so I could not write. Did Jim suspect something, and was he taking this opportunity to look over the books?



At closing time I planned to stay until Jim and Mrs. Waddell had gone, and then have it out with Barney. He always closed the office. But that night Jim did not go as I expected. Mrs. Waddell went. Barney lingered, and I thought I saw a look of uneasiness in his face. I stayed, too.

"Run on, you kids," Jim waved us away with that half hearty banter of his. "I'm going to hang around an hour or two and appear to be earning my salary by working overtime."

BARNEY and I were both silent as we went down the court-house steps. At the bottom, Barney looked back over his shoulder at the window where Cosgrove sat on a stool looking at the books. There were drawn lines about his mouth I had not seen before.

"Well, Kitty," he said, "a walk tonight?"

"No, Barney," I tried to seem natural, "not tonight—but—"

The sentence was broken, I stepped back and caught my breath. The big, shaggy sheep man had just turned a corner and was headed toward us. I was too confused to think. Fear is an awful muddler. I simply stood staring, and trembling while he passed us and went into the court-house. Then it came to me in a blinding flash: "He is going back for his lost receipt and Jim will look up the books and discover the theft!"

I whirled to run after him, and tell him I had found it, but Barney caught me by the arm.

"Why the sudden panic, little one?" he said. "Do you usually run after sheep men like that?"

"Barney," I exclaimed, "let me go. I want to speak to him."

"DON'T," he said, "you haven't been introduced." He tightened his grip on my arm until it hurt. Although he spoke banteringly there was a look of suspicion in his eyes. I understood then. He feared that I had discovered something and wanted to ask the sheep man about his tax payment.

It was too late now. The ranchman was already inside the court-house. I turned and went down the street with Barney. Neither of us spoke until we neared my boarding-house. He knew there was something wrong, and was half angry, half upset. I was filled with fearful doubt. How should I tell him I knew?

"Barney," I said under my breath as we reached my gate, "I must see you tonight. I'm coming up to your house after dark."

He gave me a long, doubtful look. Then shrugged carelessly:

"Oh, all right, I'll leave the door unlocked." He went on whistling absently a tune he had often whistled gaily.

I could see the court-house from the window of my room. It was only two blocks away.

Jim Cosgrove came out, and the sheep man with him. Jim turned to the left, went down the street a half block to a frame building that housed part of the county offices. He turned into the door at the southeast corner. My heart stopped as though it would never beat again.

[Continued on page 120]

"It's all done," Barney said. "The last dollar has been made good."

MISMADES

By Mitchell L. Erlanger

Justice of the Supreme Court of New York

MY VISITOR sat across from me tapping his fingers nervously, I might say petulantly, upon the top of my desk. His very posture was a rebuke. My views on divorce, it seemed, were entirely too liberal.

"To compel two persons to continue in a state of wedlock, each hating or detesting the other," I said in conclusion, "is nothing short of barbarity, a challenge to God and Nature."

He was back at me quickly.

"You forget," he said, "the injunction, 'Whom God hath joined together.'"

"In fact," I went on, disregarding that libel on the Creator, "where only one of a married pair desires freedom, it is indecent, unnatural and harmful for him or her to be denied a divorce, regardless of what the other one may think about it."

He was greatly shocked.

"That," he said, "sounds like approval of a condition that is rapidly becoming the national menace. Divorce is increasing at such a rate that unless it is soon halted it will end in the decay of national morality and cause the destruction of American family life."

He was right in one particular, divorce is tremendously on the increase in America. The rate has been leaping ahead until now there is approximately one divorce for every six and one half marriages. In this particular we outrival every important nation in the world, including some nations which many of us are inclined to think of as benighted. There is no doubt whatever that the situation is agitating a great many earnest persons.

I have presided on the Bench of the Supreme Court of New York for over twenty years, which approximately spans the period during which the divorce



Dr. Young

For over twenty years Judge Erlanger has heard the secret stories of thousands of marital failures. From the fullness of his experience and understanding he writes:

- ☞ Divorce is on the increase but it is not a symptom of moral decadence.
- ☞ To compel two persons who hate each other to continue in wedlock is barbarous.
- ☞ The living together of mismatched married pairs is the national tragedy.
- ☞ States where the divorce laws are liberal are not behind in public morals.
- ☞ With love still existing, nothing justifies divorce. With love gone, any good reason should warrant divorce.

rate has made its abnormal increase. I have listened closely to the histories of literally thousands of marital failures, have been trusted with the intimate secrets of disillusioned pairs from the beginning to the end of their marital experience.

AND out of all this I have learned a great deal about marriage and divorce from behind the scenes. I have studied the sort of people who seek divorce and the grievances which inspired them, thereby gaining knowledge of the problems for which divorce is the only logical solution.

So I can say with assurance, I think, that there is no reason for alarm. Instead of being a symptom of moral decadence, the increase of divorces might better be interpreted as a healthy sign. It indicates, I believe, an awakening of a personal morality, based on self-respect which renders the very idea of sex intimacy without complete love and respect abhorrent. It indicates a growing independence of thought and action on matters concerning the most important of all human contracts, stirring intelligent people to cast off marital shackles formerly borne by multitudes of sufferers who dared not rebel for various reasons, real or imagined.

It is well also to remember that the increase of the divorce crop has kept step coincidentally with the growing emancipation of American womanhood in political, social and economic life. And women, by a large majority, are the ones who take the initiative in actions for divorce and separation.

A plausible explanation for the ever-growing flood of divorces is that it gathers volume chiefly by its own momentum. That is, by sheer force of wide-

He Does Not Believe Unhappy People Should Be Forced to Live Together; That's Why He Is Called "the Just Divorce Judge"

spread example, it encourages people who otherwise would adjust their differences to seek marital freedom on flimsy grounds. Also that it attracts men and women of unstable morals, offering them a legal excuse for promiscuity.

THERE is nothing whatever to this. All the evidence points the other way. This awakening of married mismates goes deeper than imitation of others. The married pairs that I have observed never think of divorce so long as they retain the slightest lingering regard for each other. Indeed, so repellent is the idea of divorce to most people, that many couples hold together hoping against hope that there may be a reconciliation, unwilling to make the final break until the last doubt of their utter alienation is satisfied.

That other idea that easy divorce encourages easy morals is only a dream. Divorce may result from lax morality, but divorce is never the cause of lax morality. To the contrary, the inability to obtain a divorce is often the direct cause of immorality.

Consider the men and women so often pilloried by public opinion, branded as libertines, because they do not hide the fact that they seek divorce in order to marry someone else. Does not the very fact that they go through all the troubles of securing a divorce indicate a strong desire on their part to conform to the established rules of society?

Certainly States like Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Illinois, where the divorce laws are more liberal and divorces more numerous than in New York, do not fall behind the latter in public morals.

"The way to stop this deluge of divorces," said a man to me not long ago, "is to make divorce so difficult that it will be next to impossible to obtain one."

That is what a great many persons believe. Just think what a fine state of public morals that would bring about! I believe that to make divorces readily obtainable through national or state legis-

lation would bring us more quickly to that result. And to contend that people would abuse the divorce privilege is no argument at all. One might just as well reason that the old time debtors' laws, which consigned many honest men to imprisonment for debt, should never have been repealed because an occasional scamp might take unfair advantage of his creditors.

There came before me not long ago a pair whose marital experience had lasted only a few months. The wife was seeking the divorce; and it was evident that the husband was ready to admit anything she might charge.

PRESENTLY it came out that this pair had been devoted lovers for several years, that they had indeed lived happily together in a state of actual, though not legal, wedlock. So sincere was their love that immediately the barrier was removed they married. I questioned them privately in the hope of being able to bring about a complete reconciliation.

"How do you explain," I asked, "that you got along in complete harmony so long as you remained unmarried, only to begin quarreling immediately afterwards?"

"I'll tell you why Judge," said the wife, and tears were trickling down her cheeks. "We were hardly married before he began to act like he owned me body and soul. Where he used to be sweet to me, consulting my wishes in everything, he changed so he resented my slightest suggestion. Inside of a month he began to leave me alone nights, and to drink and gamble. When I complained about him running around with this other woman he defied me and said if I didn't like it I could lump it."

I interrupted her. "Do you mean to say he acquired all these vices so soon after marriage?"

"Oh, no," she explained hastily; "but before we were married I could always make him stop by threatening to leave him. He knew there was someone else ready to marry me."

"Afterwards [Continued on page 121]



Married pairs never think of divorce so long as they retain the slightest regard for each other. So repellent is the idea of divorce that many couples cling together hoping for reconciliation

*My Parents Feared I Would Never
Meet the Right Sort of Man, but*

Love

YOU will know what kind of a home I had when I tell you that although my father and mother were the kindest people in the world this happened every night:

The tall clock in the hall would begin to strike ten. I would put down my book. Promptly on the last stroke I would get up from my chair, kiss my father and mother good night and go up-stairs to my room. I was twenty years old but I had never been to a dance in my life!

I knew that they had a habit of discussing me the moment they heard my door shut. One night, the summer I was twenty I softly opened my door and listened to what they were saying down stairs. I had to know how much they knew.

Father's voice said, "Well, I must say, she's a fine girl. Sometimes I wonder if we don't restrict her too much." I held my breath. I hadn't suspected he could think that. But he went on: "Then I see how contented she is and I realize that she's not like these awful creatures."

That was what I was up against. By awful creatures he meant all the attractive girls in Malvern Hill, which is one of the older and nicer suburbs of New York. He meant the daughters of his friends—the girls I ought to have had for friends.

Father was still talking and I listened harder than ever, as you do when you hear your own name. "Mary Elizabeth just doesn't care for jazz and all that sort of thing. She'd rather stay at home and read a good book than run around like these modern girls."

"Did you know," mother asked, "that Mrs. Henderson allowed Charlotte to go to the dance at the country club tonight?"

"What!" father said.

"Yes," mother said, "with that fast crowd. Think of it!"

"I don't approve of it. It's no place for a really nice girl."

"Well," mother said, "Mrs. Fairhope told me today that there wasn't a girl in that crowd who doesn't smoke cigarettes and drink cocktails and roll her stockings."

You see how out of the world mother was. She didn't even know that rolled stockings have gone out, except, of course, for

sports. When skirts are short enough so that you show your knees every time you sit down rolled stockings aren't so good. Your legs look much prettier if the silk stockings go all the way. But father didn't even know there had ever been such a thing as a rolled stocking.

"Roll their stockings?" he said.

Mother explained, or at least she tried hard to.



Found a Way



Father stood in the doorway and stared at us while Phil still had his arms around me

"Hmm!" father said. "What's the purpose of that, pray?"

"Well," mother said, "they say it's because it's more comfortable, but of course it's just another example of this modern looseness."

"I don't see that," father said.

"It comes," mother said, "of not wearing corsets or anything underneath."

"What?" father said. He was more puzzled than ever.

"GARTERS," mother said. "They have nothing to fasten garters to."

I almost laughed out loud.

"Oh," father said, "I see."

Of course he didn't see. He was just willing to take mother's word for it.

"They aren't the sort of girls I want our Mary Elizabeth to know," mother went on.

"It isn't so much the girls I'm thinking of," father said. "It's the young men."

"The young men at the country club are a scandal," mother said, "especially the married ones."

"It ought to be forbidden by law," father said. I don't know what he thought ought to be forbidden.

THE clock struck half past ten.

"The beautiful thing we've accomplished with Mary Elizabeth," father said, "is to bring her up so that she doesn't have to be prevented from doing the things that other girls do. She doesn't even want to do them."

"That's just the point," mother answered. "She hasn't got these wild impulses."

"And she hasn't any chance to meet the wrong kind of men," father said.

I heard them coming up-stairs so I shut my door very softly and undressed and turned out the lights and went and sat at the window in my night-gown looking out on the lawn. The lawn was just bathed in moonlight. There is some magic in moonlight, even when you haven't any chance to meet the wrong kind of man or any

man of any kind at all. It gave me a kind of breathless feeling. It seemed to me I had never seen anything so beautiful as the lawn, with the row of poplar trees, in the moonlight.

I SAT there nearly an hour, until I was sure father and mother were asleep. You may think I didn't love them. But that was just the trouble. I did. If I hadn't I wouldn't have been so afraid they would find out what I was really like. Just the faintest glimpse would hurt them terribly.

They had been so very good to me, so generous. They weren't rich. And yet they had managed to do things for me that only rich people do for their daughters—an expensive school, and music, and a trip abroad! And now that I was at home again father had given me a roadster all my own. Only I couldn't go anywhere in it—that is anywhere I wanted to go.

And then this dance. Charlotte had bullied her mother into letting her go. I was the only girl in Malvern Hill who couldn't go, the only one left out. And I didn't even so much



I softly opened my door and listened to what they were saying. I had to know how much they knew

as dare let my father and mother know that I wanted to go.

They had given me everything, except the things I most wanted. I had some lovely clothes, but no one to appreciate me in them—no—well, to be honest, no man. I didn't know a single, solitary man of my own age—only the men who came to tea at the rectory every second Tuesday. I could play the piano quite beautifully but there was no one to play it for, except my friend Charlotte.

That old nursery rhyme came into my head:

"Yes, my darling daughter,
Hang your clothes on a hickory limb
But don't go near the water."

MY FATHER and mother were like that! They said: "Yes, you may go out to swim, but don't go near the water."

I got 'up and softly turned on the light and rummaged in the closet. I was sure father and mother were asleep now. I got out a sport dress and stockings and a sweater, and I was so much my mother's daughter that I put on a petticoat. I was dressed in five minutes. I put my wrist-watch inside the blouse of my dress, switched off the light, and turned to the window.

In the dark I lifted the screen out and set it down inside. I climbed into the open window backwards, and standing on the sill, I reached as far as I could to the right and got a good grip on the rain pipe that ran just above the window casing. I went hand over hand, sideways, until my feet found the railing that ran around the deck of the dining-room porch. In a moment I stood lightly on the railing, getting my balance; then I dropped softly to the deck. Then I climbed over the railing

and slid down the pillar landing softly, like a cat, on my feet.

I had taken a course in gymnastics at school but that hardly explains the fact that I knew just how to climb out of my second-story window to the ground. The truth is I had done it a good many times before.

Once I was safe on the ground I fastened my watch on my wrist and walked quickly across the lawn. I climbed the Parmenter's wall at a point far back of their house and went up the hill beyond.

Once at the top I sat down under an oak tree. It was my favorite place. The whole valley of Mill River was spread out before me in the moonlight; and on the ridge opposite, such a little way off, was the country club, with every window lighted and Chinese lanterns strung along the verandas.

There was a hollow place near the base of the old oak. I reached in and found a half used packet of cigarettes and matches. I lighted a cigarette. I didn't like cigarettes. In fact the only cigarettes I had ever smoked had come in this package and nobody really likes tobacco who has only smoked half a dozen times. But I was bound to learn how to smoke, even if it made me sick. Some day, when I did know people of my own age, I would be offered a cigarette. I was going to know what to do with it when the time came.

I SAT for a long time under the oak tree, with my arms around my knees, taking an occasional puff of that cigarette, and feeling the magic of the moonlight, feeling the little breeze that fanned my face, and listening to the music of the dance band at the country club. I could hear the violin faintly, and the saxophone, and the drum. I could distinguish the tune and I hummed the chorus to myself.

They played it through twice and I almost cried. It said so many of the things I felt and wanted to feel. It was so awful to sit out there under a tree all alone, wanting to dance while other people were dancing. And it wasn't as if I didn't know how to dance. I had learned the waltz and the fox-trot at Miss Harding's school and lately Charlotte had taught me some Charleston steps. The cigarette helped to make me feel that I was part of it all. The taste was horrid but the idea was good. Only I did so want to dance.

The next piece the orchestra in the club-house played was something I didn't know, but the third one was a waltz. I threw away my cigarette and waltzed all by myself under the oak tree. When it was over I threw myself on the grass, a little breathless and excited.

I saw the lights of a car in the drive beside the club flash on. I glanced at my watch. It was just midnight. Somebody was leaving early. I could see the long beams of light from the lamps as the car swung down the hill. I guessed it would turn into the lane that led to the Post Road, but it didn't. It was coming so fast I wondered how it could possibly take the curve into the Mill Road, just below where I sat. It was coming faster and faster. Then it disappeared behind a little knoll that hid the road from me. I watched to see it come out on the other side, but it didn't come out. It had been going at least fifty miles an hour; it should have come into view again in about three seconds, but it was just gone, swallowed up in the dark. It couldn't have been parked behind the knoll. It had been going too fast.

I started down the hill just to see for myself what had happened. It was after midnight and I had never stayed out half so long before. But I didn't care. I had a hunch that something had happened. And it had. When I got there I saw that the car had turned over. The motor had stopped; the lights were out; and the people in the car made no sound.

I STOOD there a minute hardly daring to go up and see what had happened to them. I couldn't afford to get mixed up in it. My father and mother must not find out that I wasn't asleep in bed. While I hesitated I saw that a woman in a white dress was standing beside the car. She stood there a moment and then she turned and ran up the Mill Road and disappeared.

I walked slowly toward the car. It was turned over on its side. One front wheel was torn off. The top was smashed. It had gone clear through the fence and was pretty well wrecked. It was so far off the road that nobody was likely to see it before daylight even if anybody came along this unfrequented road between now and morning. I walked around the car, wondering if the woman who had run away had been

the only person in it. I had just about decided that she had been when I saw the man.

He was lying on his face between the car and the road with one arm twisted under him. I had to go and see if his heart was still beating. I was scared but I had to. I couldn't just leave him there. I knelt down beside him and felt for his pulse. And then I saw that blood was running down his sleeve. I pulled at his coat and got one sleeve off. He had a big gash in his arm.

FOR a moment I just shuddered. Then I tore the bottom of my petticoat and twisted it into a rope and tied it around his arm just below the shoulder, knotted it twice, and looked around for something to finish the tourniquet. I found a piece of the steering wheel, almost half the circle. I put that under the armlet I had made and twisted it until the blood only welled a little from the wound.

The next thing was help. Where could I go? Our house was nearest. I must run home and telephone for a doctor. I had run half way before I thought of something better. I could take him to the hospital myself. That would be quicker. I could take him in my roadster and perhaps get back home before they knew I had gone—if I could get the roadster out without making any noise that would wake them up.

I opened the garage door. Mother's and father's room was at the other end of the house. But the starter might wake them up. You know how a starter whirrs and how a cold engine coughs and sputters. The car faced the drive and the drive ran slightly down hill. If I could push the car out of the garage and get a start on the drive it would run all the way down to the road without the engine. I took hold of the steering wheel and the side of the car, the way I had seen the garage man do, and pushed. I couldn't move it. I had no idea a car was so hard to move. Finally I got behind it, between the car and the end wall of the garage. I put my feet against the wall and my hands against the edge of the rear deck and pushed with every muscle in my body. It moved. In a moment it was out of the garage. I had to run around the side and grab the hand-brake to stop it.

I got in and let the car drift down the drive. At first it barely moved. And then it went faster and faster. When I was out of sight of the house I got in, put it in gear, snapped on the ignition and the engine went.

Down in the Mill Road I ran the car close alongside the man. I tried to lift him into the car but I just couldn't do it. He was unconscious; his body was limp; he was too heavy. And then I thought of the running board. I ran the car exactly parallel with his body. I lifted his head and shoulders up on the running board; then his legs. But I would have to tie him there. I had to run clear back to the house and take the clothes-line, but finally I had him tied securely, the rope running around the wind-shield post at one end and around the top stanchion at the other.

I STARTED toward Briarcliff and the hospital. It was only five miles and the road was smooth as only a cement road can be. I shouldn't jolt him much. And if we met other cars—well he was on the right side of the car; other cars would be passing me on the left; they wouldn't see him. I drove as fast as I dared and it took only ten or twelve minutes to reach the hospital.

I honked my horn, but nobody came out, so I jumped down and rang the bell. I pounded on the door, and finally a sleepy man in a white uniform opened it.

"I've got a man here who's been badly hurt," I cried. "Get somebody quick."

"Where?" the man asked.

"Get a doctor quick," I said.

"The doctors have all gone home," he said.

"Then get a stretcher and call a doctor as fast as you can," I said.

He went into the lobby and pressed a button over a desk and, with incredible slowness, things began to happen. First one orderly came; and then another. Between them they managed to find a stretcher.

"Where is he?" they asked stupidly.

"Out there on my running board," [Continued on page 105]



I had taken a gym course at school but that hardly explains why I knew how to climb out of my second-story window. The truth is I had done it before

They Call It Heart



IF A man promises to marry a girl and then breaks his promise, the law's attitude is that he has broken a contract and the girl can sue him.

I am one of those girls who sued a man for breach of promise. I won my suit. The jury granted me a verdict of forty thousand dollars. Heaven help me! It wrecked, annihilated ten years of my life!

Usually, I know, it is only bad women who sue men for breach of promise; the kind of women who fatten on scandal. The more disgusting the scandal is, the better they like it, because it means the man they are suing will not be able to stand the gaff and will settle out of court for a large fat sum.

But my case was absolutely nothing like that. I was just a young high school girl living with my parents in a city of a hundred thousand people. The man, who had broken his promise to me, had really marred my life, as I will show.

Just at the psychological moment, when all I could think of was revenge, a young live-wire of a lawyer came to me. He was so clever. He talked to me and talked to me and worked on my feelings until at last he persuaded me that the only way for me to prove that I was not just a lower middle class girl, presumptuous enough to think that a rich man would marry me, was to sue him.

Well I consented and I won my suit, but the effects upon me—well that part of it is astonishing and terrible. I will set it all down as carefully as I can.

His name was not Edward A—, but that is what I shall call him. If I wrote his real name, probably over two million people would remember the case, for it was reported in some of the New York and Chicago papers.

MY PARENTS were insignificant perhaps, but they were very nice people. My father had a little real estate business. But you see, they had no social standing at all.

As soon as I went to high school, I was very popular. I don't know why exactly. The girls used to tell me that I have a way of looking at men with such wonder and admiration and at the same time, looking so gentle and childishly pathetic, that all men wanted to take me in their arms.

I tell this just to try to explain why Edward A—, usually called Ned, should have ever singled me out.

Ned was thirty-three when I first met him, a Yale man and worth more than a million dollars in his own right, and one of the most socially prominent men in our town. I was sixteen.

I had been taken to a dance at the University Club in our town, by a boy who was a famous high school football player, Eddie L—, I will call him.

Well the minute that Ned saw me he seemed to be in love with me. He danced with me again and again. And I remember I was so upset because poor Eddie was jealous. Ned took me out on the terrace that overlooks the river and I remember there was a cold October moon high in the sky. He stared at me, took my hands and kept saying over and over again:

"You're so sweet! So sweet!" He pulled me towards him as though he was going to kiss me. But I was so young and bashful; besides I was quite prim. I didn't think it was right to kiss men.

Balm

*My Breach of Promise Suit Proves
A Girl Loses Even if She Wins*

From that night he was in love with me. He said he was going to marry me. My parents were delighted of course.

Ned used to say that he hated modern girls, the kind that think it is smart to get drunk and kiss men. He used to say he loved me because I was so old-fashioned and sweet and quaint. He loved my long hair and sometimes he would ask me to take it down, so he could see how it reached to my waist in a thick yellowish-tan mane. I am sure he loved me very much.

OF COURSE my parents thought he was wonderful. He was already a big executive and a power in that city. They looked up to him as though he was a wonderful son, who, by his ability, had earned the right to govern the family. On all things concerning our family, my parents consulted Ned, and he advised them particularly on just how my life should be planned.

For instance during my last year in high school, when we were first engaged, I was planning to go to the state university. My chums were not going to college, but as I had always been such a good student, my father hoped that I would go.

But Ned didn't want me to have a college education. He said it spoiled a girl and made her into a high-brow.

So I didn't go to college, but I admit that in my heart, I was terribly disappointed.

Then I thought I would take a nurse's training, as I felt I ought to help earn money for my parents. But Ned didn't want that either. No wife of his would ever work, he said. He wanted me just to stay home with my mother and learn how to manage a home and how to economize and run things on a budget.

Oh, he was very anxious that I should be just what he wanted a wife to be. For instance, I can play the piano by ear quite well. So well that when I was in high school and went to a party, I'd be playing the piano half the evening, but Ned hated to hear me play jazz and wouldn't have it. He made me promise to give it up. He didn't mind classical music, but he said he thought jazz was ruining the modern girl.

Well I did just as he said for two and a half years. Then my poor father lost some money. I felt guilty that I did nothing but stay home, knowing my parents were being deprived of so many things that I might have earned for them.

But Ned spoke with so much authority against my going to work, we didn't like to go against him. Also, in a vague way, my parents felt that my marriage to Ned was worth every sacrifice because it was going to better all our lives. Just how we didn't know. We never became definite on that point. My father, for example, would never have accepted money from Ned, as he was a proud little man. All we knew was that Ned was wonderful and that we must do just as he said.

WELL this state of affairs went on for five years. For five years I remained utterly worthless. I was in training, you see, to be a man's ideal wife. Needless to say I had no other beaux, or indeed, any gayety or social life at all. Ned wouldn't have tolerated that.



Ned A—— was worth more than a million dollars. He said he was in love with me and was going to marry me. We became engaged and then after waiting for years, Ned suddenly married another woman

I have to confess that as the years passed, I sometimes felt awfully depressed. The girls I knew were so lively and care-free, going out to parties, learning the Charleston, joking and going to work in offices where they could earn money to buy themselves pretty clothes. Yes. Sometimes I used to have a lump in my throat due to a strange feeling, that was more like loneliness and homesickness, than anything else.

BUT I was the lucky girl who was engaged to the famous bachelor, Edward A——, the catch of the state, a millionaire, a man's man and a big executive. Lucky girl!

We had been engaged five years. When were we going to be married? Once in a while someone would ask me that. Well I didn't know. We left it all to Ned and felt, of course, that it would be indelicate to ask him to set a day.

Then one night I was in a bad mood I am afraid. I had been invited to a party at the house of a girl I knew. I was crazy to go. My old beau, Eddie L——, who was now out of Dartmouth and a famous football star, wanted to take me.

Well of course I knew I couldn't go. I didn't even dare mention to Ned the fact that I had been invited for he would have been much annoyed, but I guess it rankled in me. That evening Ned happened to criticize a new dress I had just made, saying that it was disgustingly short. I am sorry to say I completely lost my temper.

"When we are married . . ." he started to say.

"When!" I exclaimed in a bitter voice. "Don't make me laugh! I know very well we will never be married!"

"Janey! Janey!" he said astonished. "What do you mean? My dear child, you are talking nonsense. You know I am going to marry you."

AFTER this quarrel, the date of our wedding seemed to materialize. It was to be the following spring.

"In the spring," I was now able to say to my inquiring friends and relatives.

Finally in the middle of May, Ned said we would have the wedding in June, the twenty-fifth of June. My mother and I began sewing on a trousseau, for we could not afford to have a dressmaker.

Then very suddenly Ned had to go abroad on business. It was to be a flying trip, only taking five weeks. The date of our wedding, June twenty-fifth, remained unchanged.

Ned went to England. Mother and I sewed and sewed as hard as we could. I wanted to look nice when I was married. I didn't want to have to ask Ned for money for clothes the first thing.

The second week in June, eight days before our wedding, this letter came from Ned. The post mark was Paris. I won't give you the whole thing, just the gist of it.

He admitted he had a terrible blow for me. Yet he had to be courageous and frank and tell me, for it involved my happiness. This was the blow. He had met a woman in England and had fallen in love with her. Since this had happened, it would not be fair to me, he said, to marry me. Marriage without love was sacrilege, and so on and so on.

The woman, it turned out, had been an American society girl, had married a French count and had divorced him. Well you see she was a fascinating woman of the world and I was just a little home girl. So you can hardly blame Ned.

But the blow to me! Oh that was dreadful! Dreadful! It was a two-edged sword in my heart and every minute that I was awake, that sword would turn and gouge and tear me. I was afraid to go out of doors. I was afraid people would see me. I never knew when the tears would gush down my face. And I couldn't bear to have my parents see my tears, for worse than anything else was their anguish for me!

THEN that very summer, in August, Ned and his countess returned to W——. They lived in the old A—— mansion, where I was to have lived. The countess who was stylish, using a lipstick and all that, was soon a very gay member of W—— society. She dragged Ned into the liveliest social set, which was very far removed from my world.

And then I became filled with hate. I would give anything in the world to hurt that complacent man who had cheated me, not out of marrying him, for I couldn't blame him, and never did, for that, but he had cheated me out of going to the university, out of useful work, out of five years of healthy pleasure, friends, parties, beaux—things that girls should have.

And just at that point the young lawyer who was so smart and pushing, turned up. He persuaded me to sue Ned for breach of promise.

The case was no sooner under way, than things happened that horrified me. The newspapers grabbed it, and they had a way of telling half truths, so that in effect it sounded

as though I was a low-class girl who had been wronged by a rich society man. And they used the word "wronged" in such a way as to make people think I had been seduced.

"I see," people said, "they lived together for five years. Her parents made no objections. She couldn't have been so very nice."

The newspapers instead of going thoroughly into all the points of the trial, would make news only out of pieces of evidence that were disgusting and hateful. "The Countess vs. Home Girl" suit it was called. The newspapers kept saying that I looked so pathetically pretty and told with relish how I cried in court. But their inference was that I did so because I was a wily actress; that I wore the dark blue foulard



dress on purpose to melt the jury, because it looked so sweet and innocent, while as a matter of fact it was my best dress outside of the wedding dress that I had worked upon so patiently.

Ned's lawyer, a brilliant and famous one, would ask me terrible questions, which, it is true, the judge refused to be allowed as evidence, but which questions appeared in the newspapers just the same.

"Miss G——, is it true that you were known in high school as 'The Baby-Faced Vamp?'"

It was true that some one had called me that, once, just once. But no one could have been less vampish than I. I was painfully self-conscious and used to blush and feel like crying from shyness whenever I was called upon to recite in class.

Ned's lawyer tried to prove that Ned's interest in me was simply charitable. Then to counteract this, my lawyer, Mr. B—— had to prove that Ned had kissed me and made love to me. And what kind of love making was it, exactly? Then my

"My darling big man," one went, "when I think of my silly actions in school, I know you have been upset by my waywardness and I know that in many ways I have been bad." Ned's lawyer made this mean that I had had many affairs with men even before I was sixteen.

BUT Mr. B—— and my side won. The jury gave us a verdict of forty thousand dollars. Hearing all the evidence, the jury knew that I was right. The judge however, said that unless we took only ten thousand he would have to ask for a new trial. My lawyer, Mr. B——, wanted a new trial but I refused. I would have killed myself rather than that.

From this point you might think that everything would go well with me. I thought so myself. I was full of hope. I had planned to refuse Ned's money. All I wanted was to punish him and to vindicate myself, but the expenses of the trial were terrific and, of course Mr. B—— had to have his



I received a terrible blow when I discovered that the only friends I had in the world were blacknailers who wanted me to help them carry out their schemes

poor father and mother were dragged into court, and were humiliated and made fools of by Ned's lawyer, that fiendishly clever man. My father became so excited and enraged and overwrought, I am sure it contributed to the stroke he had a week after the trial.

OF COURSE letters were introduced. Strangely enough Ned's letters to me were few and rather stiff, but my letters to him, written in an abandon of love and admiration and then malevolently interpreted by his lawyer, were terrible. Everyone in town was quoting their phrases. Everybody thought them a joke, a scream!

fee. So what could I do but accept Ned's miserable money?

Well after the expenses had been paid, out of the ten thousand, only seven thousand remained. Then my father had the stroke. For a while there was some hope that he could get well. So we spent two thousand dollars on treatments and an operation for him. But it did no good.

I saw that I would soon have to be the sole support of the family. I immediately invested some of our fast diminishing fund in a course in stenography and bookkeeping.

I started down-town to the business school, full of hope. It was wonderful to be doing some work, after so many years of sitting and waiting. Everything was [Continued on page 95]



"You forgot to question my terms," I said coldly, determined thoroughly to enmesh him.

*My Life Story Shows
Fight to Save*

Forgive My

INNOCENT of anything but a desire to be happy I had nevertheless been dragged into court as correspondent in Mrs. John L. Karby's suit against her husband for divorce. Later when I had begun to live down that disgrace, our paths crossed again and this time Mrs. Karby accused me of stealing her jewels which unfortunately disappeared while we were under the same roof. Is it any wonder that even though I was acquitted I should hate the woman who had twice sought to ruin my reputation? Is it any wonder that I took a fiendish delight in having her son fall in love with me and then playing with him as a cat plays with a mouse?

JUST for a moment the sudden heat of Kenneth Karby's words upset me. Now, for the first time in my life, I felt the almost helpless longing to be enfolded in his strong arms.

Suddenly I realized that my danger was within, not without. To conquer, to win all I had resolved to win, I must first learn to command myself. I must yield nothing. I had to be Savannah Lane, the unattainable. Therein was my strength and my power. That must be my constant pose before men.

Kenneth Karby's arms were about my shoulders, but I pushed him away.

"You do like me a little bit, Savannah!" he said. "I saw it in your eyes. Yes, for a moment you loved me. What do we care about anyone else in the world? Savannah, darling, you could make this world a heaven, a paradise for me. We could forget everything but each other. Savannah, don't you believe me? Can't you see that we're wasting time? Won't you tell me that you do care a little?"

Something coldly mechanical clicked where my heart should have been.

IF KENNETH KARBY'S declaration had represented a deep sincere love, I think I might have foresworn any mercenary or vengeful designs upon him or his family; I might have respected the real thing, but this was only love's counterfeit he offered.

I do not say that I would have returned his affection, but he might then have earned my admiration and respect. As it was, his pleading left me cold and, subconsciously I think, contemptuous of the man who sought to tempt me. Yet, so much energy must a woman use up in resisting, that I was still

*That a Woman Must
Her Soul*

Me Trespases

shaken, unable at once to recapture my usual self-possession.

"Don't, please go away! Leave me alone!" I said.

"Savannah! Listen to me, dear! I just want to make up to you for all the hurts you have had. Dear, why do you hold me off? There is no else, is there? Tell me there is no one else!"

This was my clew. "But there may be," I said.

He winced, and his face paled a shade.

"What can any other man give you that I cannot?" he demanded. "Savannah girl, I cannot bear to think of you loving some one else. Your face is always before me, and your name keeps running through my mind like a song I can't forget. Savannah Lane. Savannah Lane."

"Is that any way for an engaged man to talk?" I asked him maliciously. "How about your official fiancée?"

"I'M ENGAGED, but that doesn't mean a thing in the world to me," he said.

"Do you respect the girl?"

"Of course I respect her."

"But you don't respect me, do you Kenneth Karby? No, of course you don't, and I don't blame you."

"But I do!" he cried.

"You shouldn't," I said. "You were quite right in your assumption that you could make love to me as you pleased, but you made an error when you forgot the question of terms."

Why should I not lie to him? Why, indeed? What obligation had I to play fair with him or any other man! No. Deliberately I meant to lead him on, to enmesh him with every possible tie and then, in the end cheat him.

"Terms!" he said. "Savannah!"

"Why, certainly," I said, with the hardest manner I could assume. "Do you think I'm a fool? Did you think I was going to throw myself away on you, or any man? Not on your life, Kenneth Karby!"

"Savannah, I can't bear to hear you talk this way! I can't stand it!"

"I don't care whether you stand it or not. If it annoys you, the elevator is still running and your hat is in the hall."

"But it sounds like a common woman, Savannah! No, you're not that kind of a girl. You're not common!"

"Nor cheap, either," I said. "Some man is going to get me, but I'm the one who is going to pick and choose. I like you well enough, I suppose, but there isn't a chance in the world that I'm going to throw myself away. No, it's going to be a bigger man than you, that gets Savannah Lane, Mr. Karby."



"Savannah," Kenneth Karby cried. "Don't talk that way. You're not that kind of a girl."



"Your mother has just been trying to persuade me that I should never see you again," I told do you come here?" he cried. "What right have you to interfere

My advice to you is to run along and marry the little girl you're engaged to. You're a nice boy, but I'm afraid that says it all."

I WAS taking a big chance. My policy was rule or ruin. I had either alienated him forever, or I had made him my willing slave. I looked at him keenly, through half-closed eyes; in all my life I had never seen a man so stunned, so dazed, so crushed. His face was deathly white, and his eyes seemed, literally, sunken.

"I cannot believe my ears," he murmured. "Savannah, you're not this way at heart. What is the matter with you girl? Are you mad?"

"You might ask your father about that?" I suggested, "or your mother. I wasn't quite so hard-boiled before they began to work on me."

He got up and began to pace nervously around the room.

"I must do something to help you. I must do something to

save you. Tell me what I can do for you, Savannah," he begged.

"You might give me a cigarette," I said carelessly.

He held a match for me while I lit the cigarette and inhaled it with a spirit of mocking deviltry.

"This is like a funeral for me," he said. "It's the same as seeing you die to see you go to pieces this way."

"AND especially," I reminded him, "since you have been denied the privilege of assisting in my destruction!"

"Don't say that. It's not true, Savannah."

I looked at him steadily. Perhaps, after all, I was mistaken.

"I had thought your remarks a few minutes ago meant that you were making me, as they say, a proposition. Am I to understand now that you were really proposing marriage?"

He stopped stark still, his arms at his side, his clenched fist relaxing.



Kenneth. "She has offered to pay me if I go away." The boy looked at his mother aghast. "Why in my affairs?" They faced each other, forgetful of my presence.

"You know I'm engaged, Savannah. You know my mother has her heart set on it. How can I honorably break that engagement?"

I smiled.

"Of course you couldn't, you silly boy. Now run along, will you please? After all, you know, I'm a busy woman. I have so many things to attend to."

HE LOOKED at me with unbelieving eyes and shook his head.

"I can't believe it!"

"You will in time, Kenneth, don't worry. Now please go. Really, you're giving me a headache."

For another agonizing minute he looked at me and then, without a word, turned on his heel and left the room.

Alone, I realized the strain I had been under, the terrific drag on my energies, from playing the part I had assumed. I

threw myself on my bed exhausted; yet there was a strange subtle enjoyment coursing through my veins.

I thought of Kenneth Karby; I examined my own heart and there was no trace of regret for what I had done.

I summed up the net results of the past week. What a week it had been! I had been acquitted in the Karby robbery trial. My first move as a gold-digger had netted me fifty dollars from the man at the station at Zenith, Long Island.

Money! After all, that was my only tangible gain—a thousand dollars from Galbraith, and twenty-five hundred from John L. Karby. Thirty-five hundred and fifty dollars in one week. Temporarily I was free from financial worries, although that sum, of course, would not carry me far in any expensive mode of living in New York.

The peculiar thing about money is that once you have obtained it, it seems to lose its kick. Coin is most precious when we do not possess it.

[Continued on page 124]

*There Are So
Many
Kinds of Men
in the World,
How
Is a Girl
to
Know?*

MOTHERS and grandmothers and aunts have warned girls never to let a strange man speak to them in the street. I am twenty-one, and pretty and I disagree. I consider I have a right to my opinions because I earn my own living as a secretary and I belong to myself.

In this modern world men are to girls the university of life. We learn from them all we ever learn, and if we never meet men how are we to learn? And the interesting men are always strangers, seen for an instant by the gleam of a street lamp, to be caught and held in a moment or never.

A man's eyes and profile encountered in a roaring city street are just as intriguing to a girl as a girl's to a man.

How else can I judge men, distinguish one from another, good from bad? How else shall I be able to select, eventually, my husband, and the father of my children? Isn't it better to make mistakes before marriage than after? You need to have been tempted in order to resist temptation.

Aside from certain obvious types, most men are decent at heart. I don't believe in the betrayed girl. No girl is ever betrayed unless she wants to be. To prove it, here are two



A Girl Must

adventures with men, set down truthfully—two chapters from the book of my life—the life of a pretty girl of twenty-one, fighting her own battles in the city of New York.

And how different were the two men concerned in those adventures! The one, Arthur Gentry, who was so romantic, so much of a poet and so poor in worldly goods! How poor he was also in worldly wisdom! And then what a contrast was George Lindon, of late middle-age but of so polished a



I LOOKED at Arthur, smiling, half-maternal, taking in the broad brow, sensitive mouth and dark hair. He seemed to me an adorable child

I saw the boy in gray come swinging up the street and at once remembered that evening when he had all but stopped in my path, and I, absorbed in my thoughts, had gone on and forgotten.

But the boy had not forgotten that my eyes were like violets, and now as we approached each other, he so eagerly, I with careless recognition, the ineffable call went out from him to me and was answered, so that if he had walked up to me and kissed me I should have felt neither surprise nor anger.

After that, inevitably each night and morning we looked for each other; inevitably sooner or later the complete expression

of a look would pass into the incomplete expression of words and then would begin a new friendship not quite so wonderful yet very dear.

The boy in gray stopped at the florist's on the corner and bought a great bunch of daffodils. Then he moved away, and, as I came up, he raised his hat and smiled into my eyes. He held out the flowers, his face flushing from a mixture of pride, shyness, determination and sheer youth.

"Aren't they simply darling?" he said as he held them out to me.

I stood there with his flowers in my arms, my hair the color of the soft petals, myself like one of them swayed by a south wind.

"Thank you awfully," I murmured. "I love them, and it's very dear of you, but why should you buy me flowers when I'm an absolute stranger?"

Learn

sophistication! millionaire; like owner of a huge department store; but also George Lindon, a man of fascination and power!

George Lindon, multi-millionaire; George Lindon, business-like owner of a huge department store; but also George Lindon, a man of fascination and power!

I wonder how I would have played my cards with those two men if I could have foreseen the future?

As long as a girl is pretty and intelligent adventure always beckons.

"Won't you please accept them because it's spring and they're rather like you, and I want you to very much?"

He stood looking at me as if he would never let me go.

The tired sun dipped below the horizon, but another more arrogant gold broke over the gray street as we turned away together.

IN EARLY summer the park is very heavenly for young people, and the boy in gray and I, through the mercy of Providence, had the seat to ourselves.

All the trees were shyly putting on their new dress of green, the young grass pushed up lustily at our feet, and the smoky haze of twilight hung in the air like fairy mist.

The boy stroked my fingers with that reverence that only comes once in life, if at all, and that very early.

"Isn't it wonderful?" he said softly, with an adoring lilt in his voice. "And I don't even know your name yet. Tell me, dear, please."

"Dorothy, Dorothy Shaw," I told him without any hesitation.

"Dorothy!" he murmured slowly as though it were the one perfect name in the world. "Mine's Arthur Gentry. Do you like me, Dorothy, even if it's only a little? Do you mind my asking? Don't think me a fool, but it's frightfully important to me. Honestly, I think I should die if you didn't."

I looked at him smiling, half-maternal, taking in the broad brow, sensitive mouth and dark hair with a suggestion of curl in it. He seemed to me an adorable child, something not quite of this world.

"I do like you rather, Arthur dear. You're awfully nice to me. I love being taken great care of."

His voice deepened, and his hands clasped mine more firmly.

"Men are such brutes, as a rule. Their love's such a low thing. Most of us are little better than animals. Look at all these unfortunate girls one sees about New York—every one is someone's daughter or sister, and it's men who've made them what they are. One feels ashamed to be a man."

"But you aren't like those men, Arthur," I said gently. He was so young, so unaware of his deeper feelings, I hardly knew how to reply. "I know you'd never be unkind to any girl. You're much too decent. I feel frightfully safe and looked-after with you."

He smiled at me with a sort of austere purity that almost made me afraid for him. He would fall so hard when he did fall.

"I love you, Dorothy," he exclaimed and his young voice was quivering with exaltation. "I'm not fit for even your little feet to rest on, but I'll be very, very good to you. I wouldn't so much as kiss you—it would be sacrilege. I want just to give up things for you, to cut out all the selfish side and simply love you as a girl like you ought to be loved. You'd rather it were like that, wouldn't you, Dorothy? I'm almost sure you would."

"I'd like you to like me just as nicely as you know how," I answered with the tactful instinct inherited from generations of girls before me. "One always wants the best there is in a man. Tell me about yourself, won't you? What do you do all day? I only know you go out in the morning and come back at the same time as I do."

"I'M AN artist, an interior decorator," he said. "You know the name of Idele Austin?"

"No," I said. I was amused at his enthusiasm.

"You don't know the name of Idele Austin?" he protested. "She's the greatest artist in interior decoration in the city! She's marvelous! Unique! She is nearly sixty, but she has exquisite hands and as for her creative powers why, I have

sat at her feet for two years, and every day I realize how great she really is. I am only her assistant. I get forty dollars a week, and it's an inspiration to work under a genius like Idele Austin! I wouldn't change for the biggest job on earth."

I gazed at him in sheer surprise. I had never heard of Idele Austin. I thought Gloria Swanson the greatest woman in the United States, and that was that! And the last time a man had taken me out to dinner, we had had a table at the Ambassador, had gone on to the theater and then to a cabaret, and the evening's amusement would have left nothing out of two weeks' salary for Arthur!

"I work for the silk people, Fontane, Incorporated, on lower Fifth Avenue," I explained a little nervously. "I get twenty-five dollars a week, nothing like as much as you, but I've a girl chum I'm very fond of, Coralie Smith, who often asks me to her apartment, where I meet some interesting men."

"And I s'pose the boss tries to flirt with you, you poor little thing."

I fought down a laugh at his idea of a business girl's difficulties.

"Oh, no! Besides, Coralie gives me good advice, and she's very wise. She introduced me to George because he's a hardened sinner, and she says girls are always safer with them. He gave me a delightful dinner last week."

I glanced up and caught the look of horror on Arthur's young face.

On Sunday night by special invitation I found myself in the scented, chintzy and pretentious sitting room of Coralie's apartment on West Fifty-seventh Street. As I came in, Coralie merely nodded from the hearth-rug where she sat on a night-mare-hued pouffé, deep in conversation with something that could only have been an actor. A big, homely man of forty-seven, with a square, pleasant face, whose thick-set body looked as permanent as the everlasting hills, got up as I came in, and smiled.

"Now I'm happy," he said convincingly. "Sit down and

tell me about it. I've an idea you've been kissed and you're certainly in love or trying to be. Have a cigarette. There's some so-called coffee, too, if you want it. I have to do the honors because Coralie's away off with Clarence over there. They live in another world from common people like me, but you're comparatively human."

I chose a cigarette out of his gold case and leaned towards the match he held for me.

"Hello, George!" I said, and sighed the comfortable sigh of a girl provided with a completely wise, wicked and reliable man, who, quite incidentally, happened to be the multi-millionaire proprietor of one of the biggest department stores in the world. "You look very pleased with life. What makes you say I'm in love?"

George Lindon lay back in a wicker chair that looked foolishly inadequate for his bulk.

"Your eyes, my dear. Sick dogs, children with half a box of candy left, when one more would make them ill, and women in love all look the same. It's a disease, but you'll get over it. Tell me about him, keeping the adjectives as low as possible."

"Well," I said, "he's very young and frightfully good-looking. He doesn't know anything about women. He puts them on a pedestal and worships them, and he'll never kiss me because I'm too sacred. It's wonderful to be loved like that, isn't it?"

"Really it couldn't be better from my point of view," said Lindon. "I was afraid you'd soon be telling me to go to the devil. As it is, in a week or two, we will see Mr. Boy either in the river or taking to drink, and you and I will be dining somewhere to celebrate. Who is the infant?"

"He's Arthur Gentry, an interior [Continued on page 101]

Have You Seen It?

If you haven't read the important announcement which appears on pages 6 and 7 of this issue of SMART SET, please turn back and read it now.

That announcement contains the best and most important news ever offered to the readers of this or any other magazine.

A Quality Miss of Quality Street



WOULDN'T you know just to look at Phoebe Thrössel, as portrayed by Marion Davies, that she was a lady of quality? You will discover, when you see the Cosmopolitan Production "Quality Street," filmed by M-G-M, that in spite of her quaint old-fashioned bonnet and her demurely ruffled frock, she is also a lady of spirit whose affections are not to be trifled with by a vacillating lover like Dr. Valentine Brown.

Would These Fencing

Christie Comedy girls are usually winners, but here's one time we hope they lose, for how could the world go on if they did foil Cupid?



Cocky! Gladys Harvey, having picked her weapons, hasn't a doubt of her ability to defeat Cupid or anyone else

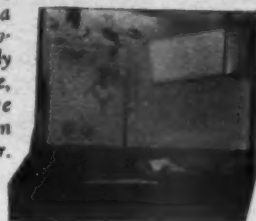


Fencing seems to be a serious business to Vera Steadman! She takes up the gauntlet with grim determination while her challenger, Frances Lee, awaits the onset with easy self-confidence



Aren't women funny? Edna Marian set out to foil the little love god, and now she's done it she's scared to death

And here's the first aid kit, with which a woman, however cleverly she may fence, looks more natural than with a rapier.



Girls Foil Cupid?



Edna Marian is resting on her laurels after one victorious tilt, but she'd better look out. Cupid is fond of surprises



Frances Lee's smile means she's happiest as a ministering angel



"Heavens, groans Gladys Harvey, "if I've killed Cupid I'll have to be an old maid for the rest of my life"

Wistful and Winsome



Alfred Cherry Johnston

The audience as well as the show is "Lucky" when Mary Eaton is the leading lady.

Gloria Foy is a dancer in the "Circus Princess" behind the footlights and not under a canvas top.



White Studio



*The Love Story
of a Girl
Who Found Romance
on a
Fifth Avenue Bus*

The Daring of INNOCENCE

IT WAS all my own fault for dreaming of love, but knowing that didn't make it any easier for me when my unhappiness came.

I tried to lay it to my birth star for I was born in May, under the sign of Taurus, the Bull; and the May people are great lovers. From the time I was old enough to take notice, I used to talk about being in love. My constant chatter about love and marriage worried my mother, for she came of a Russian family of caste, where the girls held themselves as

aloof as the high snows until their husbands were chosen for them.

She often told me tales of how she and my father escaped from Russia during a Revolution; and how my father was a noted architect under the patronage of the late Czar. That was intended to make me proud, but our position in the past did not pay the rent now.

We lived in a tenement near St. Mark's Place, in the Russian quarter of New York, and when I was sixteen, I had to

go to work as did most of the girls I knew in the neighborhood.

Through my mother's friend, Yegor Kaprin, who was the foreman in a garment factory, I got work on the machines. Yegor had known our family in Russia and after my father had died trying to get a new start in this new country, he had found our little tenement for us. My mother was very fond of Yegor. He seemed very rich and powerful to us. He was at the head of the great sweatshop where all the Russians we knew earned their living.

YOU would think that with a good job at the machines and Yegor for my friend I would have been happy, but I was not. I dreamed of finer things than our tenement-house home. I despised its dinginess. In the shop I had the end machine near the window and I sat all day hearing the pigeons coo near me on the chimney tops. It gave me all the more cause to dream.

At night, when Yegor washed up after his work and came to see us, I scarcely heard what he said. My mind was off in a world entirely different from our two-room rear tenement, which looked out on a dingy court and a sky criss-crossed with clothes lines.

Every morning I got up early and took the Lexington Avenue subway up to Thirty-fourth Street. Then I walked the few blocks to the factory that was in the thirties, almost under the Sixth Avenue L.

Of course I met men as I went to work, but none of them suited me at all. They seemed dirty and their faces were rough and unpleasant. They were badly dressed, too. They looked to me, these working men in my own station, as if they had pooled their clothes and their hands and feet, and got the wrong ones back. Even Yegor, who was tall and thin, had broad thick hands and wore clothes too small for him.

So that was my life. For six days a week I fed the heavy garments to the needle that raced me so tirelessly toward Saturday and my pay envelope that held so pitifully little.

I WORKED on men's coats and they gave me food for my dreams. They were fine coats to be worn by real gentlemen. I have often wondered since if the wearers got the messages I sent to them in the stitches.

Do you realize, you men who slip your arms so easily into your satin linings, how many fingers have caressed the collar you turn up around your neck? How many pretty fingers have been pricked on those buttonholes that fasten your coat securely over your heart?

I used to stitch romance into the seams of the garments. I always pictured the coat on some well-built young man who would come and take me out of our tenement in the Russian quarter and out of the garment factory forever. None of the

men around me could do this so when they tried to tell me that I was the prettiest and most lady-like of all the girls, I snubbed them unmercifully.

We had a full hour for lunch at noon and that was my big



Even in that minute when I hated him I had to see how strong he was, how fine his face, how wonderful his eyes as they flashed fire

opportunity to see the fine world. Have you ever walked on Fifth Avenue at noon, just below Thirty-fourth Street? The sidewalks are packed with men and girls, all workers from the factories, out to get a breath of air. And every little way there are policemen to keep them moving. Every day one or another of the men from our factory would step up and try to walk with me, but I would give them a disdainful look that sent them about their business.

Frequently I slipped away from the surge of men and girls,

pushing back and forth, so I could watch the fine autos and the busses as they rolled up the Avenue. I never let myself dream of the autos in those days. They were too far beyond me. But I loved the busses. They were crystal palaces on noiseless tires, speeding toward that haven of grandeur, upper Fifth Avenue, overlooking Central Park. There was romance and love in that magical section; there were the homes of my dreams.

How I yearned for a ride on top of a bus, but ten cents for a ride on a bus is ten cents; to get back is ten cents more. If I went for a bus ride, I would have to go without

enchanted drive up the glorified Avenue, past the long line of department store windows, all richness and promise.

I thought of the dingy tenement in which I lived, the dirty street, my sad-faced mother living over again the days of her affluence in Russia, not sympathizing with me because I was young and hated our wretched bare rooms, and I felt as if I had stepped into another world.

THE bus filled up. I spread myself out to keep my seat alone. Of course I glanced back at the other passengers but they were all women shoppers or fat men. I believe that all girls are little love-hounds in the springtime of the year. I did not realize then that back of it was that dangerous deeper stirring that disturbs the souls of so many girls like me. I only hoped that some nice young man would come along and sit beside me. But he did not come! I rode up as far as the Metropolitan Museum and back again, full of hope all the way.

When I got off again at Thirty-fourth Street it was like descending from the platform of my happiness into a dull, prosy world. But I carried a breath of that life with me, and the machines did not make my head ache quite so hard that afternoon.

I thought I would never go again, but I did. I slipped away from the other girls and went the very next day. I was hungry for one more sight of those wonder-homes on the Avenue. That time I sat down on one of the benches that skirt the Park and feasted my eyes on the handsome houses. The women who lived in them must be marvelously happy!

I LOVED to spend my noon hour in that world of luxury so much that I went back and forth on the bus every day for two weeks, always hoping to find my prince. I had to go without my lunch to do it so I was very hungry at night, but I dared not tell my mother how I had

spent my lunch money. I knew she'd be angry.

Of course, riding on the bus at noon with the fine ladies made me want better clothes. So I bought some blue satin-crepe, and a fashionable pattern; and at night I made a smart little dress. It had a little jacket and the skirt was very short. I knew I looked nice in it

with my tight little hat and my strap sandals. When I sat down at the machine I had to slip on a black muslin smock to keep my dress clean but it made me happy to feel that it was there.

Yegor Kaprin stopped at my machine that morning and asked me why I was so smiling. I could not tell him but I knew it was because I had on a new blue dress and real silk stockings, and I was going for a bus ride that noon. Oh, if men only understood women a little [Continued on page 114]



my lunch, and a girl who works on the machines is hungry at noon.

But one fine day a bus came rolling up the Avenue, shining like jewels in the sun—a fairy coach. In a second I was clambering up the enticing little staircase, finding my way right to the front seat. I sat down happily. Ahead of me the Avenue was a vivid stretch of living color; I was a part of it now. I felt like a girl-queen, enthroned upon a beauty float, perched proudly aloft above a wonder-world. Oh, that

I Simply Had to Get Thin

By a Wife
Who Became Too Plump

THE galling thing was that my husband was always looking at other women—the slender, trim looking ones, with good figures. It did not occur to me that he was just looking for the thing that he didn't find in me, after I had lost my own slenderness.

In the beginning I had thought that Oliver liked the idea of my putting on a little weight.

"Don't you like me just a little plump?" I had asked him.

"Sure, it improves you," he had said. "I always used to think you could stand a little more meat."

Really, to begin with, it gave me a more attractive figure. My legs and arms were greatly improved. And my shoulders—oh, especially my shoulders, so smooth and soft and satiny. I was well satisfied with myself. But time slips away and before I knew it I was no longer just a little plump. I had become ample. I first realized that when I began to have trouble with my clothes. Even when they did fit, I could not look stylish in them. And then Oliver began to make cracks about it, of course. Husbands always do.

"There's your twin sister, Juliet," Oliver said one day while we were waiting for a train on the railroad platform. But I had already seen her.

"Oh, I'm not as stout as she," I said, indignantly.

"No, only twenty pounds fatter," Oliver always used that word fat.

Just then the woman stepped up on the penny-in-the-slot scales. Oliver carelessly strolled down that way to catch a look at the dial.

"Looked like a hundred and seventy-one," he said to me later, as I joined him, and then he fished a penny out of his pocket. "Now what do you weigh?"

"A HUNDRED and seventy-nine."

"You had your foot on the scale," I said.

"Here's another penny," he said. "I'll stand off over here this time."

As a matter of fact, I did not feel the way I used to. I had been light on my feet, crazy about dancing, always active. Now I hated to go up stairs at all. I would get out of breath so easy. Sometimes I felt as if I couldn't breathe. I always wanted to sit down and once Oliver called me "Sitting Bull." How I hated work. I had to drive myself to do things around the house. I was stuffy and loggy. I wasn't my old self at all.

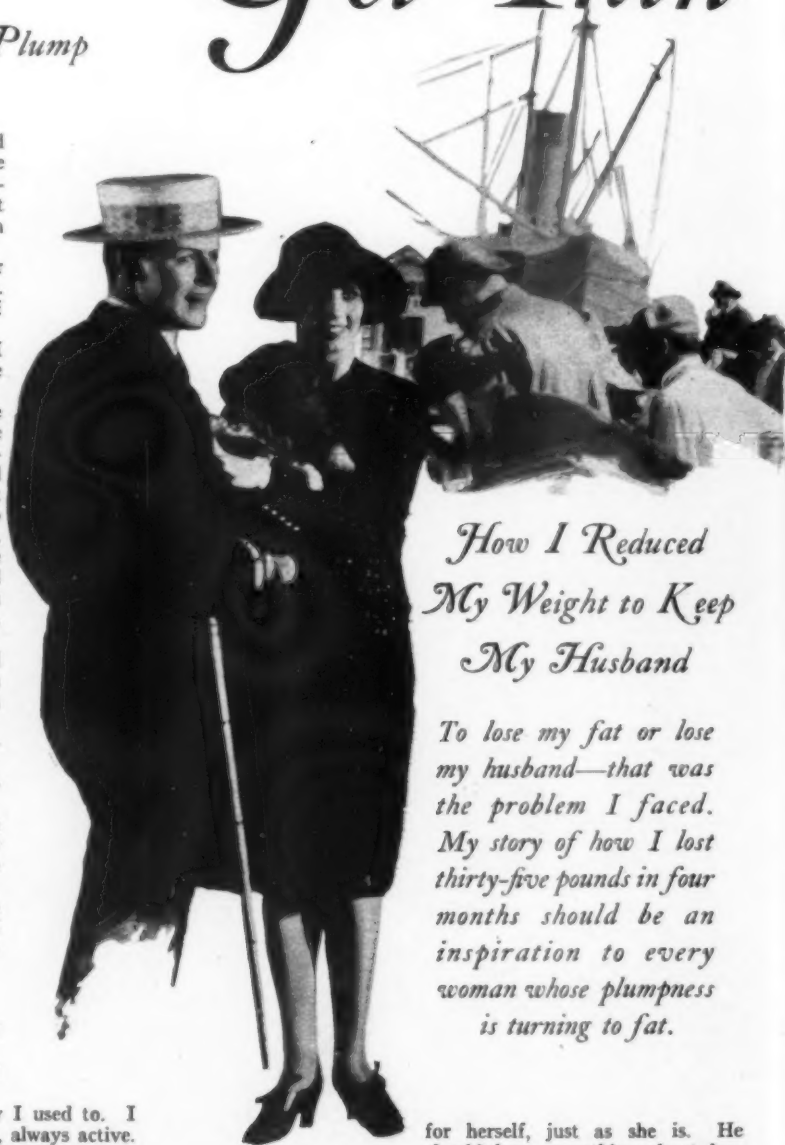
When I caught Oliver looking at other women it made me wild.

"But it isn't that I've got any personal interest in them," he would say, when I accused him of it.

"But you don't need to look at them at all."

"Good Lord," he would reply, "so long as they are part of the landscape, do you think my eyes are going to see everything else and not see the girls?"

I had a romantic notion that a man should love his wife



How I Reduced My Weight to Keep My Husband

To lose my fat or lose my husband—that was the problem I faced. My story of how I lost thirty-five pounds in four months should be an inspiration to every woman whose plumpness is turning to fat.

for herself, just as she is. He should love everything about her, even her faults. If I were a little fat, I wanted Oliver to love me, fat and all. But he seemed to think that people grow stout because they are lazy. I told him that it was Nature, you couldn't help it.

And then we met the Wilsons, who bought the house next door. I invited them over for an evening. Lloyd Wilson was a broker, and he and Oliver talked baseball, prize-fights and politics, while I showed Mrs. Wilson our rooms. She was very well built, and although Oliver was occupied with his talk when we came back to the living room I caught him looking across at her again and again.

A little later Oliver turned on the radio. There was a snappy jazz band on the air. As if by mutual consent Oliver and Mrs. Wilson started fox-trotting around the room.

Again



It was a real joy when Oliver came down the gang plank smiling and turned to greet a fat woman. "You've got the wrong wife," Kathryn said laughing and she pointed to me

There was something familiar about this woman. It seemed as if I had met her before. All of a sudden she smiled, as she danced, in such a way that it flashed into my mind who it was she resembled. She looked like Kathryn McCall, the movie actress.

When they were about to go home, later, I said to Oliver, "Doesn't Mrs. Wilson remind you of some one?"

"SURE," replied Oliver. "I've noticed it all evening. She looks like Kathryn McCall, before Kathryn got fat."

"But better looking," I added, trying to say something nice to keep from being jealous.

Mrs. Wilson laughed and I added: "She used to be our favorite movie-actress."

"Oh, but when she got fat—" and Oliver made a scornful, take-it-away sort of gesture.

"Yes," I said, "then Oliver even preferred me. But we saw her once later, after she got thin again."

"But oh, what a wreck she looked then," said Oliver. "Starved, haggard, like a consumptive."

"I know, she was terrible," said Mrs. Wilson.

A couple of mornings later she was in her yard raking leaves, and I went over to talk to her. She took me into her

house and showed me her rooms. In Mr. Wilson's den I was almost startled by the number of beautiful, large photographs of Kathryn McCall, as she had looked on the screen. I stared in astonishment a moment before I realized the truth. Then I had a queer feeling to think that I was friends with this famous actress.

"Oh, then you really are Kathryn McCall," I said.

"I am Mrs. Lloyd Wilson," she smiled, amused at me.

"Really, these pictures hardly do you justice," I said.

"I'm in better health, now."

"So you stayed thin."

"NO. FIRST I got thin the wrong way and almost died. Then I got fat again."

"And then thin again."

"No, not thin, this time. Just right. But the second time I did it the right way."

"Well, you look it. I certainly envy you those legs," I said.

"They were perfect. In fact she was altogether faultless. Her arms, her neck, her shoulders were not thin. She was well rounded, developed, and yet seemed to be slender.

"You're just too lovely for anything," I said.

"But I've worked for it. I've [Continued on page 118]

Do You Believe *All*

Some of the women tried to gossip with me about how my Jim carried on but I just laughed at them until Mrs. O'Hara told me I better watch him

I SUPPOSE every one of you who reads this magazine knows about our story. The papers were full of it for days. Those headlines:

"Lure of Bright Lights Leads Cabaret Dancer to Slay."

"Girl Murderess Vamps Married Man."

"Deserted Wife Cares for Love Child."

That's the way they told the story. God knows they made enough of it. 'Specially them tabloids! But they never made it seem real to me.

I've been reading over the stories and looking at the pictures and it seems like it was something that had happened to somebody else, or like a story you see in the movies.

Now it wasn't like that with Jim and Mazie and me. Our story all come about natural. That's why I want to tell it my own way.

Jim and me had been married going on fifteen years when the story rightly begins. There's nothing in them fifteen

years to tell about. I wasn't so young when I met Jim. Nearly thirty. And I was plump even then. I used to wear my hair marcelled, and I've got lots of it, and it's sort of the color of fresh rolls.

They give me the front tables at the bakery where I waited. They only give that station to girls that look good. It was a bakery lunch room over on Third Avenue, and they had the bill of fare pasted on the window.

Jim stopped one day and read the prices and they was fair enough, so he come in. Then he got to coming pretty regular. He'd most always sit at one of my tables. By and by he got to coming after the noon rush was over, and we'd talk together. He told me all about himself.

*Don't Read This Woman's Story Unless
You Enjoy a Good Cry*

You Hear?

He'd sold the farm up-state because he was lonesome and he'd always hankered after city life. Besides, it was apple-growing country and with cheap Western apples coming in he couldn't get prices worth taking for his crop. Some city people wanted his farm and offered him a good sum for it. So he sold out and come to the city. But there wasn't no work he could do, he being farm born and bred. He wasn't worrying much, because he still had a good bit of money from the farm.

But having nothing to do and not knowing any one in the city was getting him. He said he guessed he'd soon have to take a job on some one else's farm, harvesting the crops, just for something to do. He said he'd no idea how lonesome you could be in the city. Millions of people around you, and not a soul to pass the time of day with.

IT WAS that way with me, too. I was born and brought up in the city, but I never was one to make friends easy. There was only ma and pa and me, and after they died I was all alone.

Well, so Jim told me his story and I told him mine, and I guess we both got it into our heads about the same time that it wouldn't be so bad for either of us if we was to get together. Jim seemed a mite younger than me, but it turned out he was just my age. Somehow a man of thirty seems younger than a woman of thirty, and a man of forty-five is just a boy. But that's getting ahead of my story.

The upshot was Jim and me got married. We put our money together, his that he had left from the farm and mine that I'd saved, and we bought a delicatessen shop on Third Avenue. I knew the business from being brought up in it, and Jim could easy pick it up. We had a good stand, and things went well from the start.

At first I wanted us to make as much money as we could for the kids that I thought was coming. But as the years went by and no kids come I saw I'd have to give that idea up. I used to cry nights about it. But I never could cry without its showing awful the next day. So I stopped.

Jim and me never talked about that part of it, of course.



That very night I found them together at a table in the back of the store. When Jim saw me he jumped up looking scared like. "Why, what's the matter, Bertha?" he asked

I never knew until long after that he was watching and hoping for a baby the same as me. Funny things it will make a woman do, wanting a baby. Those first years I had a bureau drawer that I always kept locked, and whenever I could I'd buy little things and hide them away there. Little socks, cute little white booties, blankets, an afghan I'd managed to crochet myself in odd minutes, half blue and half pink, so as to be on the safe side. Then when I'd get a chance I'd take the things out, fold them a better way, kiss them, make believe I was wrapping a baby in the blankets and holding him in my arms, gentle but tight. Oh, well, I

suppose all women are like that if they like kids at all.

I got fatter, of course, and I didn't bother any more to have my hair marcelled. We'd take turns waiting on the customers. Most of the spenders came in the evening, so Jim's trick was fixed so's he'd close the shop, 'way after the theaters was out, and I'd get up in the morning and open up.

IT WAS mostly women who'd come in the mornings to get a couple of slices of ham or a little liverwurst so they wouldn't have to stop their work to get themselves a hot lunch.

I'd come in from the back kitchen where I'd be cooking and wait on them with one hand, in a manner of speaking, while I was tending my stove with the other.

"Wait just a jiffy, Mrs. O'Brien, while I smooth over this mayonnaise," I'd call out. "Or go behind the counter and help yourself. The dills is in fresh this morning. I didn't open the crock yet."

And I'd bring in the big platter of potato salad, all yellow mayonnaise with red beet stars and strips of green pepper stuck in, and put it in the ice box so Jim could serve it easy. Mrs. O'Brien would say:

"Aw, now, Mrs. Hubbard, give us a dime's worth of that."

"No, I'll not dig into that and spoil it. This salad in the show case was made last thing yesterday, it's just as fresh as fresh."

"You've got to keep the new one pretty for your Jim, eh? Him with his white coat and the flower in his button hole! Sure it's the easy job he has waiting on the young sparks and the pretty girls from the theayter while you sweat and stew."

"Well, if we like it that way it's our business," I'd say, sharp like, to stop her Irish tongue.

"Sure, sure. No offense meant. But it's more like your bairn you're treating him than like your man."

Some of them tried to gossip to me about how Jim carried on with the customers, but I just laughed at them. You've got to have a civil word for people when you're waiting on them. I know when I was waiting on table I used to pass things off easy that'd seem fresh to some. It's part of the business.

THERE was one woman, Mrs. O'Hara, that had known ma and pa, and one Monday morning she stayed and talked to me for most an hour. I had to listen to her, she being an old friend. I knew she was serious, or she wouldn't take all that time from her washing.

She told me I better watch Jim, because there was a girl who had a room in a flat in her house that had got so she spent a couple of hours in the shop with Jim most every night. She said she knew this for certain. The girl would come into the store and sit back in the corner, at a little table Jim had put in there, and whenever Jim had a minute when he wasn't busy with customers out front he'd sit with her.

That part of it might be true. Jim had put a table and a couple of chairs in just a week or so before. He said sometimes people liked to sit down and eat their sandwiches, 'specially if they bought a bottle of ginger-ale or some milk with them.

I asked Mrs. O'Hara if she knew who this girl was, and

she said yes, she was a girl by the name of Mazie, and she was one of them dancing hostesses at a cabaret place. Every other evening her trick was over at eleven, because she had to be there in the afternoon. Them was the nights she'd come down and sit with Jim.

That night I made up my mind I'd better see what was going on. So I just slipped off my dress and lay down, without going to sleep, and about twelve o'clock I got up and put my dress on again. I went out into the shop and started to cut myself a sandwich.

Sure enough, Jim was sitting there at the little table with a girl. He jumped up looking scared like when he saw me.

"Why, what's the matter, Bertha?" he asked me.

"I couldn't sleep, so I thought I'd eat something. I felt sort of hungry," I lied.

He came behind the counter and then I could get a good look at the girl. It was Mazie, of course. Somehow I knew that right away. My, she was pretty. Little and slim and soft looking, not very much bigger than a child. Her big blue eyes looked scared, the same as Jim's. She

wasn't more than twenty or so. And even from where I was I could tell how sweet she smelt. That's one thing about cooking in a little stuffy kitchen and living in the next room—you never can get the smell of onions and cabbage and corned beef out of your clothes.

The newspapers have called Mazie all sorts of terrible names like siren and vamp and gold-digger and home-breaker. But I know she wasn't like that. She was just a kid all alone with no one to look after her, and Jim was the big, kind sort who'd listen to her troubles.

I went back to bed feeling like an elephant had stepped on me. There was nothing I could do. If they did love each other, I couldn't see where I could blame them. I'd always been so proud of Jim. I wouldn't blame any girl for falling for him. If Mazie had—well, I couldn't fight her. What could I fight her with? I could see

how pretty she was, and if I could see it, how about Jim?

I guess I fell asleep at last. That's one good thing about being terrible tired. You do sleep.

In the morning I knew before I opened my eyes that Jim had never come up-stairs at all. I tried not to wake up. I was afraid of what had happened. But it was no use. I had to open the shop.

There on the table was the note from Jim. Some way I seemed to know all that was in it even before I opened it and read it.



The newspapers called Mazie all sorts of terrible names but I knew she wasn't like that. She was just a kid, all alone with no one to look after her



Jim almost always sat at one of my tables. By and by he got to coming after the noon rush was over and we'd talk together. He told me all about himself. He was crazy for some one to talk to I guess

"Dear Bertha:

"I don't know what to say. I can't help what I'm doing, and Mazie can't either. We've both tried, but now that you've seen her she says she'll be afraid to come here any more. I can't get along unless I see her. So she's said she'll go with me. I'm taking the saving's bank book. You'll get along all right with the store. Don't think too bad of us. We can't help it.

"Jim."

News travels fast on Third Avenue. Mrs. O'Hara come over before eight o'clock. Her neighbor had been in to tell her that Mazie come home late the night before and packed her things and went for good. Jim was with her. Mrs. O'Hara thought I might be sick over it. Or that I might be awful mad, and set on looking for them.

I WAS sick all right, but I had to do my work. And I couldn't be awful mad at them. I was an ugly old woman, with onion smell always on my fingers. Mazie was young and pretty and sweet like a flower. Somehow I couldn't blame Jim.

The women all crowded into the store and tried to tell me what I should do. I should chase them. I should have the law on them. But they couldn't make me see it.

Not that it wasn't awful hard. The lonesomeness was worse than before I had Jim. I hated to go to bed. And waking up was even worse. I used to wish every night that I'd never wake up but, of course, I couldn't pray for a thing like that.

The first months I did all the work myself. That way I'd be so tired when bedtime come I'd drop right off, and morn-

ings there'd be so much crowding me I'd be awake and out of bed before I knew it. I got thin, and my hair was so much bother I went and had it cut off. Funny thing, it started to curl natural, the way it used to when I was a kid.

One day I fainted over the stove and the women all come running in and they got the doctor and he said my heart was bad. They all told him how I was working eighteen and twenty hours a day, and he said I must quit that. So I got in a girl to help me with the cooking.

SHE was a strong Swede girl, and pretty good after I broke her in. She lived back of the shop with me. Only she couldn't talk much English, so I had to do all the selling myself. That was easier, and soon I got to see I should keep myself looking as nice as I could. People like to buy things to eat from a person that looks nice and fresh.

I got so I'd go once a week for a shampoo and a facial, and I kept my nails nice. I hate to tell you what I spent on perfumery. I looked around until I found some that smelt just like real flowers. Sometimes I used to think that if I'd been more that way in the old days things wouldn't have happened as they did. But then I'd been saving money for Jim. Now it didn't matter.

I'm free to say that I got so I used to like fussing with myself and making myself look better. In a way it made me seem closer to Jim, though that's a silly thing to say. But I liked being thin and smooth and clean for my own sake, too. It made life easier, somehow, to be able to step out without waddling, to feel my cheeks soft and cool under my fingers, to know my hair was glossy again. And best of all I loved the smell of the perfumery. I'd close [Continued on page 107]

*The Amazing End
of My
Quest for Love
in the
White North*

Hunted

ALAN WENDRING and I had lived through many hardships together since he had come to the Far North and met me dancing for my living in the Wine Star Cabaret. In the happiness that our love brought us we had almost forgotten that he was wanted back in the States for murder and that Wolfclaws Colombes, the bad man of the North Country, wanted me for his girl. The Valley of the Wind had sheltered us and saved Alan from the Mounted Police and me from Wolfclaws until that awful moment when I discovered that Sergeant Greystone had trailed us. I fled from him and found myself face to face with the man I feared and hated more than any other person in the world.

THE terror of a trapped creature swept over me as Wolfclaws Colombes charged out of the bushes, and flung his heavy arms around my waist. I struck at his ugly leering face that was crowding down over mine. But, my blows only made him laugh in a horrible gloating way.

"Sacre! You be Wolfclaws's girl now," he said.

Until this moment I had not called Alan to my aid for fear of drawing him into certain capture. Sergeant Jack Greystone of His Majesty's Royal Northwest Mounted Police was in the woods nearby. If I called aloud the Sergeant might reach the spot before Alan. Then the doom of the man I loved so much would be sealed. He could not win against two men like the half-breed, and Greystone.

But, driven to desperation now, I screamed for Alan. Colombes smothered my cries by putting his hand over my mouth. As Alan's voice, pitched high in excitement, reached me above the half-breed's cursing, I called on my strength for a last stand against the brute. Scratching at his eyes, I twisted, and squirmed so violently he lost his balance.

His claw-like hands were still gripping me like steel traps as

When the sound of the officer's footsteps became fainter Alan ventured a low penetrating whistle. It was Captain's call and soon we heard a sound behind us



Lovers

he went down. He jerked me savagely, and my arm felt as if it were being torn from its socket. The sharp pain sucked away all of my strength, and I lay helpless on the ground.

There was a swift crackling sound in the bushes at that moment. Alan was coming to my rescue! Wolfclaws snapped his head up like a snake getting ready to strike. One hand went to his gun in a flash. The other throttled my throat.

MY THOUGHTS sped back to that agonizing moment in the woods of North Indian Lake when Colombes had almost ambushed Alan. Once again Wolfclaws had the drop on him. I tried to scream a warning, but the half-breed's fingers closed tighter and tighter around my throat.

The crackling grew louder. Suddenly a form shot into sight on the path. Alan Wendring, with only a club for a weapon was charging straight into the levelled muzzle of Wolfclaws's pistol.

I struck wildly at the half-breed's gun. There was a spurt of orange fire, and a barking report as my doubled fist hit the weapon. I screamed, shutting my eyes for fear I would see the man I loved crumple to the earth, shot. I did not know that my blow had sent Colombes's bullet crashing into a tree at Alan's left until Wolfclaws's hand suddenly loosened its grip on my throat.

There was another shot, followed by curses and the impact of bodies meeting violently. I opened my eyes. Alan and Wolfclaws were locked in a terrible struggle, rolling, squirming, kicking, and striking, as they fought for possession of the gun. I sprang at them, determined to snatch the flourishing revolver, and turn it on Colombes. There was no time to lose. Sergeant Greystone was coming. I could hear him crashing through the bushes. Our only hope lay in getting Wolfclaws out of the way in time to make a stand against Sergeant Greystone.

As I lunged at the fighting men something grasped my ankles like a pair of hands, and tripped me to the ground. I went down, my feet entangled in a vine. There was another barking report. Then a scream of pain and terror.

In my unnerved state I wasn't able to recognize the voice crying out in death. Panic stricken at the fear that it might be Alan's I dared a look. A wave of blessed relief surged over me. Alan Wendring was astride the convulsing body of Colombes. There was no pistol in Alan's hand. The wolfish fingers of the half-breed were closed over the gun in a death grip.

"I—I made him shoot himself," Alan muttered in an unnatural voice.

I WAS hysterically joyful for a second over our deliverance from Wolfclaws Colombes. Then I remembered the menace of Sergeant Greystone:

"Quick," I said, "take Colombes's pistol. Greystone's coming. We've got to hide, and get him——"

"Greystone!" said Alan. He seemed frozen at the name.

"The pistol, Alan. Grab it before . . ."

"Don't move, Wendring," commanded a steely voice from the underbrush behind me. "I've got you covered."

My blood ran cold, and a paralysis locked my limbs. Sergeant Greystone had beaten us to a chance to fight for our freedom!

"I'm not covering you for killing Colombes. I'm glad that devil-hearted varmint's gone. I've come for you, Wendring, because you're wanted in the States," said the Sergeant, and something regretful about his voice raised a hope in my heart.



The great wolf malamute came on the run. He had to swim the river to get to us but when Alan called nothing short of death could stop him

Greystone was in love with my chum, Goldy Grant of the Wine Star Cabaret. Maybe he'd let Alan go if he knew I loved him.

"Oh, Jack, I love him. Won't you forget your duty just this once? We've planned to go back to the States tomorrow, and see if Alan really killed that man. There's a chance he didn't. Please, Jack, let us off. Nobody'll ever know. Please!" begged.

"I'd like to for your sake, Jacqueline. But, I can't for mine. We're sworn to bring our men back to the law—"

"OH! I'LL never forgive myself." I was sobbing, in despair, tortured by the knowledge that I had promised Alan safety from the law in the Valley of the Wind. "I'm to blame for his capture."

"Please, darling, don't say that. It isn't your fault," Alan said.

It was sweet of him to say such a thing, and he meant it, but I knew how anxious he was to go back to New York and face everything of his own accord.

"I hate to do it, Jacqueline, but I've got to ask you to tie him up with this." Greystone prodded a coil of rope loose from his belt, and kicked it towards me. When I picked it up he ordered us to walk in single file to a little clearing nearby.

"Now, Wendring, another unpleasant duty. I must ask you to lie down with your face to the ground. Of course, you'll do it. It's quite foolish to tempt these six-shooters. They will go off, you know," he said, firing a shot over Alan's head.

"Do as he says, Alan," I said. I knew too well that Greystone would not stand for any refusal.

It hurt to see the man I loved lie face down on the ground, and it humiliated me beyond description to be forced to make his hands and feet fast.

"Now, just a little rope for you, Jacqueline," he said. He held my hands in vise-like fingers after sticking the guns in his holsters. A moment later I was lying ignominiously on the ground next to Alan, bound hand and foot.

HE INSPECTED our bindings, putting an extra rope on Alan's hands. "You're O. K. till I get back. I'll follow this path to your shelter and get your shooting irons. Then I'll fetch my dog teams, and give you a free ride on wheel sledges to Waskia. Don't go away."

Then he strode off, his wide red-coated shoulders held high. "Where's Captain?" Alan asked, after Greystone had been gone about five minutes.

"He ran off in the woods when I went for water," I said under my breath.

The sound of Greystone's footsteps going through the Valley became fainter. At last when his steps were lost to our ears, Alan ventured a low penetrating whistle. It was Captain's call, but no husky answered that first appeal. Alan whistled again, a little louder. Then a third time, and the great wolf malamute came on the run a few moments later. He had to swim a river to get to us but when Alan called him nothing short of death could stop him.

Alan rolled over and shoved his rope-bound wrists into the dog's mouth. Captain saw what was wanted as Alan gestured with his hands. He caught hold of the strands and chewed while Alan tugged, and wriggled his hands. It seemed a year before some of the strands were chewed apart, but the moment of freedom came at last.



Alan, using his hands, quickly loosened the ropes about his feet, and my bonds. He then ordered Captain back to the cabin.

"SINCE we've got no weapons to stand him off with, there's only one way. He's big and powerful, but I think I can handle him if this trick works. When he comes back, we'll make believe we're still tied up. I'll say you're not very well, and ask him to put you right on a sledge. When he leans over to lift you, I'll spring on him. He'll be bending half way over. My weight'll knock him down and I'll clap on a half-Nelson hold."

"But, he'll have his pistol," I said.

"We've got to take a chance on his guns," Alan answered. "I can't go back to New York as a prisoner. If I go back of my own accord and show that there is a big chance I didn't actually kill Marino, they will give my contention some consideration. My voluntary return will show that I do not consider myself guilty of the murder, but if I'm taken back under arrest, they'll consider me guilty and won't listen to anything



Lowering his head like a bull moose about to gore his enemy, the Sergeant came on. Alan had been haunted by the belief that he had killed one man. Would he shoot now when our lives and our freedom depended on it or would his nerve fail?

I have to say. When I'm holding Greystone you snatch' his guns and cover him."

In another moment he rearranged the ropes on my ankles in a fashion that gave the impression I was still bound. Doing the same to his own, he rolled over on his back. His hands were behind him but free for the attack.

The suspense of lying there put me in a fever before we heard Sergeant Greystone returning. He finally came into sight with two dog teams, each of which was drawing a sledge mounted on low wheels.

MY HEART was in my mouth as he reined in the teams a few feet from us, and came over to me. "Being the lady, I guess you rate first choice . . . Which sledge, Jacques?" he demanded, inclining ever so slightly over me.

"The second one," I said. He would have to turn his back on Alan to lift me and carry me to it.

"You're a good picker," he said and leaned over.

The words barely escaped his lips when his big body flashed across me, a streak of red. His hands shot forward like a pair of grappling hooks. I rolled out from under him just in time to miss being crushed, and got to my feet.

Alan Wendring was on the Sergeant's back pressing him down by a wrestling hold that seemed to be forcing his tongue out of his hideously open mouth. "Get the pistols," said Alan and there was a savage ring in his voice.

Greystone kicked and jerked as I tugged the guns out of his holsters, but the pressure of Alan's hands at the back of his neck was too torturous a thing to stand. The Sergeant writhed in agony, all of his tremendous strength impotent in that fatal moment. I snatched the two pistols, and stood over the men.

LOOKING up, his face purple, and his eyes still popping from his muscular exertion, Alan motioned for one of the pistols. I held it out to him and he sprang toward me and snatched the gun just as the Sergeant, freed of Alan's weight, staggered groggily to his feet.

For a fleeting second Jack Greystone, most fearless and famous of all the man hunters in the Canadian wilds, hesitated before the muzzle of his own weapon. Then a look of grim determination swept over his face. Greystone of the Mounted was going to attack!

Lowering his head like a bull moose about to gore his enemy the Sergeant came on. I saw that old haunted look sweep over Alan's face as he aimed. In that moment desperate panic seized him. Alan Wendring had been haunted by the belief that he had killed one man. Would he shoot now when our lives and our freedom depended on it? Afraid to take a chance, I fired.

Jack Greystone's left arm dropped limply to his side, and his face turned a grim, gray color as he stumbled to the ground, groaning with pain of his wound. [Continued on page 108]

The Dollars and

By MARTHA

MADISON

IT ISN'T often I get a chance to reach out and get real close to all the women and girls—yes, and men—who read *SMART SET*, but I think this time I've gone and done it.

Flapper problems no doubt irritate and bore the married woman, and the married woman's problems are uninteresting to the flapper. But there is one thing that interests them all and that is the economic side of marriage, the making and spending of the dollars and cents, whether they're on the inside looking out or the outside looking in.

You single girls who draw your neat little salaries each week and spend it on yourselves, how far could you make a man's salary go if it wasn't so very much more than what you make now and you both had to live on it? You wouldn't try? It couldn't be done? Just wait!

You married women who complain that you just can't get along on fifty or sixty dollars a week and that a man has a nerve to ask a girl to marry him unless he's making nearer a hundred, listen to this.

A few months ago I published a letter from a young girl, engaged to an ambitious boy who was making forty dollars a week. They wanted to get married right away. L. D. wanted to keep her job until Russel could afford to support her. Russel believed he could already support her, and he didn't want her to work after they got married.

EVERYONE has an opinion on that subject—Should a married woman work? But I was surprised to find that most of the letters came from married women who had given up their jobs, married poor men, started married life under tremendous handicaps, and come through with flying colors. Poverty walked hand in hand with them through the door and love

refused to fly out the window. So instead of preparing you girls for vacation romances as I'd planned to do this month, I'm going to reprint here some of those letters just to show you what can be done when a girl loves enough to face the world with a poor husband and stake all their youth and courage and love on a chance of happiness.

THE best letter of all was from an eighteen-year-old girl who has been married almost two years. In her lives and breathes the brave spirit of the wives and sweethearts of pioneer days. There isn't a girl among you won't find hope and cheer in the beautiful and simple story of her married life. She says:

"Forty dollars a week! Why if my husband made that much money I'd think we were rich. We didn't have a penny to our names when we were married; we'd never even worked before. My husband went to work in a bakery at a job that was real torture, and I worked in a grocery store. Our joint income was only \$25 a week.

"Then I had to stop work because I was going to have a baby but we lived in one room and managed to save, too. And now, after a year and a half, we have gone to housekeeping. We are buying our furniture piece by piece where we can get the best for the least money. We pay cash for everything. We don't owe a dime to anyone!

"How much is my husband getting now? Twenty-two dol-

MRS. MADISON is waiting for your letter. She is anxious and able to help you with your love problems as she has helped thousands of others. Write at once; you will find her a wise and kind adviser.



Cents of Marriage

It's Not a Question of Whether Two Can Live as Cheaply as One, but Whether the Girl Really Knows How to Make a Little Money Go a Long Way

lars a week. We pay forty dollars a month for rent which includes heat, light, and gas. I buy the best milk for the baby and we clothe and feed ourselves and always have a little left for the bank. My home is clean, cozy and comfortable.

"I AM eighteen and my husband is nineteen and before we were married we were a couple of dance-hounds, thinking of nothing but good times. Now our weekly budget allows us one good movie a week. Do I long for pretty clothes, a beautiful home, a car and things like that? Oh, yes! But not half so much as I cherish the love and happiness of my husband and baby. If we had to live in a hovel I'd be right there to help and cheer him. Why? Because we both love enough. M. C. R."

And M. C. R. is only eighteen! Think of it! Think of all the girls her age who waste their lives learning a new dance step and fussing about their clothes and rushing from one movie to another and fretting because they weren't born rich. Wouldn't they feel sorry for little M. C. R., though. Considering just the bare facts almost anyone would. But I don't. I think that little girl is to be envied. Suppose she hasn't got the things that all girls long for; she's got something infinitely more precious—real love—and she's learned the wonderful secret of keeping it.

And do you know what else I think? I think that when M. C. R. and her young husband reach middle age they'll look back on these early years of their married life and say:

"Yes, it was worth it!"

Why? Because unless M. C. R.'s husband is an unusually stupid young man he's going to get to the top of the mad scrambling heap of bread winners. With a wife like that he couldn't help it; they'll go up hand in hand, those two. All I hope is that when that time comes he'll look lovingly at M. C. R. and say:

"We did it together, sweet."

Here's another little wife and mother who says it all depends on how much a girl loves whether she can get along on forty dollars a week. Like M. C. R., she tried keeping a job for a while but she didn't wait until she was forced to stop

work. Two months of being a commuting wife was enough to convince Mrs. G. L. T. that she couldn't succeed at two jobs at once.

"Forty dollars a week will go as far as your love will. When you reach the point where your love cries out, 'I can go no further!' your husband's salary will say the same thing whether it is forty or four hundred dollars a week."

"WHEN we were married we didn't have a cent and had to borrow enough money to make the first payment on our furniture. We rented a flat for four years until we saved enough to make a down payment on a house. We are paying for it now at the rate of fifty dollars a month. We pay twenty dollars a month on our car, forty

dollars a month for groceries, twenty dollars a month goes for gas, electricity, coal, water and telephone. In the summer, when we don't have to buy coal it's only ten. A hundred and fifty dollars a year goes for property, sewer, personal and paving taxes. One hundred a year for insurance on the house, furniture and life insurance. Twenty-five a month covers clothes, laundry, our amusements and all the incidentals.

"I worked for two months during my married life but found that I couldn't do two things at one time and do them well. So you see, you can do a lot on forty dollars a week if you try. It isn't all a bed of roses, especially with a baby. But he's a darling and so is my husband and I wouldn't change places with anybody I know. And that isn't just talk; my family and friends would tell you the same thing."

Mrs. G. L. T."

Doesn't that little letter get deep inside you and make you squirm? Doesn't it ring with honesty and strength and courage? Isn't there a

beautiful spirit behind her words? Could you do that?

Of course I realize that much depends on where a young couple begin married life. It is cheaper in the country or small town than in the city, but in looking over the letters I find a great many from young wives who live in big cities and make a go of it on a small salary. Mrs. M. U., whose letter follows, lives in Brooklyn, New York, where [Continued on page 112]



Forty dollars a week will go as far as your love will. When your love says "I can go no farther," your husband's salary will say the same thing



This Funny World

As Seen by Aleck Smart



Speaking of Love
NOW that we're all here together—All of those who don't believe in divorce, raise your right hand. All who do, sit down. Now that we're all seated comfortably, just turn to page 36 and see what Mitchell L. Erlanger, Justice of the New York Supreme Court, tells you SMART SET readers about the divorce problem and what his opinion is after years of study. You'll be surprised. Anyway on page 20 there's a chance for you to express your opinion—and get paid for it. Now that's off our mind and we'd like to tell you a secret, but we daren't. All we can say is watch August SMART SET for "Flame of the Desert." The Editors tell us it's a humdinger—and we believe them.

Who's Dumb Now!

Try this one on your saxophone and see what it adds up to: A man deposited \$50 in a bank and then checked against it like this:
 Withdrew, First \$20 leaving a balance of \$30
 Second, \$15 leaving a balance of.....\$15
 Third, \$9 leaving a balance of.....\$6
 Fourth, \$6 leaving a balance of.....0
 Total \$50.....Total \$51
 Now he wants that extra dollar bill. Do you think he's entitled to it? We're all mixed up and wish you'd straighten us out—and hurry.

Now You Tell One

Here you bright stenographers, what's the funniest mistake you have ever made transcribing your notes? Once we dictated to our Telling Tillie, "from the source which." When Tillie gave us the letter we read, "from the sore switch." Can you beat that? Now you tell one. A dollar for each one so good Aleck Smart has to print it.



Here's an Eyeful

Probably we're breaking under the strain but it seems to us there's something wrong with this sentence, taken from an unpublished manuscript: "Then a voice fell on their eyes and a light laugh of amusement separated them as a sword might do."

All in College Life

A female mummy dug up near the city of Ur, had large and tough feet. The Virginia Reel suggests that probably they got that way because she walked back from several camel rides.—If you want to give a girl a surprise, according to the Michigan Gargoyle, just draw her close and start to kiss her. When she says, "Stop, how dare you!" let her go un-kissed. Then note the surprise on her face. All

right, try it.—Mink wants to know why the shoulder strap is such an important article? It answers its own question with the wise observation, "It keeps an attraction from becoming a sensation."—The Columbia Jester certainly knows its Pope when it says: "A little woman is a dangerous thing."—Maybe the Colgate Banter knows what it's talking about when it says that many rich men are handicapped by blonded indebtedness.

We're Trying to Be Bashful

Nobody ever accused these women deans of knowing their groceries. One of them out at Heidelberg College has



decided that the bashful boys must eat with the girls and the shy girls dine with the boys. There's bound to be an awful epidemic of bashfulness out there in the near future—and the poor dean won't know what it's all about.

Let's Get Some New Ones

Aren't you getting a touch of brain fag out of the words "pet," and "neck"? We are. We're getting so that every time we hear 'em we want to bite a chunk out of a perfectly good mahogany desk or chase the janitor out of the eleventh story window and throw the book case after him. Maybe we're unduly sensitive about it—but how do you feel? We're willing to pay money to get rid of 'em. SMART SET will pay a prize of \$5 to the one who submits, in the opinion of Aleck Smart, the best words to be used in place of pet and neck, and one dollar to each of the next five best. This contest closes June 30, 1927, so get your new words to us with a bang. Let's go.

Quite Natty, This!

Judge springs this one, which isn't bad if you take it slowly: Clarice asks, "Don't you think George dresses nattily?" and Maurice answers, "Natalie who?"

May Limerick Winners

You folks just love limericks, don't you? There were so many good last lines sent in for the limerick published in May, that they literally stopped the show. It was hard to pick the winners and the ten who get the cash have only a shade over the hundreds of others who get only our admiration. The winners were: C. L. Armstrong, Hazleton, Ia.; Ann Farmer, Bakersfield, Calif.; Marie L. Berthold, Urica, N. Y.; Clela M. Forester, Clarksburg, W. Va.; Rose Green, Swanton, Vt.; Shirley Graham, Grand Rapids, Minn.; Mrs. C. B. Wood, Buffalo, N. Y.; N. B. Wells, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. S. L. Wallace, Ardmore, Okla.; Dorothy Runge, Hammond, Ind.

Write Soon

If you've heard this one, stop us: "Read any fiction lately?" asked the kind lady calling on the lonely wife. "No," said the L. W., "my husband hasn't written me since he went to Bermuda." Ouch!

Razzing the Editor's Stuff

She was just a little dancer,
 But the lovely things she knew!
 While my wife? You know the answer
 And the doctor knew it too!
 (See, Behind the Family Doctor's Door.)

Oh, who is denied a springtime ride
 On the top of a swaying bus;
 While the wind blows free on your silk
 clad knee
 And the boy friend makes a fuss?
 (See, the Daring of Innocence)

Time Exposure?

Speaking of flappers and what they don't wear, one of the three wise men of Philadelphia has figured it out that the modest little girls aren't exposing their charms—they're just taking sun baths. We don't care. Any excuse is good enough for us.



Attention, Poets!

(Prize Limerick Contest)

A wise little girl from the sticks,
 Said, "All of the guys here are Hicks."
 "I'll go to the city,"
 "Be snappy and witty,

Smart Set will pay \$5 for the best last line for this limerick and \$1 for each of the next five best lines. Aleck Smart is judge, and contest closes June 30, 1927.

Lucky Wise Crackers

This page has got to be made bigger. We're going in and talk to the boss about it right now... Sometime that man's going to bite our head off. (Curtain lowered to indicate lapse of four minutes.) As usual we compromised—and don't get any more room. Anyway, you can see for yourself there isn't room to run the wise cracks in answer to the old gag, "Haven't I met you before?" But in spite of—everything, here are the names of the ten winners: Anette Hiske, Perth Amboy, N. J.; Mary Helen Hays, Gulfport, Miss.; Alice Giles, Baltimore, Md.; Evelynne Boyle, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Willie Willis, Marlow, Okla.; Mrs. Ben Burkhart, Jerome, Ark.; Mrs. George Schuartz, Griffin, Sask.; Jennie May Stokely, Newport, Tenn.; Mrs. M. Lee Walters, Rocky Mount, N. C.; Ethel Croyle, Sherwood, Ohio.

Alice Brady, The Delightful Actress, safeguarding her dramatic voice,

writes:

"My work on the stage may appear easy to an audience but, as a matter of fact, it is very strenuous. Now and then I indulge in a cigarette for relaxation and pleasure. I use Lucky Strikes, as I find they not only protect my voice but afford me the greatest amount of genuine enjoyment."

Alice Brady -



You, too, will find that Lucky Strikes are mild and mellow—the finest cigarettes you ever smoked, made of the finest Turkish and domestic tobaccos, properly aged and blended with great skill, and there is an extra process—"It's toasted"—no harshness, not a bit of bite.

"It's toasted"
Your Throat Protection



When in New York you are cordially invited to see how Lucky Strikes are made at our exhibit, corner Broadway and 45th Street.

Must a Girl Use Her Sex in Business?

Prize Winning Letter Writers

IS THERE a difference between sex and sex appeal in business? That's a distinction that many of those who have written in answer to the girl who asked, "Must a Girl Use Her Sex in Business?" have raised. And perhaps there is a real shade of difference that is worthy of your consideration.

No one can avoid sex, they say, since "man and woman created He them." But sex appeal, they think, is something else. Obviously what they mean is a conscious use of sex for purposes of advancement. Efficiency plus the fact that an attractive girl is an attractive girl is one thing. While the flaunting of sex, as a bludgeon over weakness, is something entirely different. What do you think? Is there a real distinction to be drawn between sex and sex appeal?

More and more women are taking an active part in the affairs of the business world. The letters SMART SET has received from these business women prove that their average of intelligence is very high. They write thoughtfully and clearly. The letters contain internal evidence of the deep seriousness and culture of these girls and women. They are interested in the problems of sex in business. It is a problem they face constantly and one they are trying to solve intelligently.

Men have also entered this contest. It may surprise you to know that most of them are opposed to sex in business. Legend or popular fancy has turned most bosses into something very much like office Lotharios. This, of course, is mostly fiction. The great bulk of employers want efficiency, courtesy and loyalty on the part of their employees. They do not bar charm and beauty. But few men will keep in their employ an inefficient girl simply because she dresses well and can't make her eyes behave.

On the whole, the letters in this contest are so good and the interest in the problem is so keen, that SMART SET feels compelled to publish several of the letters in addition to those that appeared in the June issue. The first prize was awarded to R. B. of Syracuse, N. Y., whose letter was printed last month.

The second prize goes to "Another Stenographer," New Ulm, Minn. Holding hands and accepting favors from the boss is not part of her program. She would rather stay at the bottom of the ladder than do that. Her letter follows:

Her Mind Is Made Up

I SAY "no" emphatically, and no one can make me change my mind.

I have worked at several different places where a number of prominent business men were at the head of the firm. My change of places usually resulted from a bid of higher wages by some other firm. Right now, I am working for a company of men, whose names, should I mention them here, would be familiar to many of you. All the

years of "grinding" that I have done, I have been nothing but my natural self. Of course, I am no "King Tut," but I have been working in offices for five years.

True, some of the men I have worked for expected to hold hands, glanced suggestively at my "legs" time and again; some of them even attempted to come up from behind and embrace me. My response to the first two insults was seeming indifference; to the latter: "I am not being paid for allowing any familiarity. Please remember I am your stenographer, not your wife or sweetheart."

Why should we stenographers cheapen ourselves by allowing the business men—who are as a rule, married men—to touch us in any way that is suggestive? Why should we degrade ourselves by accepting and perhaps returning kisses? Why sully our lips with such cheap imitations of the most sacred thing, love? A kiss is the symbol of

Last of all, do not deceive yourselves, girls, that your employer really respects you if you allow such familiarities. He will never tell the next man, who would probably be interested in you, that you are the type for a wife or mother. You are simply a diversion to him; he enjoys you for the minute, but you gain nothing but disrespect, and perhaps you are breaking a wife's heart. Oh! do not be so foolish and unscrupulous.

There are not many stenographers in this modern age who go to an office, or for that matter, anywhere, with horn-rimmed glasses, mannish clothes, flat-footed appearing shoes, frowzy looks, sallow complexions, etc. The girls are all pretty well along in styles, and should always try to look their best, but at the same time stay within the limits of modest office attire.

I myself am not a "flat tire." I am considered attractive and am always dressed in the latest, if I can afford it. I have hosts and hosts of friends, but I have never allowed a boss to hold my hand and I get by with it, too. When they try it, I put them back into their "sphere." They will quickly adapt themselves to the fact that you are there to do their typing and not to let them love you. At the same time, of course, I am always friendly and never flaunt my personal disappointments and troubles in the office before my employers.

My motto is, "Be Yourself." Remember, no man respects the woman he flirts with.

If we girls have to sell ourselves to earn our living, it is time we all gave up the idea and let the men alone in the business world, and start a business of our own, or perhaps starve. At least, I would rather do that, than cheapen myself in that manner. I have pride, and my pride does not allow any suggestive actions in connection with life. I am sure a great number of my sister stenographers agree with me. ANOTHER STENOGRAPHER,

New Ulm, Minn.

"Yes, sex is necessary," writes H. H., Washington, D. C., winner of the third prize. "In fact," says H. H., "you can't keep it out of business."

She seems to have had some success vamping the boss. Anyway here is her letter:

Can't Keep It Out

IS SEX necessary in business? Well, maybe not in the Bureau of Engraving, but in the average business—yes—absolutely! But don't take my word for it—ask Madame Elinor Glyn.

I started out as a secretary ten years ago and I, like most beginners, thought that "sex in business" was allotta apple sauce, and I suffered a few insults before I learned what to expect and what was expected and how to grease the skids so that the boss and not the bossee slid down 'em.

My first experience came before I had finished school. A man wanted me to work in his office as soon as I had conquered Gregg, because, he said, "You are beautiful

Smart Set's Prize Winners on "Must a Girl Use Her Sex in Business?"

First Prize—R. B.—Syracuse, N. Y.

Second Prize, Another Stenographer, New Ulm, Minn.

Third Prize, H. H., Washington, D. C.

Five \$1 Prize Winners:

B. H. D., Bakersfield, Calif.

M. H., Columbus, Ohio.

M. P., San Francisco, Calif.

C. G. B., Gunnison, Colo.

A. J. L., Wappingers Falls, N. Y.

love, and I scorn anyone who uses it any other way.

The woman described in the article in SMART SET is a very poor imitation of success. If I have to pay my way up the ladder by submitting to the cheap desires of men, I will stay at the bottom of it and let the men do the climbing. After all, the woman's place is in a home and it is her business to keep in the proper condition to make a "home."

What is a girl of that type going to tell the man she marries some day? Will any girl of that calibre have the nerve to tell him, "I reached success in business by using my sex"? What kind of feeling do they think they will evoke in their lovers? Certainly not trust and respect. What would their mothers say if they knew that their daughters let their employers kiss them, gaze suggestively at their legs—flatter them in every way?

Yes! Really Natural

Skin Tone Color from ROUGE!



It is the secret of just one rouge—PRINCESS PAT

SKIN TONE color from rouge—or that “painted look”—which? It is the skin tone color women strive for, the beautiful, subtle tints of natural loveliness. But the utmost care and skill with usual rouges fails of the desired result—as all women know.

Now learn about rouge—as rouge *should be*. The woman who tries Princess Pat Rouge for the first time is instantly aware of a beautiful difference. Instead of the painted look, there is a clear *skin tone* effect, a perfect semblance of soft natural color which actually seems to lie beneath the skin, *and not upon it*.

And most women—delighted, charmed, entranced with the *actual result*—are curious to discover the secret of this splendid new beauty. It is due—this unique effect—to the special ingredients used. *No heavy-bodied coloring goes into Princess Pat Rouge*. Instead, the rarest and most delicate of pure tints—tints which possess *transparency*, as well as *color*. It is this same transparency—in the finished rouge—that makes Princess Pat the one rouge giving Na-

ture's own complexion tints. Apply Princess Pat as *lavishly as you wish*. Color will be deepened—but no painted look results.

There is something else, too. Princess Pat Rouge *changes* ever so slightly to meet the requirements of *individual* skin tone. It takes its charming color note from the skin itself, blending subtly until it is precisely right, exactly natural. And of course Princess Pat has long been known as the most enduring of all rouges—permanent until you wish to remove it.

Select Any of the Six Princess Pat Shades Without Regard for “Type”

With usual rouges—lacking Princess Pat's transparency—women have had to be content with just one shade, selected to “match” type—blonde or brunette, for instance. With Princess Pat—giving *skin tone* color all shades harmonize beautifully and perfectly with any complexion.

Words do not adequately describe the beauty of Princess Pat shades . . . BUT—Squaw gives the deep, lovely hue of quickly coursing blood; Vivid, an exotic brilliance, the color of daring moods; Medium, the softly modulated, blushing tone for demure color notes; Theatre, the haughty tints of aristocratic,

fashionable artistry, famous English Tint, the very essence of lovely, youthful glow. And there is Nite, the wonder shade for evening use . . . that cannot betray . . . that is always perfect. Nite is a beautiful, strange, violet toned hue by day, changing mysteriously to perfect rose by night. Whether blonde or brunette you find all Princess Pat shades harmonize—something new in rouges.

Enjoy this luxury of greater selection of rouge shades and the wonderful beauty of color which seems to lie *beneath* the skin—not upon it. Never the painted, dreaded gauche look if you use Princess Pat. All the better shops can show you all six shades.

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Street

City and State

and I wouldn't have a secretary who wasn't." I refused his offer and his flattery. But after the first few trying years I learned when to have brains plus sex and when to have just sex.

The only thing about it I put the caution on is letting the boss in on it. He vamps easier when he is unconscious of his conscience—if you know what I mean.

But, girls, it works both ways. In rare instances where women are in control watch the men work into their good graces with salved tongues, brilliantened hair and flattering attention. One boy I knew of wanted a particular job. He was told he could have it "if" he could please Mrs. X. He went to see her, but she was busy and never looked at him as she talked. When finally she did look up she exclaimed, "Oh, you have ginger hair! I'm sure you'll do."

When I go after a position or advancement I go alone and play my sex game until I can attract enough attention to interest the man in my ability. My brain weighs no more than the average, yet every employer I ever had swears by my intelligence—why? Simply because I "yes-em"—I learned the ropes and I can play hide-and-seek with the best of them. I find it an interesting study in human nature.

They can't keep sex out of business and—after all—WHO WANTS TO?

H. H.—Washington, D. C.

Letters from four of the five one dollar prize winners follow. The order in which they appear does not indicate any preference on the part of the Editor. SMART SET wishes it could publish all of these letters. That, of course, is impossible, but as many of them as we could find room for are given to the world and the Editors thank all of those who were kind enough to enter this contest. Other letters follow:

Efficiency Beats Legs

I SUPPOSE men don't have much chance in this contest.

"They say one thing and mean another," declared the young lady who wrote "Must a Girl Use Her Sex in Business?"

But there's one thing I do say and emphatically mean, "After reading that article I felt abused, disgusted, and yes, plain mad."

What sort of offices has the writer worked in for nine years while she, scantily but alluringly clad, played this breathless hide-and-seek game in which coy glances, hitched-up skirts, and miscellaneous frills played such an important part?

Now, do not believe I doubt the lady. In fact, I know there are many men, fat-souled, grabby, sensual fellows, who are as bad as the girl describes them. Maybe worse. But some of us, many of us, believe that in business, efficiency is more important than low-necks and invisible hose.

For example: Mr. Blank has a secretary who is his right hand in his business. To say the least, she has no sex appeal. But I happen to know that most of Blank's business acquaintances covet that secretary. Some go so far as to try to lure her to their offices with offers of higher salaries. All angles, she is, but she has an uncluttered mind. It is this that has raised her to the highest position held by a woman in the firm.

Now, I want to tell you ladies something that you do not seem to know: Since men dwell in caves and took their steaks very rare their lives have been made up of two important and distinct factors, business and home-life—sex, if you will.

In the excitement of the chase, whether it is killing a saber-tooth or selling an automobile to some one who can't afford it, sex is forgotten; women are important only to the extent to which they can further the deal. A normal man is as willing to ac-

knowledge and reward this aid from a woman as from a man.

Please do not think me ungallant. I merely wish to defend our sex against the sweeping accusations made.

In conclusion I want to express a hope that this business girl or any other who sincerely wishes to go into business for its own sake will be more fortunate in her choice of bosses than she seems to have been in the past.

B. H. D.—Bakersfield, Calif.

Just Can't Escape It

MUST a woman use her sex in business? She must. We cannot get away from the sex idea for "Male and female created He them." If a man hires a woman to work in his office he expects her to be feminine. If she attempts to be otherwise she is freakish and unnatural and he does not want her around.

The wise virgin understands this and makes herself as attractive and charming as possible. In business, as everywhere else, the woman making the most of her sex

Word Makers Attention!

THE cash prize contest for Word Makers has brought a deluge of entries. Thousands of letters have poured in, with many splendid lists of words derived from the letters used in the title "Smart Set."

Watch for the announcement of the prize winners in the August issue of SMART SET

appeal has the edge on her unattractive sister.

I firmly believe that to be successful a woman must use her sex in this way, but I do not agree with the views of the girl who insists it is necessary to use sex in a deliberate and calculating way.

Maybe you will say that I have not achieved success or, worse yet, that I have no sex appeal. I believe I can modestly claim a fair amount of both sex appeal and success, and I have not been pawed over!

Someone will probably say, "Then you have been most fortunate." I think I have been. One reason may be that I live in a city of a couple of hundred thousand and the percentage of "American born" is remarkably high. A city where many of the business men are of other nationalities may be different.

Of course, one occasionally meets in business, as one does socially, a man who sees you only as a woman. If you cannot make him forget it—there are other men.

I know but one girl who enjoyed a sort of skyrocket type success, by deliberately using sex appeal.

In an organization of women holding executive positions, I cannot pick out one whom I could say gained the heights of success by clinging to some man's hand.

M. H.—Columbus, Ohio.

Triumph For Sex

FIVE years ago when only eighteen, just from business college, I started out for a position. Before going, my brother said, "Sis, wear your blue silk print and blue hat; they match your eyes." Amazed I

argued, "What difference would they make? I expect to be hired for my efficiency, not my looks." He persisted, "Take my advice—wear them."

I did, and was hired at once by a big business man, while a young woman, rather a plain person, probably ten years older, with excellent references, was turned away. I have learned since it was my sex appeal that won me the place and keeps me there.

Undoubtedly the lure of sex plays an important part in the business success of a girl. Moralists may cry out at this assertion, and pruders raise hands in horror, but it's true to nature, especially man's nature.

A business man once taken to task for his choice of a fascinating stenographer defended himself by saying that when a man is brain-fagged, overburdened with affairs, possibly nerve-racked from a domestic argument at breakfast, the sight of a bright-eyed girl, daintily clad and shod, is like a breath of spring after a blast of winter, and as exhilarating.

"Tillie the Toiler" has a counterpart in many an office. She represents the eternal feminine and her sex appeal, slacker though she is, enables her to hold her job. But she does it all "with her tongue in her cheek," playing the game lightly, as any girl may, and as the majority of employers do.

Therefore, girls, though in real life efficiency and intelligence count, they are more powerful when reinforced with an alluring smile, a chic attire, and capped with a sex appeal (natural or acquired) to which a business man cannot but succumb in choosing his female employees.

M. P.—San Francisco, Calif.

WOULD you give a child a rattlesnake for a pet? It would be about as safe as for a young girl to barter her sex for advancement in the business world. True, some play the game and seem to get away with it. But how about the others?

I do not profess to know all about women. Once, I did; but I am older now. Before giving some experiences to illustrate my point, let me briefly describe myself. I am a comparatively young man, 35 years of age, happily married, considered physically attractive, and hold an executive position. I do not consider myself a roué, but I must admit that I can become interested in an attractive member of the opposite sex. With this preface, let me give you three examples of sex in business.

First, there was Katherine. She was my secretary, a very efficient and capable girl. She was not beautiful but rather attractive and had many lovable traits. We had a clandestine affair that stopped just short of disaster, but she learned her lesson.

Second, there was Flossie. She was very beautiful in a superficial sort of way, but not attractive to me. She flaunted her sex so that I had to discharge her.

Third, there was Muriel. Our temperaments were very similar, our tastes congenial, and before we knew it we were hopelessly entangled in a web that was too strong to be broken. She was a wonderful girl, and under other circumstances our feelings might have found legitimate expression in marriage. As it was, she eventually paid the price of all transgressions, while I did not escape totally unscathed. Today, in a distant city, she is honestly attempting to start life anew, and I am helping her financially all I can. She is old, broken in health, disillusioned—at 24! Ask her if it pays to play with sex.

For me, there is no compromise; no middle ground. When I find myself being attracted toward some girl who flaunts sex and sex appeal, I recall the past and steel myself against her charms. For her sake, as well as mine, I refuse to be duped.

C. G. B.—Gunnison, Colo.



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The Right to Motherhood

ARE SMART SET readers in advance of the world or is the world changing? At any rate those who entered the contest, *The Right to Motherhood*, are almost unanimous in condemning the present attitude of society and declaring that a girl HAS a right to motherhood.

Many of the letters are written out of bitter, personal experience. Strangely enough, these women who defied convention seldom express regret for their daring but they deeply deplore for themselves and for other girls the critical, holier than thou attitude of good wives.

Are they right in this? Or has their suffering blinded them? Could society legitimize the illegitimate? Could the marriage institution stand if the unmarried mother were accorded the same consideration as is given the legal wife? And if marriage broke down, what then?

These questions are for you to answer and especially for the unmarried mothers to consider.

The first prize goes to Mrs. John Arbour, of Worcester, Mass. Mrs. Arbour writes of the experience of one of her friends and she concludes that this girl had a right to motherhood if anyone has. She writes:

Unmarried Mother Is Worthy

PUTTING the question this way we assume that motherhood is an honor, and rightly so. But do we act in accordance with this view when we ostracize a woman who has a fatherless child? For the protection of society in general, there must be some such institution as marriage, but there are extenuating circumstances wherein some unmarried mothers are just as worthy, often more so, than many married ones. You see I know, not because I am one of the unfortunate ones, but because my dearest friend is.

Four years ago, my girlhood friend and I, both twenty-two years of age, were engaged to two young men of good birth, education and character. We planned to be married in August. As very often happens when love is strong, our emotions ran amuck, with the result that one month before our wedding-day, we confided our secret to each other. We were unashamed, for ours was not infatuation, but strong undying love, and we were happy that our babies would be the very same age. Two girls very dear to each other, who are reaching marriageable age, can understand how we felt.

A few days later Tom was called away to the funeral of a relative, and on the way, he met his death at a railroad crossing. The blow nearly killed poor Jean. I stayed with her all of the time, trying to comfort her, but her fears were not for herself, but for her unborn, now a fatherless child. She braced up after a while as she said Tom would have wanted her to. Never a word of blame, just resignation to the task before her.

Under the circumstances, we could not postpone our wedding in respect for poor Tom, so we had a quiet ceremony performed at our church, during which Jean wept continually. My heart was aching for her, who was to have been married with me, but Jack and I had our own lives to think of, and I tried not to let it depress me too much. Eight months later my little boy was born, a delicate child, whom every one declared to be premature. I received no word of criticism, wasn't I married? But I felt guilty when I thought of Jean. No whit worse than I, just unfortunate, who

was at the same time, receiving snubs and insults.

Jean's parents gave her a home but their attitude was that she had disgraced them, and her life was made miserable. Ours was the only place she could find peace.

I can look forward to my children growing up, going to the best schools, respected, while Jean's lot seems harder to bear the older her little daughter grows. She has had offers of marriage from good men, but she has remained true to Tom's memory.

Has she the right to motherhood? If she hasn't, I know of no one who has.

Mrs. JOHN ARBOUR, Worcester, Mass.

F. P. N. of Nevada, Mont., wins the second prize. She pleads for the girl who wants and loves her baby and asks if she is not better than the married woman who

married mother who hates her child from the day of conception and turns it over to the keeping of an uninterested maid or nurse the day of its arrival?

Any woman who is willing to go through the weary months of waiting and is not afraid of the physical torture and agony just for the touch of little hands at her breast and fragrant baby lips to press against her own, is entitled to motherhood whether she be married or not.

The so-called moralist will, no doubt, condemn this girl; but they have made of the sex impulse within themselves an abnormal thing, unlovely and degraded. Sex is a most beautiful thing.

Our conventions prescribe a technical chastity and the consequence is that the God-fearing puritans of a generation ago do not recognize genuine chastity when they see it, unless it has the conventional earmarks. They make of chastity a physical rather than a spiritual condition. A real chastity is a state of the mind.

Yes, most certainly, this girl is entitled to motherhood. F. P. N.

The third prize was awarded to C. E. DuM. of Minneapolis, Minn. The writer does not believe the unmarried girl is entitled to motherhood—and she has arrived at this conclusion because of her own experience. Her interesting letter follows:

No, Decidedly, She Has Not

RECENTLY I was asked this question. "Would there be much civilization if there were no man-made laws for the protection of society?"

Since reading your article on "Has She The Right To Motherhood," I want to say, decidedly, "No, she has not."

She has no more right to unwedded motherhood than a man has a right to steal because he has an instinct for possession, or to kill because he has an instinct for power and authority.

At the age of nineteen I went through the awful fear of shame, the awful fear of disgrace for my family, because I was a victim of instinct not piloted by reason.

But by leaving home I was able to hide from friends and parents.

I pondered over the question of what to do and where to go until I thought my only resort would be suicide. The father of my unborn child had left for parts unknown and I was alone to bear my awful burden.

I would try to argue with myself that everything would be all right and that nobody would ever know. Then again in the same breath a heated debate would take place in my own mind, and the question would confront me, "Have I a right to bring this child into the world with such a birthright? Would I be willing if such were possible to exchange birthrights with this child?" No I would not.

I would hate a parent that brought me into the world with no more birthright than an animal has. And the child will not always remain blind to the truth.

The dreaded day arrived, and my child was still-born. I was glad because I did not feel right to become a mother of this child.

Thus closed that act. But through it I learned to beware of instinct and adhere to reason, for the good of the present and future generations. Obey man-made laws of marriage, such as they are, in their stage of development, for slowly they are evolving toward perfection.

C. E. Du M., Minneapolis, Minn.

SMART SET Prize Winners on "The Right to Motherhood"

First Prize, Mrs. John
Arbour, Worcester,
Mass.

Second Prize, F. P. N.,
Nevada, Mo.

Third Prize, C.E.DuM.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Seven \$1 Winners

Florence King,
San Francisco, Calif.

Nancy E. Lima,
Lodi, Calif.

Inez Howard,
Hillsboro, N. C.

Mrs. John Tansey,
Hollywood, Calif.

Mrs. L. Bowers,
Bukley, Colo.

Mrs. L. D. Kerns,
Freeport, Pa.

Mrs. L. C. Shoptaw,
Omaha, Nebr.

hates her child? The pain of the ordeal, in her opinion, justifies and condones the offense against society. Her letter follows:

Chastity Is a State of Mind

INDEED this poor unfortunate girl has the right to motherhood. Under the circumstances she and her lover were man and wife, in the sight of God, just as much so as if they had had the conventional marriage ceremony performed by a most solemn magistrate or clergyman.

I am not an advocate of free-love, but it is terrible that the thing the world pronounces good and virtuous should sometimes be evil. Sex relations in marriage often are unchaste in the absence of love.

Which woman sins more? The unwed mother who is transformed by the divine miracle and longs for and cherishes the thought of her unborn babe; or the properly



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THE simplicity of the bob, and the modern styles of hair dress, make beautiful hair a necessity.

The simple, modern styles of today are effective **ONLY** when the hair itself is beautiful.

Luckily, beautiful hair is now easily obtained. It is simply a matter of shampooing.

Proper shampooing makes it soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

Proper shampooing, however, means more than just washing your hair—it means thorough cleansing.

The hair and scalp are constantly secreting oily, gummy substances, which catch the dust and dirt and cause the hair to become coated. This coating dulls the hair and therefore hides its life and lustre. It covers the natural color and beauty of the hair and pre-

vents it from showing. To have beautiful hair you must prevent this coating from accumulating.

This cannot be done with ordinary soaps not adapted for the purpose. Besides, the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why thousands of women, everywhere, use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

A Simple, Easy Method

IF you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

First, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and all through the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips,

so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, give the hair a good rinsing. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

After the final washing, rinse the hair and scalp in at least two changes of clear, fresh, warm water. This is very important.

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YOU will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky.

If you want beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, glossy, fresh-looking and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

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Your Wives

[Continued from page 31]

husbands' offices and their "shocking conduct."

It is an old story and a story I am sick of hearing. It is time that wives heard some truths about themselves and some truths about the girls they are so busy maligning.

"Seduce their husbands." What rubbish! Yet, they honestly believe it. If they only knew what we really think about their husbands. If we could only convince them that we don't consider their husbands any prize catch in the matrimonial pond. We all know men we like better. And we wouldn't have their husbands on a bet. The average employer, no matter what his wife says or thinks, has just about as much sex appeal for his stenographer as her typewriter has.

I have yet to see the employer I'd try to tempt away from anything. The closer he stays to the domestic hearth, the better pleased I am, even if it is a terrible bore to hear him rave about the charms of his wife and the bright sayings that little junior and little sister gave utterance to the night before.

AS IF I cared how wonderful his family is. I don't want to hear about them. I am in his office to earn my living. I do the allotted week's work and collect my pay envelope. There my interest ends. For love affairs and dates and thrills, I have seven evenings a week, Saturday afternoon and all day Sunday. That gives me plenty of time. I don't need to spend my office time as well, in search of thrills and I certainly am not going to enter into any affair with a hen-pecked employer whose wife is always snooping around to see if he is holding hands with his stenographer. There are plenty of men in this world. We don't have to go into offices and take jobs as stenographers to find them.

Yet I have heard more than one wife say, "Girls go into business so they can meet men. You know, 'So and So' really doesn't have to work at all. She only does it because if she stays at home she doesn't meet any men. That's all she is interested in, men. And she won't stop at any length to get them."

More nonsense. In spite of what the wives say, if I wanted to meet men I wouldn't be sitting at a stenographer's desk. I know lots of better ways than that. And I have yet to see the employer I would work for just for the sake of being in the same office with him. The pay envelope is my incentive. Not that I am not interested in my work. I am. What I am trying to say is that I have never seen any man who was so attractive that I could be induced to work in his office just for the sake of looking at him and writing his letters for him.

I wish wives would do some real thinking and get things straight. I have been fired from jobs because of jealous wives. I have left jobs because of snooping, suspicious wives. I have cried myself to sleep because of snobbish wives. I have laughed at silly, simpering wives, who made fools of themselves, and their husbands, too. But I have yet to meet the perfect wife. There isn't any such animal. All kinds of wives I have met during my ten years in business, but never the one that measured up to a stenographer's specifications.

As a woman, I suppose, I should stand by my sex and give them all my sympathy. It isn't very "sporting," I am afraid, to desert my colors and line up with the men, but when did the wives ever rally to the support of us stenographers? Slander and suspicion is the support they give us. They

act and talk as if they would like to have us all chloroformed.

Not that they really would. If we didn't exist, their lives would be pitifully empty. They would have nothing to be jealous and suspicious about. The main source of quarrels with their husbands would be cut off and they would find marriage dreadfully monotonous. Wives thrive on quarreling and nagging. Without it they don't seem to find life worth living. But why do they pick on us as the cause of their jealousy?

One of the most unattractive and unpleasant men I ever worked for had a hopelessly jealous wife. She had nagged so long because of her unbearable jealousy, that at last she had reason to be jealous. She ran into the office at least three times a week to see that the office morals were as they should be, and she was positive I wanted to take her husband away from her.

With her sharp, black eyes filled with jealousy, she would dart into the office, giving the impression of a witch on a broomstick, flying into every corner and looking under the desks and into the wastepaper baskets.

"How are you this morning?" she would chirp, stopping at my desk and taking in every detail of my appearance.

"Are you getting along all right? I am sure my husband is very nice to you. He is always so pleasant to all women. It is just part of him, you know. He really doesn't mean anything by it, although several of his secretaries actually thought he was in love with them."

"I felt so sorry for them. Poor girls, envying us more fortunate women with good husbands and lovely homes. Of course, it is partly my husband's fault, as I have told him. He shouldn't make such pretty speeches to girls. Women are so likely to take such speeches seriously, don't you think so, especially when the man is as good-looking as my husband. I don't blame them for falling in love with him."

"I hope you aren't taking him seriously," she would say, "because it wouldn't do you a bit of good. We have been married for fifteen years, and, would you believe it, he is a thousand times more in love with me today than he ever was."

I used to look after her pityingly. By her jealousy she lost any chance for happiness she had ever had. She had made life so unbearable for her husband that he turned to others for his happiness. He had been very much in love with his wife, he told me, until her jealousy had become so annoying that he had lost all affection for her. He only remained with her, he said, because of the children, to whom he was really devoted.

There is another type of husband who rather enjoys his wife's jealousy, taking it as a tribute to his irresistible appeal for women. Only once during my business career have I worked for such a man and then not for long. He was good-looking and about thirty-five. He had been married for ten years and was extremely fond of his wife and children. I had no designs upon him, I assure you. But his wife could not be convinced of it.

"I'll have to let you go," he told me, cheerfully, after I had been with him for four months. "My next stenographer is going to be fifty and ugly, the ugliest woman I can find. The strain of trying to explain you to my wife is too much. I give it up. You are entirely too pretty. My wife doesn't think you're safe. She thinks all women are in love with me, but she doesn't

mind unless they are pretty. She knows me too well to think I could ever have any interest in any but a pretty girl."

I laughed with him and left. I didn't feel at all sorry for that particular man. He was good-looking and he knew it. He was the type of man who is flattered by his wife's jealousy. He likes to know that even she is not quite sure of her hold upon him and he likes to picture himself as a "lady-killer."

The office to avoid as if it were a lepers' colony is the one which owns a wife who was a stenographer herself before her marriage and therefore thinks she is an authority on business morality or the lack of it. She is quite sure she is "up to all the tricks" and she is positive the stenographer is spending all her time exerting feminine wiles upon her innocent husband.

The most recent "stenographer-wife" I was thrown in contact with had been married five years. Her husband was a prominent architect, a man about forty, handsome and brilliant. She was twenty-eight and very beautiful, but entirely devoid of brains. As a stenographer, she must have been a tragic error. But what she lacked in brains, she made up in jealousy. She had more jealousy in her make-up than any wife I have ever met.

Perhaps she had justification for accusing her husband's stenographers of trying to take him away from her—if she judged them according to her own standards, for she had done that very thing herself. Her husband had been married when she went into the office. A year later his wife divorced him. According to the story that was told, the stenographer was the reason for the divorce. If the story was true, I don't wonder that she kept such a close watch upon her husband and his stenographers.

"If I could take him away from one wife," she probably reasoned, "I suppose some other clever girl would be able to take him away from me."

She made life unbearable for any girl who went into that office. One month was all I could stand. Every day she swept into the office on some pretext or the other, leaving a trail of expensive perfume behind her, and wearing perfectly lovely clothes. Her husband was infatuated with her. I am quite sure he was unaware of my existence except as a machine to get out his letters and take care of his appointments, but she was afraid. She wasn't taking any chances.

SEVERAL times she stopped at my desk to warn me sweetly against trespassing upon her property. Just a few condescending words, sugar-coated, but I understood only too well what she meant.

"You're so pretty," she said, the first time she saw me. "I should imagine you would find it very difficult sometimes in an office. Men are so susceptible to pretty girls. I hope you never let your employers overstep the bounds of business. I should imagine it would make things very awkward—especially, if the man were already married. Have you ever had any unpleasant experiences like that? So many stenographers do?"

"No, I am sorry," I said. "I am afraid I can't claim any such experiences." I paused for a second and then added meaningfully, "at least, not yet."

Her eyes hardened as she looked at me, but she smiled sweetly.

"Well, let me warn you," she said. "Watch out. I was a stenographer myself. I know

[Continued on page 82]

Grow-Yes grow-Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 days

By LUCILLE YOUNG

America's most widely known Beauty Expert for fifteen years. Beauty Adviser to over a million women.

The most marvelous discovery has been made—a way to make eyelashes and eyebrows *actually grow*. Now if you want long, curling, silken lashes, you can have them—and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I know that women will be wild to put my new discovery to test. I want them to—at my risk. Doubt all you want to. It does seem impossible, I know. Everytime heretofore has failed. But my search of years has at last disclosed the secret.

So now I say to women that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. There are no strings attached to my guarantee! No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes!" New growth or no pay. And you are the sole judge.

Proved Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt

Not just a few, but over ten thousand women have proved that my wonderful discovery works—proved it before this, my very first advertisement, appears. I have from these women some of the most startling voluntary testimonials ever written. I print a few of them on this page. And I have sworn to their genuineness before a *notary public*. Please note the first testimonial—an amazing statement that my discovery actually produced hair on the forehead, as well as growing eyelashes and eyebrows. Every one of the women who have tried my discovery did so on my guarantee. And not a single one has reported failure. On the contrary all have been wildly enthusiastic.

What My Discovery Means to Beauty

To fringe the eyes with long, curling, natural lashes—to make the eyebrows intense, strong, silken lines! Think of it. All the mysterious, alluring charm of veiled eyes, the witchery and beauty only one woman in a hundred now possesses in full. Merely darkening the eyelashes and eyebrows is a poor substitute. It helps. But what you really desire with all your heart, what every woman longs for is this marvelous beauty of naturally luxuriant eye-



Now Eyelashes and Eyebrows can be made to grow. My new discovery MUST accomplish this, or its cost will be refunded in full. Over 10,000 women have made the test. I have the most marvelous testimonials. Read a few here. I have attested before a notary public, under oath, that they are genuine and voluntary.

lashes and eyebrows. Now you can have this beauty—impart to your loveliness this greatest of all single charms.

Results Noticeable in a Week!

In one week—sometimes in a day or two—you notice the effect. You merely follow simple directions. The eyelashes become more beautiful—like a silken fringe. The darling little upward curl shows itself. The eyebrows become sleek and tractable—with a noticeable appearance of growth and thickness. You will have the thrill of a lifetime—know that all you have to do is carry out use of my discovery the allotted time. And there is instant beauty, too; for my discovery combines with its own marvelous virtue the advantage of darkeners. But it does so without messiness and artificiality. It gives the effect, but itself, cannot be detected.

An Entirely New, Scientific Principle

For years, I have sought my discovery—tried thousands upon thousands of ways. But they were the ways others have tried. I, like others, failed utterly. Then I made

a discovery, found that the roots of the eyelashes and eyebrows were marvelously responsive to a certain rare ingredient—found that this ingredient must be applied in an entirely new way. There is a secret about my discovery—but no mystery. It accomplishes its remarkable results just as nature does for those women who possess beautiful eyelashes and eyebrows. I know that I have given to women the wish of their hearts—made the most astounding beauty discovery yet recorded. And I have waited until I was sure before offering it to the world at large. The more than ten thousand women who have tested my discovery have been my regular patrons.

You Can Have Proof At My Sole Risk

Remember... in 30 days I guarantee results that will not only delight, but amaze. If your eyelashes and eyebrows do not actually grow, if you are not wholly and entirely satisfied you will not be out one penny. The introductory price of my discovery is \$1.95. Later the price will be regularly \$5.00.

Send No Money With Order

Send no money... simply mail coupon. When package arrives, pay postman only \$1.95 plus a few cents postage. Use my wonderful discovery for full 30 days. Then if not delighted, return it and I will refund your money without comment. Mail coupon today to Lucille Young, Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Ill.

Screen Stars, Actresses, Society women and professional beauties please note. You are vitally interested in this discovery.

2709 S. Wells Street, Chicago, Illinois



Dear Miss Young: I have just used your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier and have received good results. Furthermore, while I was applying it to my eyes, I thought I'd put it on my forehead at the side, to make a dip. I continued to do so and was astonished one day when I saw that there actually was hair on my forehead. I will have a natural dip on my forehead.

Loretta Pinze,
1952 Cudback Ave.,
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Dear Lucille Young: I am more than pleased with your Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. My eyelashes are growing thick, long, and luxurious.

Miss Flora J. Coriveau,
8 Pinette Ave., Biddeford, Me.

Dear Miss Young: I certainly am delighted with the Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. I notice the greatest difference and so many people I come in contact with remark how silky and long my eyelashes appear to be.

Mlle. Heflinger,
240 W. "B" St., Carlsbad, Pa.

Lucille Young: I have been using your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier Method. It is surely wonderful.

Pearl Provo,
2954 Taylor St., N. E.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Friend: A million or more thanks to you Miss Young. I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now. I will praise you to all my friends and I do not need to speak that praise—my appearance tells the tale. Naomi Ostot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Phila., Pa.

My Dear Friend: Your eyelash and eyebrow beautifier is simply marvelous. The longer I continue to use it the better the results. People are asking me how I do it. All I say is, "I owe it all to Lucille Young." Frances Ravlart, R. D. No. 2, Box 179, Jeannette, Penn.



Lucille Young,
E3067 Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows.

On arrival I will pay postman only \$1.95 plus a few cents postage.

If not delighted, I will return it within 30 days and you will at once refund my money without question.

Name.....

St. Address.....

City..... State.....

NOTE: If price of \$1.95 sent with order, postage will be prepaid.

Lucille Young

how men are with pretty stenographers. I know the trouble I used to have. The way they used to invite me to lunch to make love to me and ask me to stay in town to have dinner with them, while their trusting wives thought their husbands were in business conferences. I know all the tricks. No man and no stenographer could ever fool me."

She was certainly seeing to it that her husband didn't "fool" her. If ever a man was watched, he was. But I didn't waste any sympathy on him. He was so infatuated with her, he didn't mind it, although she distracted him dreadfully and made him lose time he should have given to business by her constant visits to the office.

I wish wives would realize what fools they make of themselves and of their husbands by their everlasting jealousy.

I should think no matter how jealous a wife might be of her husband she would at least have enough pride and self-respect not to show it. It is a sad reflection on her charm and on her love to admit to the world that she has to watch her husband every moment to see that he doesn't break away. But I have come to the conclusion that wives don't have any pride. They don't care how ridiculous they make themselves and their husbands appear.

Not all wives are jealous, I know, but they all have some failing, which contributes toward making life intolerable for their husbands' secretaries.

For a month I worked in an office where the wife had a shopping mania. She was thirty, very attractive and very likable. Her husband was rapidly advancing to the front ranks of his profession. He was kind and courteous, an ideal man to work for, but his wife's wishes were law to him.

Almost every morning he would come into the office burdened with a shopping list. With a nice friendly smile he would present me with the paper.

"I hate to bother you," he would say, "but these are some things my wife wants me to bring home today. You can get them for me, can't you, while you are at lunch?"

After a week of it I wanted to shriek when I saw one of those lists and ask him why in heaven's name his wife couldn't buy those things herself. Instead, I meekly took the list, put it in my hand-bag and spent most of my lunch hour running madly from store to store, trying to match a piece of silk, searching for the right kind of candles for the dinner table and doing innumerable other errands that were certainly part of his wife's job instead of mine.

HOTLY I would argue about it to myself as I darted in and out of the aisles filled with lunch hour crowds. It was partly because I didn't want to be bothered with all the duties that go with marriage that I was single and working as a stenographer. I protested to myself. So why should I be called upon to do part of another woman's job, a job that I myself had avoided?

Tired and disgruntled I would hurry back to the office with the innumerable bundles I had collected and find my employer tapping a pencil on the desk, or pacing the floor of the office, impatiently waiting for my arrival so he could dictate some letters.

"You're a little late, aren't you?" he would say. "I want to get that letter off to the Boston company."

"I am sorry," I always managed to reply. "Here are the things your wife wanted."

"Oh, yes," he would say, rather abstractedly. "Thank you. Are you ready for that letter?"

He never realized the time that had to be consumed in purchasing all those things for his wife. Two hours, and sometimes three, it took me to make those purchases.

After a month I was fired, as a half a dozen girls had been fired before me, because

it was reported I "took too long for lunch."

How unfair it all is, but we have to stand for it. Most wives don't know how to be considerate. The way they treat their husbands and their husbands' stenographers is proof of that.

But there is one type of wife who doesn't treat her husband's stenographer at all. She is the snobbish wife, who is so glorified by her exalted position as a wife that she doesn't even know her husband's stenographer exists.

Take the banker's wife, for instance, who swept into the office in her costly imported gowns—for no other reason than to show herself off. I was her husband's secretary for more than a year. But never once did she signify that she knew I was there. She had never spoken to anyone in the office. I was told, but, instead of being offended, we all understood and felt sorry for her.

Her elevation from a poor waitress to the wife of a wealthy banker was too much for her. She was frightened by her position and her money and wasn't at all sure how she ought to act. She was trying hard to "play the lady" and was finding it difficult, poor thing, for she had confused the difference between a "lady" and a "snob." I am afraid she never succeeded in turning into the former, but at the latter she was most successful.

Her husband, on the other hand, born to wealth and position, was kind and genial, pleasant to everyone and always thoughtful. What he actually thought of his waitress-wife after he had her, I don't know. He spoke of her with pride and was always thinking up delightful surprises for her. He bought her innumerable gifts—lovely diamond and sapphire bracelets, beautiful earrings and pins. Whatever she asked for and hundreds of things she didn't ask for, he gave her. She was a fortunate woman and she realized it. That is why she worked so hard, I believe, to live up to her position. She didn't know how to treat her husband's employees, so she didn't treat them at all.

Had she remained herself, she would have been a very charming person. She was lovely to look at, with her auburn hair and her violet eyes. It was no wonder her husband had fallen in love with her. But what a fool she was. We could have laughed at her, if we hadn't felt sorry for her, and I know we could have liked her, if she had only been herself.

In contrast to her there was the too-friendly wife—friendly because she wanted me to help her in managing her husband. He was a wealthy manufacturer, grouchy and irascible. He was sixty and his wife was forty-five. They had been married for twenty years and had three children. The wife, a gentle, pretty woman, lived in fear and awe of her husband. His word was law, on the surface, at least, but she used feminine wiles to get around it.

I had been in her husband's office a month, when she came in one morning and asked me to have lunch with her. Over the dainty table of a fashionable tea room, she talked of her husband, his bad temper and her difficulties.

"It is surprising, my dear," she said, "how well you are able to get along with that bear of a husband of mine. Few of his secretaries last longer than a week. He is very difficult, I am afraid. I am so glad you have been able to adjust yourself to his bad temper and his grouchy ways. It will make it so much easier for me having someone in his office like you, someone I can like and trust."

"This is a new kind of triangle," I said to myself. "I wonder what it is all about."

I soon found out. I was a go-between. When she wanted to ask her husband something, she telephoned me first to find out what sort of humor he was in. I learned to expect her telephone calls around eleven

o'clock in the morning. She and her husband never saw each other in the morning. By the time she was up, he was in the office and she had no way of knowing, except through me, whether her husband was in an approachable humor. With my assurance that his humor was good, she would telephone him later. If I told her he was especially grouchy that morning, she would let the matter go over until his frame of mind was better.

She called me into consultation over her household accounts and asked me details about her husband's affairs, for her husband was the sort of man who did not believe in talking business with his wife.

She called on me for help in presenting her bills from modistes and milliners. Her husband always grumbled at the sight of bills. At her request, I saved the bills until his humor was good and then handed them to him.

I GREW very fond of her and felt more than sorry for her. Her husband was bad enough as an employer; as a husband he must have been terrible, yet she had stood it for twenty years. At the end of one year as his secretary I had to leave and take a month's rest before I was able to take another position.

Not so long ago, I was secretary to a man, middle-aged and successful. He was not a gay Lothario by any means and no aspiring Juliet would have selected him for her Romeo. He had worked hard to accumulate his fortune and to achieve his position in his profession. I don't believe he had ever actually played in his life and I am sure he had never looked at any other woman but his wife.

During my first week there, his wife came in. She looked at me and the trouble started. From that day on, she telephoned the office on every possible occasion and came in in person at least three times a week. She was sure her husband and I were having an affair.

One day Mr. V— asked me if I wouldn't stay that night to help him get out work that had to be attended to at once. I was quite willing. To save time, he suggested that we have dinner together and talk over some of the problems while we were eating. I put on my hat and coat and we were starting out of the office door together, when Mrs. V— made her appearance.

"I knew I'd find you," she shouted, her face livid with jealousy. "Work! So that's what you call it, when a man neglects his wife and children and begins paying attention to his stenographer."

"Is that the only way you can get a man, by stealing him?" she flashed at me.

Mr. V— was humiliated by the scene.

"I am sorry that this should happen," he said to me, then turned to his wife and tried vainly to quiet her.

"You are making a fool of yourself, Irene," he said. "There is no need of this. I have some work that must be got out tonight and Miss— was good enough to say she would help me."

But Mrs. V— was beyond being quieted. Mr. V— looked at me and said, "We won't be able to do anything tonight. You had better go home."

I left them in the office. As a result of that scene Mr. V— lost several thousand dollars and Mrs. V— lost her husband.

He left the house that night and has never returned to her. He provides for her amply, but will never live with her again. He apologized to me the next morning for the unpleasantness. It had happened many times before, he said, but that was the breaking point. He would never love any other woman, he told me, and he had no intention of obtaining a divorce, but he could not stand his wife's jealousy any longer.

[Continued on page 84]

Hygienic Freedom

Such As Women Never Knew Before

Peace-of-Mind . . . Comfort . . . Immaculacy



Easy
Disposal
and 2 other
important
factors

This New Way is Changing the Hygienic Habits of Millions by Banishing the Hazards of Old Ways—Positive Protection, Plus an End Forever to the Problem of Disposal.

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Registered Nurse

YOU wear gayest, sheerest gowns without fear; you meet every social and business exactment in peace-of-mind and comfort, this new way.

It supplants the hazards and uncertainties of the old-time "sanitary pad" with protection that is absolute. Millions of women are flocking to its use.

The name is Kotex. Doctors urge it. Nurses employ it. Women find in it the scientific solution of their oldest hygienic problem. Its use will make a great difference in your life.

What Kotex is

Unknown a few years ago, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have discarded the insecure "sanitary pads" of yesterday and adopted Kotex.



*Supplied also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

① Disposed of as easily as tissue. No laundry.

Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the world's super-absorbent, Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton pad.

It discards easily as tissue. No laundry—no embarrassment of disposal.

It also thoroughly deodorizes, and thus ends all fear of offending.

Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the only sanitary napkin embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding.

It is the *only* napkin made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere, without hesitancy, simply by saying "Kotex." Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super.

Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX

PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

Kotex Regular: 65¢ per dozen

Kotex-Super: 90¢ per dozen

No laundry—discards as easily as a piece of tissue



② True protection—5 times as absorbent as ordinary cotton.



③ Obtain without embarrassment, at any store,* simply by saying "Kotex."

FREE — The Kissproof Girl — send coupon for 12-color art print



Kissproof Lipstick is waterproof—it stays on!

Once applied, your lips are beautiful, full colored, gorgeous things — and not for an hour or two hours, but for the entire day. Kissproof is so different you will wonder how you were ever satisfied with the ordinary kind.

Flatters every complexion.

Kissproof is such a rare blend of red and orange it will instantly make your lips vivid, brilliant, and gorgeous — yet so delicate, so subtly natural one would never know you used a lipstick at all.

Send for Kissproof Beauty Box

It contains a dainty, miniature Kissproof Lipstick, a beautifully decorated box of the wonderful new windproof Kissproof Face Powder, a generous supply of Kissproof Rouge, the last word in vivid, daring, yet natural color, and a whole month's supply of Delica-Brow, the original waterproof liquid dressing for the lashes and brows.



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Send me the Kissproof Beauty Box. I enclose 20 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Also include 12 color Art Print of Kissproof Girl, free. Check shade of powder.
☐ Flesh ☐ White ☐ Brunette ☐ Ivory

Name _____
Address _____

I wonder if Mrs. V — really minded losing her husband. Often during the last ten years I have thought that the greatest interest of many wives in their husbands is entirely financial. How the husbands stand the perpetual demands made upon them for money I do not know. "Give me this" and "Buy me that" is the song of their wives. With that, their interest in their husbands ends. Their husbands are check-books made for the gratification of their own vanity. I have worked for men whose business was on the verge of collapse, but whose wives continued just as extravagant as before. They considered fur coats and Paris gowns their due as wives. If business was bad, that was their husband's affair, not theirs.

If their husbands try to reason with them and ask them to retrench on their expenditures for a while, they smile, shrug their shoulders helplessly and say, "Oh, business again! You know I know nothing about business. I can't be bothered with such things. If you wanted a business woman for your wife, why didn't you marry one?"

And their husbands do what they can — nothing. If they refuse to give their wives money, they are met with tears and reproaches. So they grin and bear it, work a little harder, worry a little more and write more checks to satisfy their wives' selfishness.

It is amazing how little sense the majority of wives have. You would suppose that any woman would have sense enough not to interfere with her husband's business. Yet, that is what hundreds of wives do every day.

The wife who will leave her husband's office when she is told he is "busy" or "in a conference" is extremely rare. Being his wife, she thinks, puts her in a class apart, and ordinary rules and regulations do not apply to her. I have had wives brush right by me and crash into an important conference where a big deal was being put over in spite of my admonition that "Mr — is in conference now and cannot be disturbed."

Mrs. C — was like that. A pretty, little blonde, without an atom of gray matter. Everybody liked her. We couldn't help it. She was like a fluffy little kitten. As a wife, her husband must have found her very annoying.

I was in her husband's office for two years, but never once during that time was I successful in keeping her out of the private office, when she wanted to go in. She has scampered past me and into a room full of men to ask her husband to meet her at lunch and go shopping with her, to tell him the cook had left, or that a dress had been ruined by the cleaner.

SHE always had something so "very, very important" that she "simply must" see him about. An armed guard could not have prevented her from having her own way. And her husband took it all with a resigned grin.

"Run along now, dear, I'm very busy," he would say.

Reluctantly she would go, only to telephone in fifteen minutes or so to tell her husband "something, very, very important." Six times a day she would call, insisting that her husband take time to talk to her. "Stupid business" she called it. She didn't realize that by her constant annoyance she was making him lose business all the time, and that it was with difficulty he was able to meet all her demands for the extravagant clothes and costly jewels she considered so essential.

Next week I am taking another position. I wonder what kind of wife I shall find there. Any kind, I am sure, but the perfect wife. She, I am afraid, will never exist, until I give up my typewriter for a wedding ring. When or whom I shall marry, I do not know, but I do know that my husband must be a business man and he must employ a secretary.

I know so well how a wife should behave. I will be the perfect wife, if I can.

Stenographers

[Continued from page 30]

so long that she felt she owned it. Moreover she was getting along in years and we want new blood and something more snappy than she is."

"A snappy stenographer?" I raised my eyebrows skeptically. "I should think respectability would rank above snappiness."

Robert laughed his easy laugh. "You don't get what I mean, Honey," he said. "Morals have nothing to do with it and there is no moral issue at stake. When I spoke of something snappy, I meant that we should have, in our office, girls who are right up-to-date. Other firms have them and we ought to. As our business improves we require more help. Not only do we need a couple of stenographers but a good filing-clerk as well. Poor old Miss Meeks tried to do the work of several women and did it poorly. Now we can have a fresh deal all around."

The next deal was certainly a fresh one! I learned this some months later when I stopped at Robert's place of business one morning to ask him to let me have some money that I needed immediately. I had been invited to a bridge for the next afternoon and, as it was lovely spring weather, I decided that my best winter frock was too heavy. I saw just what I needed in one of the shops, so I took the subway down to my husband's office.

A young woman in the outer room rose

from her desk and greeted me as I entered.

"Good morning! What can I do for you?" She was smiling politely.

"I wish to see Mr. Hale," I informed her, moving towards the inner room.

"He is very busy this morning," she murmured. "Can I help you in any way?"

I looked at her for a full minute before replying. She was of medium height, about as tall as I, slender and fair, with wavy blonde hair. Her eyes were very blue and her cheeks very pink. She wore a simple dark blue dress that hung straight from the shoulders. Her figure was as slight as a boy's. She flushed under my scrutiny and repeated her question, but in another form.

"Can I give Mr. Hale any message from you? He is too busy to see callers this morning."

"Thank you, no," I said. "You can hardly take any message to him from me. I am Mrs. Hale. Unless he has some other caller in his office I will go directly in."

She flushed still more deeply. "I beg your pardon!" she stammered. "I did not know who you were. No — Mr. Hale has no caller at present. I am sure you can go right in."

"I am sure I can, too," I said. I longed to teach this young person her place. "But why did you say that Mr. Hale is busy if he is alone?"

I hoped to confuse her, but I was disap-

[Continued on page 36]

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pointed. She was clever as well as pretty. "I did not say that he was alone," she answered, pertly. "I said he had no caller. He is busy dictating. His stenographer is with him."

"Oh!" the exclamation slipped out before I could check it. Then I added—"I thought you were his stenographer."

She shook her head. "Only occasionally. Miss Du Bois is his special stenographer and secretary."

I was suddenly angry. It was humiliating for a wife to be put in the position of having her husband's affairs explained to her. Robert might at least have given me particulars regarding his office force. Without another word I crossed the room, opened the inner door without knocking, and walked directly into my husband's presence.

He was sitting at his desk, dictating to a young woman who sat close by him.

"We will let you know our decision before the first of the month!" he finished the sentence, then glanced up at the sound of my footstep.

"Margaret!" he explained in surprise, springing to his feet. "I did not know you were here. Why didn't Miss Bates announce you? Come in and sit down." Then, with a glance at the girl who sat still, her dark eyes fixed on me, he said:

"Margaret, this is Miss Du Bois. Miss Du Bois, this is Mrs. Hale."

The girl got up slowly, pushing her chair back as she did so. "How do you do?" she said to me. Her voice was soft and drawing. Then, to her employer:

"I shall wait outside, Mr. Hale. Will you send for me when you want me?"

"Yes," he said. "You might go ahead with the letters I have given you. I shall send for you in a very few minutes."

She went out, closing the door behind her. "And now," Robert turned to me, "what do you want, my dear?"

I have always hated my husband's business manner. In his office he is a different man from what he is outside. I always resent his preoccupied speech and look. I resented it that morning.

"You might be as cordial to me as you are to your secretary," I reminded him. "Your whole tone changed when you spoke to me after dismissing her."

He drew his brows together. "Did I speak curtly to you, my dear? I am sorry. To tell the truth I am terribly rushed this morning. There are some important letters that I must get off before noon, and I have several appointments within the next two hours."

"I was warned away when I came into the outer office," I remarked. "I would not have come down if I had had any idea how carefully shielded you are. You did not tell me that there are two angels guarding the gates of your paradise to keep out intruders like myself."

HE TRIED to laugh. "I would hardly call my office a paradise," he said. "But it is the place where I make the money to keep our establishment running, Margaret. It so happens that I did tell you long ago that I must get at least two persons in Miss Meek's place. You protested, and it was so evident that you understood little of my business needs I said no more. Now what can I do for you?"

I would not quarrel with him here. Robert's temper is not the sweetest in the world, and I did not want to anger him at that moment. So as briefly as possible I told him that I would be glad if he could give me the money for a new dress. In silence he sat down and drew his check-book towards him. When he had written the check, he handed it to me.

"I am sorry," he said, "that I have not the ready money here, but you can get this cashed on your way up-town."

I hesitated. "I wish you could get it for me now," I said. "I do not want to go around by the bank. It is out of my way."

Without another word he pushed a button. The fair-haired girl from the outer office appeared in the doorway.

"Miss Bates," Robert said, "please give this check to Perkins and tell him to take it around to the bank and get the money immediately and please send Miss Du Bois back to me. I must get these letters off at once."

I met Miss Du Bois on my way across the outer office where Miss Bates moved a chair forward for me.

"Won't you sit down?" she suggested. "Mr. Perkins will be back soon."

I thanked her coldly and took the chair she offered me. I felt like an outsider in my own husband's domain.

I HAVE gone into particulars regarding this experience because I believe it is a typical one. If wives were honest they would probably admit that they have been made to feel just as I did. Young girls of whose existence they know next to nothing are in a position to patronize them, yes, even to protect a man against the intrusion of his own wife.

Stop for a moment and think of the situation. The man leaves his home at eight-thirty or thereabouts every morning and does not return until five-thirty or six. While he is in his home he spends approximately seven hours in sleep, and an hour-and-a-half in eating. If he and his wife entertain or go into society to any extent, that takes a number of hours each week when they cannot be alone together. Compute how much more opportunity for private communication the stenographer has with her employer than the wife has with her husband.

Moreover, the husband sees his wife at her worst. In the early morning, when she must sit opposite him at breakfast, which, unless they be people of comfortable means, she has prepared with her own hands. If so, she cannot look dainty and fresh nor wear a becoming negligée or frock. If there are small children in the family they must be attended to and hurried off to school. The whole home is in an untidy or disorderly condition during the early hours of the day. The wife is heavy-eyed and, perhaps, slightly peevish as the result of overtaxed nerves.

From this middle-aged woman and these surroundings the man goes to his office. Here everything is in spick and span order. His pretty stenographer smiles a cheery greeting to him. Her perfectly arranged hair is in exquisite wave or curl; her manicured nails glow, as nails can when one has no housework to do; her cheeks have on them just enough rouge to simulate the glow of health; in fact, she is faultlessly groomed. Her nerves are calm and steady, for she has youth and independence. If she does not like this employer, she can get another. Her pretty face and her good figure will help her. Moreover she knows her job of stenography well.

In this atmosphere the husband draws a free breath. "Home was never like this!" he sighs.

No, it never was and never will be until wives have the ease and luxuries that stenographers can afford, or until husbands are as considerate of the women to whom they are married as they are of the girls they employ.

One woman sums up the conditions with a frankness that is perhaps coarse. "You see," she says, "the man owns the wife; he only hires the stenographer."

A great truth lies back of that statement. It is said that a man does not run after a car when it has stopped. The wife is the car that has stopped. The stenographer is

the one that he may lose unless he speeds up. So he speeds up for the benefit of the attractive and convenient girl.

I consider it unfair. I am sure other wives will agree with me.

I wonder if many of them have had the same kind of experience that was mine last year.

Miss Du Bois, my husband's special stenographer, was ill during the summer. Robert told me about it, saying that she would not be at the office for some weeks and regretting that her absence threw extra work upon Miss Bates. I tried to show a polite and unresentful interest.

"Is Miss Bates a good stenographer?" I asked. I recalled the dainty figure and the great blue eyes.

"Pretty good, and she gets better all the time. She is not as rapid as Miss Du Bois, for she has not had as much experience. Still she is coming on finely."

"Ruth?" I repeated quickly. "Is that what you call her?"

He laughed confusedly. "That is her name," he said,—"Ruth Bates,—but of course in the office she is known as Miss Bates."

"Do you call her that?" I insisted.

"Of course I do," he replied impatiently.

I was sure he was lying but I could not prove it, so I let the matter drop.

It was six weeks later when he told me that Miss Du Bois was so far improved that she could return to the office for a few hours each day.

"It must be a comfort to have her back," I said.

"It is," he said, "in a way. Still she is so pale and thin that I feel a bit uncomfortable about having her work just yet. Miss Bates is doing very well, too—quite as well now as Miss Du Bois was doing before she left."

"Why not keep Miss Bates on for a while longer," I suggested, "until Miss Du Bois is really strong and well again?"

I FORCED myself to speak with calm interest. I was glad that my husband was breaking through his usual reserve and taciturnity regarding things in his office. I must not betray any feeling of dislike for either of his employees. He looked gratified at my show of altruistic interest in these girls.

"I can't very well keep little Miss Bates working much longer just now," he said. "The poor child has done double duty all summer and has had no vacation. She would work for me until she dropped, and she looks now as if she would drop soon if she does not get away. I have told her she must go on a month's vacation next week and she must."

I tried not to remember how tired I had been during the long summer weeks. Robert's business would keep him in town until October and I did not like to go away and leave him. In the fall he was going down to North Carolina for a fortnight's hunting. Of course I would hardly go with him. When was I to have my vacation?

Still I would not ask this spiteful question. It was true that Robert worked hard. Woman's duties, such as planning meals, superintending the work of a none-too-efficient maid, mending, looking after a small boy, canning and preserving and entertaining occasionally, are not counted as hard labor by the family man. Yet he can feel pity and sympathy for the girl who sits in his quiet, cool office for seven, or at the most eight, hours a day, then goes home and does nothing until tomorrow morning.

I did not say this, though I was thinking it. But a week later I did say something. It was forced from me by my sense of justice and my indignation.

It was one morning when Robert had overslept. He had dressed hurriedly and put on a different suit than the one he had

The WOMEN who fascinate MEN



what is their dangerous power?

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worn the day before. In his haste he neglected to take his check-book from the pocket of his other suit. When, after his departure, I started to hang up the clothes he had left on his chair, the check-book slipped from his pocket and fell to the floor.

I picked it up and opened it.

On the last stub that had been used I saw two initials. They were "R. B." Then there were the figures \$100.00.

Who was R. B.? Why was not her whole name written out?

In a flash I knew the truth. R. B. was Ruth Bates. My husband had not cared to put this payment on record, had not wanted to write the name down in black and white.

I FELT suddenly faint and sick. For a moment everything swam around me. Robert who, I believed, loved me, was paying out money to another woman.

Then my common sense tried to assert itself. There was some explanation of this thing. I must know what it was, at once. If I could just speak one moment to Robert!

I must have been slightly unbalanced to think of doing this over the telephone. But impulsively I called up my husband's office. A clear young voice answered.

"I want to speak to Mr. Hale," I said curtly.

"I am sorry, but he is in conference this morning and cannot be disturbed. Can I give him a message from you later?"

The words were uttered with the slight drawl that I remembered as a peculiarity of Miss Du Bois's.

"This is Mrs. Hale," I said coldly. "I wish to speak to my husband."

She hesitated before answering. Then she said:

"I am so sorry, Mrs. Hale, but Mr. Hale ordered me particularly not to let anyone disturb him for the next hour. You understand, I am sure, that I cannot go back of his orders."

A sinister suspicion came to my mind. Could it be that Robert was somewhere with Miss Bates? It was a crazy idea and drove me to ask a ridiculous question.

"May I speak to Miss Bates, please?"

"Miss Bates is away," was the reply. "She left last night on her vacation."

"Ah!" I heard myself exclaim. I hope there was no sound of relief in the ejaculation.

Again the voice spoke. "Can I give your husband any message from you?"

The patronizing tone irritated me.

"You need not give Mr. Hale any message from me, thank you!" I replied curtly. "You need not even tell him that I called up."

That she paid no attention to my suggestion was proved that night by my husband's asking me if I had wanted him especially that morning. "I was sorry to have been busy when you called," he added, "but when I am in conference I cannot be disturbed."

"So the supercilious young person down there told me!" I informed him. "It would be rather uncomfortable if someone was ill or dying and you could not be reached."

"Don't be absurd," he said. "Under those conditions you could explain to my secretary and she would know enough to break my rules. She is no fool!"

"She certainly is not," I agreed with a harsh laugh. "Nor, I fancy, is Miss Bates, your Ruth."

His face darkened ominously. "What are you driving at?" he demanded.

I was too angry to be discreet. I told him of my having read the stub in his check-book. Only for a moment did he look embarrassed. Then he asked me defiantly:

"Well, what of it? What if you did read

something that is my own especial property, what of it?"

"Only this," I said, "that I do not fancy Miss Bates draws a hundred a week for her services as stenographer, nor that you pay her salary from your own private account."

"She certainly does not draw that sum, nor do I pay her salary from my own account!" he flashed back. "Since you must know, I will tell you the truth—a truth that I would have told you before now if you were not always so infernally jealous and suspicious. Miss Bates worked so hard and so faithfully during Miss Du Bois's illness that when she went away I gave her a hundred dollars to help pay for a trip to Lake George. If ever a girl deserved a bonus it is she. And as I work pretty hard for my money, I suppose I have a right to spend it on such charitable purposes as I happen to select."

He was very angry, and his wrath struck fire from mine. I eyed him unflinchingly.

"Charitable purposes!" I sneered. "There is an old adage that charity begins at home. In this case it is proved to be a lie. Your charity does not take in your own wife who works overtime and has not had a vacation nor extra pay in years."

He grew deadly white. For a moment his pallor frightened me. I had never seen him so angry. When he spoke his voice was low and tense.

"I had no thought of putting you on the same footing as a paid employee," he said slowly. "If it is your wish that I do so, I will try to readjust my ideas."

THEN he left the room. That evening he brought me a check for five hundred dollars. I gasped when I looked at it.

"I wish you to use this for any vacation you may want to take," he said bitterly. "I do not claim that it pays all I owe you for what you call overtime work, but it may be a small compensation for the sacrifices you have made for me."

"Do you think I want to be put on the basis of a paid employee?" I said.

He did not answer me for a moment, then he said:

"I swear to God I don't know what you do want! Margaret, I simply do not understand you."

Of course he did not. Of course he never could. For he is a man and I am a woman. We made up our quarrel later, for we really love each other in spite of being married.

Since then I have tried consistently to keep silence about his stenographers. He has had others besides the two of whom I have written. All of them are well-groomed. All are patronizing in manner towards the woman who is only the wife of their employer.

There is nothing I can do about it, no matter how much I may worry over the fact that my husband spends most of his waking hours in the company of women younger and better-looking than I. As I have said, I do not discuss the situation with Robert. He would accuse me of jealousy, and as soon as a man suspects that a wife is jealous he becomes more secretive than ever. At least I know that Robert does.

I know also that he likes to have attractive women about him. A friend tells me that she has given her husband to understand that he is not to have a pretty girl in his office. I wonder if she is really such a fool as to imagine that her husband submits to her prohibition. He may have a homely spinster in his outer office to greet and intercept intruders such as his wife, but I would be willing to wager that in his private office he has as his own especial stenographer something that is what Robert would term "easy to look at." You see I know the way of a man with a maid, particularly the way of a husband with his stenographer.

A Flapper Sets Me Right

(Continued from page 15)

"but quizzed. I want you to help me to understand the young folks of today so that I may interpret them correctly when need arises. What is it all about? Why this, that and the other innovation?"

Mildred's calm young eyes searched mine appraisingly. Apparently she was satisfied with what she saw, for she replied:

"The witness swears to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help her Gunga Dhin. You may fire when you are ready, Gridley!"

"Well then," I rejoined, "Let us say, 'quo vadis?'"

"Wait-a-minute—wait-a-minute!" she shrieked in mock terror. "Lemme consult me eddication! Oh yes, 'whither goest thou?' What?"

I smiled approvingly.

"THAT'S a fine Binet test," Mildred grimaced, "but I'll do my silly old best. The answer is 'Nowhere but here.' You see, Uncle David, we're consolidated in our new positions; it's the others who'll have to take the next step. And if you don't understand what I mean by 'the others,' I'll explain. I'm talking about our delightful and moss-grown elders. All they have to do is to catch up."

"Ah, now I understand!" I replied. "The tail is wagging the dog."

Mildred stared absently into my Moorish fireplace without seeming to have heard my words. I watched her expression and saw it turn from recklessness into contemplation and thence to utter weariness. Still I kept silent, until finally she turned to me with the light of resolve in her eyes.

"Unky David," she said, and once again she seemed the sweet little girl my good Julia had loved so devotedly, "I'm going to try to make you understand our side of it. I came here prepared for a knock-down and drag-out, but I'm sure you will understand."

"The old folks call us 'flappers'; we call them 'oldtimers' and worse. They sit back and roll the cud of Victorian virtue under their musty old tongues, and never once have they tried to realize what it is we are demanding."

"Perhaps if you'll give it a name, I will be able to follow you more understandingly," I suggested.

"Right!" she replied. "The little word the gentleman asks to hear is 'honesty.'"

"From the days of Eve down to those of 1918, the young girl's principal line of instruction was deception and I mean d-e-c-e-p-t-i-o-n, too, nothing less."

"Girls were taught to pretend a sweetness and innocence totally foreign to their natural impulses. They were taught to lie by word and by act and to simulate a modesty as far from their actual natures as daylight is different from darkness. They were taught that their bodies were shameful things; that their minds were sinks of iniquity to be kept covered like a polluted well. Men might discuss life, sex and human contacts with their fellows unrestrained, but the girl's sole rôle was to create of herself a mystery."

"Like any other fugitive she adopted an unnatural personality, and through her waking hours she simulated a rôle which would give her the greatest assurance of safety. Naturalness was a lost art. She was surrounded by inhibitions and social 'don'ts' which so far outnumbered the social laws under the head of 'do' that she was well on

Miss Anderson's Statement

When I arrived at the Kaufmann & Fabry Studio my hair was straight, as you may see in the picture at the left. I had very little faith in any of the so-called hair-wavers and expected I would have to visit my hairdresser before keeping my other posing appointments in the afternoon. To my delight, as you will see from the center photograph, it was not necessary. My hair was perfectly waved. I have proved to my own satisfaction that Maison Marcelle's will save time, money and the bother of waiting to have one's hair marcelled.

(Signed) Evelyn Anderson.

Notice to Readers

A Chicago representative of this magazine and representatives of over one hundred other nationally known magazines and newspapers witnessed a demonstration of these waves and found them to be successful and very satisfactory.



Glorious Waves Like This Week In—Week Out

Amazing Method Makes Perfect Marcel Just 30 Minutes—At Home—Whenever Convenient

If anyone ever told you that you could have the loveliest marcelled hair ever now, every day in the year, without another trip to the beauty shop, without another ruinous touch of the hot iron or other torturous methods, you wouldn't believe it. Yet, it is literally true. You can have the most beautifully groomed, gloriously waved head of hair imaginable, all the time. And you needn't step outside your home to get it. Just 30 minutes with the Maison Marcelle, once a week—right at home—and marcel, as perfect and lovely as the most skilled specialist in waving can give, will be yours from now on.

A \$1.50 Marcel Saved Every Time You Use Them

No one knows better than you how those trips to the beauty shop mount up. Your Maison Marcelle will save all this expense. This is the first time in all, you have saved the price of a new frock. And the initial cost is practically nothing—just the price of a marcel or two—and you are free from waving expense forever!

It Waves While You Dress

What if someone does phone a dinner invitation just after you have come in from a swim, with your hair still damp? What if you do so soon from a blowy motor ride or a wave-ruining routine of go to find that the crowd is planning to leave in thirty minutes for a dance in a nearby town? You can be ready, with hair beautifully groomed and smoothly waved.

Restores Your Hair's Natural Beauty

Consider what happens to your hair when it is continuously waved with hot iron. As you know, each single hair is a tiny hollow tube. Every time the hot iron touches it each fragile tube is bent and twisted, first one way, then another. This constant bending back and forth soon breaks the hair off, and leaves you with a head of uneven length, brittle hair. Your hair will regain all you won't believe how quickly your hair will regain all the soft, silky lustre that Nature has bestowed on it, once you are free from the tyranny of hot iron, the hot blast of water-wave "setting." A few months and your hair will recover its beauty. And after that, you will never go back again to hair-ruining iron.

Maybe you have let your hair go completely, worried along with straight, stringy, unkempt locks, because your hair could not longer stand the ruinous waving methods. This is your chance to have again all the softening, becoming beauty of naturally waved locks.

For Any Kind of Hair—For Any Arrangement

The photographs reproduced above tell more plainly than words just what a wonderful wave the Maison Marcelle achieve. The prominent photographer who took these pictures has given an affidavit testifying to the facts. The model herself was so delighted with the results of the Maison Marcelle wave that she also added her statement to that of the photographer. For no matter whether your hair is soft and fluffy, coarse and straight, long or short, the Maison Marcelle will give you a wave of unbelievable beauty. No matter how you wear it—in a shingle bob, in a Claret, horseshoe wave or pompadour, center or side part—you will have a perfect marcel, perfectly suited to the style you prefer. It is the simplest thing in the world to do. Just place the Maison Marcelle on your hair and catch the locks in place. The Maison Marcelle adapts themselves to any style—any requirement. They are amazingly comfortable on the head, too. Made of soft rubber, light and flexible, scientifically designed. If you have had a "permanent," the Maison Marcelle are just the thing you need to change its link into a soft, natural wave, or they will replace its disappearing curl with a smooth,

even marcel. Of course, if you haven't had a permanent there is no need ever to have one. Maison Marcelle make other waving absolutely unnecessary.

Before putting this Marceling Outfit on the market, we asked fifty women to try it out and give us their opinion. Without exception, they were most enthusiastic about it. Here are part of some of the letters we received:

Miss M. S., Chicago: I recently had a permanent wave put in my hair and since then have had lots of trouble making my hair look right. But with your Maison Marcelle I no longer have to bother with water combs and now my hair is always beautifully marcelled.

Miss K. W., Chicago: Since I have quit applying heat to my hair, it is quickly regaining lustre and beauty. I think your marcelers are wonderful!

Mrs. A. K., Memphis: I am cursed with thin, straight hair that is unusually hard to wave. I have tried many home marceling outfits, but have always been disappointed until your Maison Marcelle came. Now I can easily keep my hair in a dandy marcel, just the way I want it. I can't say too much for your new invention.

Our Remarkable Liberal Offer Extended for a Limited Time

As a special inducement we have been offering Maison Marcelle at a special price. To safeguard purchasers who order immediately we guarantee to honor all orders received from this advertisement at the price quoted in the coupon. A complete set of Maison Marcelle, including a new and authentic marcel fashion chart, for only \$2.98, plus a few cents postage—a price that scarcely covers the cost of making, packing and delivering.

Send No Money—Just Mail the Coupon

Even at this special price, you need not risk a penny. Just sign and mail the coupon. In a few days, when the postman brings your outfit, just deposit \$2.98 with him (plus a few cents postage). And when you put in your first marcel, you'll say it was the best purchase you ever made in your life, for your hair waving troubles are ended. Every time you use this outfit, you'll get better and better results and you'll never have to spend your good time and money for marcel again. After you have tried this marvelous new marceling outfit for 5 days, if you are not delighted with results—and if it doesn't give you the most beautiful marcel you ever had and improve your hair in every way—simply return the outfit to us and your money will be refunded quickly and cheerfully. But don't put it off. Be among the first to take advantage of this special introductory offer. Fill in and mail the coupon today!

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124 W. Illinois St. Chicago, Illinois

COUPON

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Gentlemen:

Please send me your newly invented marceling outfit, including set of Maison Marcelle, Marcel Style Chart and complete directions for waving, which I will follow. I agree to deposit \$2.98 (plus postage) with the postman when he makes delivery. If the marcelers do not put a well defined wave in my hair I will return the outfit within 5 days and you are to refund the purchase price without argument or delay.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

NOTE: If you expect to be out when the postman comes, enclose \$3.10 with your order and the Marceling Outfit will be sent postpaid.



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the way towards mental and spiritual oblivion.

"With the passage of the years boys were given more and yet more liberties, and their pursuit of the lying, pretending girl became more vicious. Old maids, frumps and iron-jawed she-executives were held up to us by our parents as moral patterns. The picture was truly not an interesting one to a young and beautiful girl with a mind already in rebellion against the Victorian standards and prejudices. Actually, we came to associate virtue with ugliness and cotton underthings.

"Finally there came the overthrow, a true revolution motivated by generations of personality pretense. We saw our brothers and boy playmates living their lives as fancy dictated. They were unblamed in the main, and were totally unhampered by the 'moral stain' which we girls were taught disbarred us forever from decent society if we claimed the same privilege.

"The war had much to do with the overturn. Our brothers and sweethearts met and loved the daughters of the French people, the most frank and outspoken girls in the world. Then our soldiers returned and found us a collection of moral and mental hypocrites. The finding did not seem good to them.

"So we resolved, universally and individually, that we would become honest; that we would meet our men-folk on the common ground of their own choosing, taking unto ourselves their privileges and customs. And why not, I ask? The woman puts identically as much into the home as does the man. Justice demands that her reward in happiness shall be equal to his.

"The first result of the change was the abolition of the double standard of morality. Another generation will see that the 'Thou shalt not's' are directed equally at men and women. Today we do exactly what our boy friends do, and we defy them to criticize us! Ten years ago a girl had to hide behind her pretended modesty to shield herself from the approaches of men. Today she looks such individuals squarely in the face and says:

"On your way, Mister. You and your sort don't enter into my love plans at all."

"Do we talk sex? Uncle David, we do! And then some! We discuss it from all angles, privately and in mixed company. Therefore sex has ceased to be a mystery, and has become merely a matter of physiology. We discuss it much as it would be discussed in a clinic, or as we would talk of sunburn, freckles or hiccoughs.

"The great change, of course, is that we talk it anywhere instead of merely in the privacy of our bedrooms with our girl friends. And in our very frankness lies protection, for when you let a man see that you know his advances are entirely selfish, you put him on the defensive.

"TAKE 'flirting' or 'spooning' for illustration. Ten years ago this promiscuous parodying of love would have seemed a terribly indecent thing, something to be concealed from even one's closest chum. Today it means nothing more than a hand-shake.

"I will kiss any good-looking boy of my own station in life much as I would pet a friendly puppy, and as impersonally. And despite what mother, grandma and the other old fogies say, there isn't a thrill in a thousand such kisses.

"Oscar Wilde once wrote something to the effect that the quickest way to overcome temptation was to submit to it. So it is with spooning. Knowing it has robbed it of its dangers.

"We girls of today have come to differentiate between real and spurious love. There is a callous on our emotional nerves and I say in all sincerity that it takes a better and finer boy today to arouse my interest than ever before."

"But Mildred," I urged, still fighting to

retain some of my ingrained theories, "don't you feel messy with all of this promiscuous loving and the drinking parties?"

"Honestly, I must answer 'Yes,'" the child replied, "but we are resolved to do those things the boys are permitted to do without being degraded in the eyes of society. And we girls will continue to do them until both sexes tire of them and turn again toward the old-time things—if, and when!"

"And," she continued, "let's get this liquor thing straight, along with cigarettes—yes, and going too far with boys.

"God did not give men one set of morals and women another. That is man's work; and what a mess man has made of it! I want something more out of life than permission to mother the children of some giddy boy who has gone the limit while 'sowing his wild oats.' My babies are going to be clean and wholesome.

"THE Code of Morals has demanded for centuries that woman keep herself unspoiled that she may be fit to don the white bridal outfit of innocence. Her only other reward has been the doubtful 'privilege' of blinding herself to the former indiscretions of the man who has chosen her.

"Our slogan is: 'We have the right to do what our brothers do.' And we are going to stick to it despite the Victorian code, the protests of our respected parents, and the condemnation of the Ancient Order of Mossbacks everywhere."

"But," I interrupted, "what price success, my dear, if the battle is won at the expense of the combined feminine virtue of our country?"

"Well for snoring in church!" the remarkable child replied. "Be your age, Uncle. You give me a laugh! There's just as much real virtue today as ever before, and as little! The only difference is that there's no more pretending and hypocrisy; and those dizzy boy friends of ours are coming to know that we've developed a strong selective sense.

"And now I'm going to tell you a real secret. I'm just as interested in marriage, in dreams of a home and babies of my own as grandma was, but I'll say this very frankly: I'm going to sort over my list of eligibles pretty carefully before I choose one, and my choice will be a first-grade, undamaged man fit to father my children and fit to hold my respect.

"Instead of going to the eternal bow-wows we're putting a new valuation on ourselves, the valuation of honest thinking and honest adherence to our principles. And if a boy is crude enough to ask me if I ever have misbehaved, I look him squarely in the eye, just as I do you, and I say to him: 'Yes, boy friend; now how about yourself and a lot of the girls I know?'"

Such frankness! I was amazed and disturbed. But the clear eyes of the girl never wavered and finally it was I who broke the silence.

"Well, at least you have the courage of your convictions," I stammered weakly.

"Why not?" she countered. "Is that not better than the after-marriage 'confession' and the high-minded 'forgiveness' of the lord-and-master husband?"

"We've done away with prudishness, with hypocrisy, with the double standard and with feminine deceit. We're exhibiting ourselves, unadorned in life's show-window for inspection by the discriminating, not hid on a bargain counter in a dark corner where the rips and ravels cannot be seen."

I was in the last ditch. One cannot combat a declaration of principle based on the rock of truth, but I was resolved on one final protest.

"But what about your mother?" I asked gently. "You and I both know what a wonderful woman she is."

Mildred's eyes lost a bit of the crusader

light and she put her hand impulsively on mine as she replied:

"Poor old moss-grown momsy! She's a part of the revolt. What did she ever tell me about sex? Nothing! What instruction did she give me in the mysteries of life? None! She told me assuredly that virtue was its own reward and a lot of those moronic platitudes, but she never was my pal.

"Mother represents the opposition. She and her mother and their grandmothers and great-greats built up the system we of today have overthrown. Some generation of mothers must suffer the pangs of the overthrow and apparently it was written ages ago that my mother and her kind must be the ones. They'll come to understand it all some day and then they'll be glad for us."

Then, abruptly, little Miss Mildred gave me a thrill-deleted peck on the forehead and took her New Code and New Morals off to another round of parties.

My dear friend, Julia, came to me the next day. She was a finely finished specimen of the grande-dame mother.

"David, dear friend," she said, "tell me quickly what is the matter between me and my child. You know how I love her."

"The matter is you, and the other mothers, and the rest of our old-foggy crew," I told her straight from the shoulder and scowling mightily. "Mildred is years older than either of us. Perchance she is even wiser. Anyway she is the product of a new social order for which we alone are responsible and, Julia dear, she's more than half right!"

"Wh-wh-wha-what?" quivered my dear old friend. "You mean that you sympathize with her and—"

"Sympathize with and believe in her," I responded firmly.

"Oh, David!" Julia pleaded tearfully. "How can you? What am I to do? Why, you're as bad as those terrible children!"

"I hope I am as good as they, my dear friend," I replied earnestly. "For they at least are honest. They've quit pretending; they're smashing the double moral standard and if you'll give them a little time and much understanding you'll find the pendulum swinging back to normal."

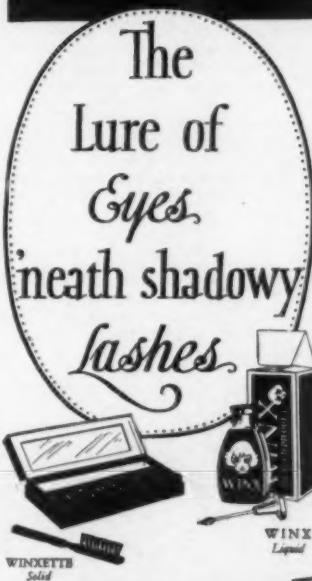
"Understanding!" she wailed. "How can a good woman understand actual sin?"

"Remember the Delphic oracle," I replied, "and the maxim: 'Know thyself.' Then you'll know Mildred. And I want you to take this thought home with you. Basically she's just as good as any girl of our generation was at her age, and she will be just as good a mother and probably a better grandmother. Only, she's tackling the life game from a different angle, and if you want your daughter back you will have to meet her mind to mind and try to carry on with her in sympathy."

A note from Mildred a day or two later, read:

"Dear Uncle David: You're a man and a brother! So glad you've convinced mother that we're more to be petted than censored. She's almost human. Yours, with only a couple of struggles, Mids."

IF YOUR husband were an unsuccessful business man and you were disappointed in him because of it, would you allow yourself to accept the attentions of another man who was successful? Or would you resent his interest in you even to the extent of refusing to let him aid your husband? Would you have the right to try to persuade your husband not to take advantage of the man's generosity? Read my story "A Bribe for Love" in August SMART SET and see what you would have done.



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The Real Diary of a Real Girl

[Continued from page 20]

pleased with my things. When they were done he went with me and I paraded in them up and down the big gray salon. It was the happiest moment of my life. When I saw myself in those wonderful gowns, like my namesake Narcissus, I could have kissed my image in the glass. I look different, that is it. Most of the girls in the revue and the movies are pretty-pretty, fluffy and lovely and pink and white. I look like I might be made of the finest kind of golden wires. I am as smooth and cool as marble, as proud and straight as a tiger lily, as supple as a snake. I seem to balance perfectly, to be in proportion and in line. I notice that I bear contrast with other women very well.

But whatever great advantages like that Nature may give, I must not forget that it is hard work and cleverness that make successes.

Mr. L— agrees that I am right in spite of my daring clothes to keep my sad, drooping, innocent expression. No personality wears so well on the stage or with men as a sad, mysterious personality. Most of the girls are so merry and smiling and bright.

IT IS funny about Mr. L—. He told me not to play tricks on him. Yet, without a trick, I have him eating out of my hand. I thought and thought about him. I knew every trick in the world must have been tried on him by some of the most beautiful and attractive women and girls on earth. What could I do?

I just bet then that the only thing a woman never tried on him was complete honesty. I decided that would be the biggest trick of all and yet it would be all right. I would show him every thought I had, every idea, be as frank as I could be. No posing, no showing off, no lies. Generally, a woman's greatest ability is in concealing ability, but when you talk with a fellow-workman about your work, nothing will fascinate him like an honest declaration of your methods, if you can afford to give it. Usually, I talk very little. Silence is a defensive weapon that most women overlook. Silence is a wall through which even a clever man may fail to detect a vacuum.

Well, it worked. Emil regards me now as a pal, a real friend. He does more for me than for any other girl and yet there has never been even the suggestion of an affair between us. He isn't that kind at all. He is too fed up with pretty girls angling for him in the usual fashion. They are about as appealing as a vanilla ice cream soda is to a soda jerker. I have unveiled for him the mind of an adventurer, a gold-digger, a cold-blooded little vamp. And he's gotten the biggest kick out of it in years.

June 24—I wonder how strong my hold on Jake A— is. I must find out. I cannot waste any more time. Though I have another grand idea.

It was funny the way I met Jake. While I owe much to myself, I owe more to chance, like all good generals. Only I never miss them when they come. Jake is an importer and manufacturer of cloth fabrics. It is from him that Madame Louise gets all her things. He is very rich and very shrewd. He started life as a very poor boy on the East Side, working in a clothing sweatshop. He has known poverty and terror and he craves luxury and above all recognition. The war made him rich.

He came to Louise's one day when I happened to be parading up and down the

hall in a dress of white satin brocade with a bodice made only of a flaming velvet poinsettia. Louise made that model because my arms and neck and back are so good. He acted like he was struck dumb. He just stood and stared. He is such a funny little fat thing, uneasy as a puppy. I thought he was an impudent tradesman, so I flounced about, very haughty, very cold, my chin in the air, my bare shoulders drawn up, and then strolled out of the room. Isn't it funny I can act off the stage? But then I write my own scenario.

Later, Louise introduced him to me. I have discovered since that it was partly the fabric I had on that knocked him cold. But I knew right off I had hit the right note with him. He is a different race of man from any I've met before. A creature of great patience, great humbleness to those above him. But a bully, a monster who would take out on you all his hidden bitterness and hate for the upper ones if he had you down. Here was a man to be handled with a high hand, a cold eye and a sharp tongue.

Oh, that first day I insulted him, laughed at him, bullied him. But I put on a new creation of heavy black crepe, caught about the waist with a flexible golden snake with green eyes. Louise whispered to me that he was very rich. She told me too that he aspired above all things to be a man-about-town, to be seen in the night clubs and to be spoken to by other men, to be recognized and talked about a little.

Then I had my great idea.

I waited until after I had opened with the revue, until after I was press-agented, known to the night life of Broadway. Then I asked Louise to get him in the shop some afternoon when I was there. She has been a good friend, Louise, as women go. Though friendship between women like us is merely a partnership of interests, an exchange of favors. It is a trade in which our selfishness always hopes to gain the most.

This was my proposition. I told Jake I liked him. That he seemed to me a companionable, smart man. That I liked men of that type, not romantic idiots. I told him I needed money and that my salary didn't amount to a hill of beans, though actually I live very cheaply. Ma's training sticks. I shan't be a fool, spending all I get, like most of the girls. I told him I hoped to be independent some day and that I had a little sister and two brothers I was helping to educate. That I was a good decent girl. I told him I knew he was a self-made man and that he wanted to become known in New York as a spender and man-about-town but didn't know how to go at it.

SO I suggested we make a trade. I was the newest revue beauty. I was at the moment the most talked of and press-agented girl in New York because it is always the newest face that is prettiest. I would let him take me about to all the best hotels and restaurants and night clubs and I would tell everybody about his presents and he would become a well-known figure. And men of that world, wise hard-boiled eggs they are too, would come to him to meet me. He would have to give me some lovely jewels at once, and a sable coat, and I would tell everybody he'd given them to me. Besides that, I'd have to have twenty-five thousand dollars in cash.

It was a good bargain for him and a good one for me. There are not so many men in New York ready to buy that class of goods, I'll tell you. It hurt him, be-

cause he loves money so but finally he agreed.

Now I have decided it is time to levy another tax. I rather like Jake—. I love myself and I sort of love Jake because I rule him. I love Emil L— because of the mental sympathy and stimulation he gives me. Of that other love, that delicate, mysterious wish to possess and to be possessed, I know nothing and I never want to.

But I must have another twenty-five thousand while I get my new idea to working.

July 8—I got it, but it almost killed Jake. It wasn't a pleasant scene. It reminded me of the time I once saw a man kick a dog that loved him. Jake is like that. He adores me as a dog adores its master. I am master because I care nothing for him, while, in spite of our bargain, he would give his soul to have me.

He cannot bear to part with money, but he cannot bear to part with me.

July 10—My great idea is formulating. I must now capture and make a spectacle of somebody very prominent, very well known. I must find a man and win him, not for money but for fame. Because all you have to do to make people believe a thing is to tell it to them often enough. If men hear often enough that I am a seductive charmer that no man can withstand, they will believe it.

I think I have decided on Jimmy H—. Not since Ketchel has there been a champion like H—. Since he won the title he is the idol of all. And his name has never touched a woman's. If I can get him, and of course I can, nothing in the world could be such a feather in my cap.

July 20—The man who can whip any man of his weight in the world is afraid of me. Chappie H— says so and Chappie H— ought to know. Chappie knows all that's worth knowing about everybody that's in the limelight. He's a sleek, smooth youngish old man. He must be forty-five if he's a day and he calls himself a broker. The girls in the show say he gets a hundred dollars a week for steering. Until I got in the revue I didn't know what a steerer was, but now I know plenty of them, too many. They're nice agreeable chaps who plug for brokerage houses down-town and gambling houses up-town. I guess Chappie plugs for both.

Anyway, he was the one that fixed it for me to meet Jimmy H—, and the hundred dollar bill I gave him for doing it he is welcome to. No wonder he can live in Park Avenue (that's something I learned from my society husband—that the real people never say they live 'on' a street, they live 'in' it) and have a Jap valet, and a colored man who gives him a massage all over his body every day so he can keep on looking young.

He made my meeting with the new champion look accidental, which was the best way, because since he's been champion all kinds of women have been chasing him and Chappie says he doesn't hate women so much as he despises them for running after him. It must make men sick to see women doing the hunting. I got an idea the hunting part of it is what gives the men more kick than what comes at the end of the hunt. And they want to do it themselves. Of course the wise woman is the one that runs away from a man but who doesn't run so fast he can't catch her if she wants him to.

In the revue we have a comedian who spots well-known people in the audience and during his monologue he has them stand up and he introduces them to the audience. It makes everything kind of chummy and intimate. It was a week ago to-night he introduced Jimmy H—. As soon as the comedian said the name Jimmy



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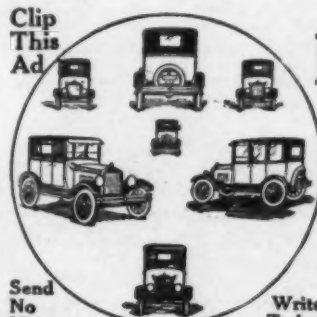


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H—— that big audience just went crazy. I bet if all the scientists and artists and authors and preachers in the world had been introduced to that audience in a bunch the audience wouldn't have made one-tenth the noise they made over a prize-fighter.

I was standing in the wings and I peeked out to see what Jimmy H—— looked like when he was just himself and not fighting somebody or having his picture taken. He must have been sitting pretty far back because I couldn't get a good look. But I heard his voice. And what a voice! All he said was "Ladies and Gentlemen, I thank you," but he said it so slowly and so much as if he was absolutely sure of himself that it made me think of deep, rich harp music.

When I came off after the Spanish Town number there he was near the switchboard listening to what the comedian and Chappie were saying to him. He has a good tailor. His dinner jacket was perfect. His clothes and his hair were all I had time to notice before we were chased back for the encore. You can tell a lot from a man's hair.

That's something else I didn't know till I went in the revue and began to listen to the girls' talk. Young as they are, those girls know a lot about men and I got sense enough to let anybody talk who wants to talk as long as they're talking about something they know something about. If you keep on talking yourself you never learn anything.

Well, Jimmy H——'s hair is curled close to his head and according to the girls that means a man has the power and force to be a great lover if he wants to be. It's funny about those things. One of the girls said the most wonderful sweetheart she ever had was a dope fiend and another one said her most wonderful sweetheart had tuberculosis. It seems that normal people miss a lot in this life.

Jimmy H——, who thought Chappie had brought him back stage to fan with the comedian, almost broke my hand when Chappie let the comedian introduce him to me after the encore. First I thought I'd give him the "Oh, you great big man strong man" stuff, but his eyes made me change my mind. They're laughing eyes and as a rule men with laughing eyes don't lap up compliments like the serious ones do.

So I just treated him as if I didn't know who he was. It worked. It'll work with any celebrity. They all get so fed up on being talked to as if they were statues on pedestals that they appreciate corned beef and cabbage treatment.

Now, for a week we've been going around together and a tabloid has already got us engaged, which is silly, for two reasons:

One is Laurence, my blue-blooded husband, and the other is Jimmy himself.

In this state there's only one ground for divorce and along those lines Laurence couldn't get a single thing on me if he tried, which he won't. As for me getting the goods on him, not a chance. His blue blood is ice water as far as other women are concerned.

After we'd split, Maizie Criswell, a girl in the show, tried to get him on the rebound. They were on a party together with a mob in somebody's apartment uptown and they all got ginned and she got him by himself in one of those divan cor-

ners. She's a dark, awfully good-looking girl with sultry eyes and she moves slowly and languorously like a sleepy cat. She told one of the girls, who told me, that when she folded Laurence in her arms and used that throaty voice of hers for all it was worth begging him to let her make him happy, he began to cry and tell her how much he loved me. Now, some men can tell girls how much some other girl has loved them and get away with it, but the girl doesn't live who wants to hear any man tell her how much he loves somebody else.

But the real reason things haven't gone farther than they have between Jimmy H—— and me, isn't that poor fluff, my husband.

It's Jimmy himself.

He wasn't a bit afraid of me the first night we met but he's afraid of me now. Funny, isn't it, Book? But Chappie says it's true. Wonder what Jimmy H—— and Chappie would think if they knew I was the least little bit afraid of Jimmy? Wonder if it's the same kind of fear? Book, I'm writing down here something I wouldn't say to anybody in the world. But the truth is I'm afraid of Jimmy H—— in the queerest, most wonderful way.

If only he didn't have laughing eyes, if only he had hard, dominating eyes.

Darn Jimmy! What's he afraid of me for? I'd like to be even more afraid of him than I am. I'd like to be in deadly terror of him—yet I'd love to bury my fingers in the thick hair that curls so close to his head. I must be nutty.

July 28—Yesterday I could not write a line. I was too close to it. Oh, God, what I have been through! It all happened night before last. Jimmy and I—I can't write it even now.

I wrote those last words almost an hour ago. Ever since I put them down and found I couldn't go on, I've been playing Chopin's music on the player-piano. I've got a radio here in the flat, too, but when you're all churned up inside the best thing to do is to get physically active. That's why I've been pumping away at the player-piano. Some of my blue devils ran out of my hands and feet and Chopin's music has doped the rest of them for awhile at least.

Where was I? Steady, Fanny, steady! I'm not Narcissa today. I'm back being Fanny. I wish I'd never quit being Fanny. Jimmy has been knocked down lots of times but he's never been knocked out. Same here. Only I wish that fish Emil L—— would quit bothering me on the telephone.

I started out to wear Jimmy H—— as a decoration, as a medal or something like that, to show the world I could get the best in the world and I ended up by forgetting all about gold-digging and fame grabbing and by making a plain darn fool of myself over him.

And night before last he sat right in this chair where I'm sitting now. My arms were around his neck. I just knew I was going to be swept into Paradise and the gates were slammed in my face.

There stood my husband. The sneaking cur had followed us from a night club—that one with the funny name—and being the owner of this building he'd had no trouble making the superintendent give him a pass-key and there he was the wild-eyed crazy fool.

WERE you ever in a train that went past telegraph poles so fast you couldn't count them, even if you wanted to? Well, I seemed to be whizzing past events so fast that I hardly knew what was happening to me till it was all over. I wanted to see the last of Laurence but he bobbed up at every turn. I didn't want to lose Jimmy but in the twinkling of an eye he was gone. Could I win him back? If I couldn't I'd make every other man I met suffer for it, and I wouldn't get hurt myself either! Did I? Read the next few pages of my "Diary" in August SMART SET and see whether I did or not.

Heart Balm

[Continued from page 45]

going to be fine, now, I thought. I am young and well and smart.

The first thing that I discovered was that I was stared at by people and pointed at as "the baby faced vamp." To step out of our house was agony for me. Everybody knows how terrible it feels to be ashamed. Well I was never free from that feeling. Never! Everybody in town, I knew, had read my love letters to Ned. Everybody in town thought I had been his mistress. Everybody in town thought my parents had schemed to get his money.

The second day that I went down-town to the school I met Mary Rochester, one of the nicest, kindest and most popular girls in town.

"Hello Mary," I said and she smiled and spoke to me in her old kind way. But there was a puzzled look on her face. I saw that she was perplexed that I, Jane White, who had been such a nice simple little girl in high-school, could go to court to compel a rich man to pay me money because he did not want to marry me. I blushed and felt like crying. That look on Mary's face froze all my natural friendliness. I couldn't tell her the whole story right there, to vindicate myself. And after a few uncomfortable sentences we parted.

And if this happened to my friendship with Mary who was so sympathetic and tolerant, you can just imagine how little my chances of friendship were with other people. If I had only been bolder and more self-reliant, but bashfulness and timidity have always been my curse.

But of course I had to go to that school every day just the same.

After three forlorn months, I was ready to go to work, only to make this discovery: No one would give me a job. I can't tell how many places I applied for work. And at each one, they seemed to be favorably impressed until I gave them my name.

"Jane White?" the employment manager would say. "Well, we will let you know in a day or so. There are some other girls applying and we may have to have one with more business experience." Needless to say, I would not hear from him again.

To make a long story short, I couldn't get work as a stenographer, the kind of work for which I had the training and intelligence, in that town. So for two and a half years, I had to take ill-paid jobs in department store basements, in the five and ten cent store, as ticket-taker in a cheap moving picture theater, never making more than twelve dollars a week. I would have gone into domestic service gladly. But in W—a woman would have hired me, the baby faced vamp, as her maid, about as readily as she would have hired Gerald Chapman as a butler.

DURING those years I often came home at night and knew that my mother had been crying. I always thought it was because of my father who was so sick. But once, when I asked her, she told me it was because I was so friendless and had such a lonely time for a young girl.

"Never mind," I said trying to be just as cheerful as I possibly could, "the minute daddy is better, we will move away from here. We will go to California where nobody ever heard of Ned Anderson and me."

But my poor father never did get better. The sadness of that, I have not the heart to go into.

It was because I was so lonely, that I got into another kind of difficulty. There was a woman of thirty who had been a vaudeville actress. I met her when I worked at

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the moving picture theater. She knew all about me and the breach of promise suit, but she was very nice to me, called me "the poor kid," invited me up to her flat and introduced me to her boy-friend, who was really a cross-eyed man of fifty. The boy-friend brought a younger man to the flat whose name was Frank Sisco. Frank was young and good-looking, but they were not at all the sort of people I was used to. They used bad grammar and talked slang and wore flashy clothes. Yet I was so lonely, it was wonderful to be taken in by them; to be called "the poor kid," to go to shows and have suppers in Mae's flat. And when my father died, Mae and Frank and the boy-friend were so nice to me, it helped a lot.

I had known "the bunch" as they called themselves about three months. Then one day I received two heavy blows, one right after the other. The first blow concerned Eddie Langford.

After Eddie had graduated from Dartmouth he had gone to South America to work for three years. Through all my tribulations, I had clung to one hope. I had a feeling that when Eddie left South America and returned to W— he would be a sort of champion for me. Eddie was always so unafraid of public opinion and to fight for somebody who was down was second nature to him. "When Eddie comes back," I used to say to myself, "he'll know that I'm not as bad as they make out."

Well the first overwhelming blow I received that day, was this:

I HEARD that Eddie Langford had returned to New York from South America but that he was so disillusioned that I, Janey White, would sue a man for breach of promise, that he said he was never coming back to W—.

The second blow was this. Staggered by the news about Eddie, that evening I went over to Mae's flat. "The bunch" was there. I told them I had the most frightful case of the blues I had ever had. They all insisted that I take a drink, for the boy-friend always had lots of whiskey that he was very proud of. I can never down whiskey, but I sipped a high-ball just to be polite and the others drank several and became very conversational.

In telling my troubles, I said that the main cause of them was that I was worried about money. It was necessary for me to make more than I did.

"I am afraid," I said, "that my mother and I will have to move away to some place where I can get a decent job. We are going on the rocks here in W—."

And then I made my discovery. "The bunch" were blackmailers. This was their proposal to me. It was what is known among crooks as "the badger game." I was to try to get some prominent citizen to take me to a hotel room. Frank Sisco was to catch us there, saying that he was my husband. Then the prominent citizen would pay him hush money.

They were not joking. I saw that immediately, because they were so excited and eager.

"A much better proposition than the other deal!" the boy-friend kept saying excitedly. Suddenly I realized that by "the other deal"

he meant the breach of promise suit. They fully believed that because of that suit, I was one of their kind.

Well I was so terrified, that instead of refusing indignantly, I pretended that I thought it was a good idea. For suddenly, behind the apparent good-heartedness of these three (the only friends I had in the world), I perceived there was something sinister, wolfish, dreadful!

"Well," I said, "you must let me think it over." And with this pretense I finally got home, although they had argued with me fiercely until it was nearly two o'clock in the morning.

The second Frank Sisco had left me at the tiny apartment where my mother and I lived, and had gone padding softly down the stairs in his patent leather shoes, I woke up my mother. The next day, before noon we had left W— behind us forever, and were on our way to San Francisco.

Well I won't go into the hardships of the next few years. We had, when we arrived in California only two hundred dollars in all the world. We had sacrificed all our household goods. We changed our name to Edwards.

To make a long story short I found work and after a year of pinching and starving, I began to make money, enough money, so that we could live decently.

And it was just a week ago, almost five years to the day after that jury said I deserved forty thousand dollars of Ned Anderson's money, something happened that makes it possible to end these dismal memoirs for good and all.

A man walked into my office. It was Eddie Langford. I nearly fainted. I felt so weak that I had to lean my head on my hands.

"Come out here in the hall," he said gruffly, and for a fleeting moment I wondered if he had come to expose me, to persecute me.

"Janey darling," he said when we were alone, grabbing my hands, "I have been looking for you for three years. How could you run away like that?" He took me in his arms, and when he did that, I knew my days of unhappiness and fear were over.

Now out of all my welter of mistakes, I learned this and hope some other girls will benefit by it. Ned Anderson did me much harm, but essentially it was my fault. I should not have permitted any man to make me useless for five years, on the chance that he would marry me. If a girl wants an education, she should take it, and not let some bossy male keep her from it. If she wants to work, to go on the stage, do anything—she should do it, no matter what he says.

If I had gone to the university, I would have learned something and been useful and happy all those years. Then when Ned jilted me it would have been all right. I am not the kind who would have a grievance against a man just because he couldn't love me any longer. And if, because I went to college, Ned had broken with me at once, think what a piece of luck that would have been!

As a matter of fact, what a blessing, really, that that countess came along! For if she hadn't I'd still be doing nothing to please Ned, instead of being happy as Mrs. Eddie Langford.

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Love Came Out of the Sea

[Continued from page 28]

as Captain Kidd rushed into ballroom shouting "Yo ho, and a bottle of rum."

This seemed to be a signal because all of the men in pirate costumes made a dash for the girls. In the orange and purple dimness I saw one of the biggest pirates bearing down on me. A pair of strong arms went around me. I screamed, and tried to escape, but before I knew it I was lifted bodily and carried away. The others swirled about us in the dark, and in a few seconds I was hopelessly lost from Andy. The pirate who had captured me finally put me down in a dimly lighted hallway, and when he tried to kiss me I realized I was going to have trouble.

There were swift steps behind me. The pirate's grasp suddenly loosened, and he fell to the ground with a crash. I saw Andy Cartigan standing over him, shaking his fist.

"At your old game, eh Barrington? You had a rep for this sort of thing in Palm Beach. Pick yourself up, and beat it, or I'll give you a good thrashing," he said.

I CAUGHT Andy's arm as the pirate got up and slunk away without a word. "I suspected Barrington had captured you, and began looking for you when the lights went on. Trained you here, and then heard the commotion," Andy said.

He took my arm and led me through a garden that was sweet with the perfume of sleeping roses, and jasmine climbing vine-like over the garden's stone walls. At the garden's end we came to shadowy woods, and drifted over the road that ran through them like a white ribbon, to the shore.

We sat down with our backs pillowed against a sand dune. I was too happy for words. It was heavenly to be under the stars with him. I refused to realize there was a hopeless gulf between us. I deliberately tried to forget that he was a man belonging to a world far from mine. We were together. That was enough!

No wonder I didn't hear the muttering storm warnings that shortly filled the air. No wonder the blow was already swooping down on us from out of the southwest before I realized it was brewing.

We jumped to our feet as the thunder swelled the roar of the surf, and the wind came wailing across the sweep of beach. It was an April storm such as strikes headlong out of our southern waters.

"I must get back to Turtle. My dad and brother are out in their fishing smack. Most likely they're running home before the storm now. I—I've got to get back," I cried, fears rising in my heart.

"Then we'll go back in my speed-boat and tow your skiff. I'd be afraid to let you start off in it. This blow is out of West Indian waters. They strike like lightning. Come on, Lydia, we'll have to run for it," he said and taking my hand he started down the firm beach at a fast pace.

As we sped along, the rushing storm clouds plunged the stars overhead into blackness. The voice of the sea, and wind lifted, and we could no longer hear the music from the ballroom. Porpoise Sound was licking at the southern tip of Dancing Island with white, snarling fangs as we came abreast of my small boat.

We managed to get into our own clothes and throw our costumes into the car before Andy dashed from the dock where his craft was moored. I got into the skiff, and waited for the boat to come streaking like a white arrow through the thickening storm.

It came with a roar, flinging a stream of light over the muttering waters until that

stream of light flowed over me. A few seconds later he helped me aboard, and made my skiff fast.

The motors roared into full blast. The long, lean craft shot forward, drenching us with stinging spray just as the rain came slashing down, a gray, lightning-ripped curtain that swallowed everything from our sight except the sea which frothed with sudden fury and struck at us like so many huge black and white fists.

"Here, put on this coat," Andy said and he took his hands off the wheel for a fatal moment to shove the coat to me. The frenzied wind and water caught the craft and swung her clean around. We both lost our bearings from the vicious twist.

"My compass went on the bum this morning," he yelled as he struggled to right the boat. "We'll have to take a chance, and shoot ahead, or be swamped."

"Go on," I yelled back. I was sailor enough to know we couldn't lay to in the swelling seas with such a long, shallow craft. There was only one thing to do—shoot through the storm and take a chance.

On we roared into the gray blanket of stinging rain, and the shrieking black wind. The speed-boat's bow almost climbed free of the thrashing waves at times. I clung desperately to the gunwale to stay aboard. It was only when lightning flashed that I caught glimpses of Andy hanging on to the wheel. Suddenly a horrible, blood-chilling sound boomed above the storm and the motor.

Breakers ahead!

We were dashing into a seething surf. It would batter the beautiful speed-boat into match wood, and fling us upon some wave pounded shingle. I screamed the awful truth at the phantom of a man at the wheel, but the wind whisked my words away, and we roared on into that fatal booming. I began to work forward, but before I reached Andy he too had caught the sound of doom.

The speed-boat swerved about, and rushed like a pursued thing in another direction. I reached down into the driving pit and patted his slanting back. For just an instant he turned his head, and our wet faces touched. After that I faced the fury of the sea with greater courage.

The storm was at its peak when the speed-boat seemed to suddenly lose its power. She stopped charging madly through the swelling waters, and before I knew it we were twisting, and bobbing about like a cockle-shell. "Engine trouble," shouted Andy, agony in his voice. He tried to say something else. But, once again a terrible booming sound joined forces with the wind, and the sea.

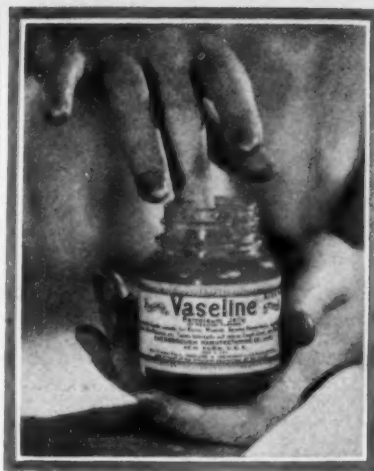
AS HE worked over the motors we were swept into the surf again. There was no power to drive us from the thundering doom that lay before us. There was only one chance. We would have to jump into the boiling sea before the breakers drove us down with the helpless craft.

"When I say so, jump," Andy shouted.

We stood there in the tossing cockle-shell, clinging to each other's hands, and waiting until the fatal moment came. It came shortly.

"Jump!" he yelled as the speed-boat seemed about to turn over on us. We flung ourselves into the surf.

The next thing I knew Andy Cartigan was bending over me. His face was drawn and white in the gray light. But a smile came to his lips at sight of my fluttering hands.



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"Thank God, you've come to, Lydia," he said, and I saw tears in his eyes. Impulsively I kissed his hands.

Slowly he told me all that he knew of our situation. We had evidently been flung up on one of the uninhabited islands. He had fainted, but regained consciousness when the storm abated. Starting out for help he had stumbled across a shack that hunters and fishermen sometimes used as a shelter. Breaking in, he found matches, and a few drops of whiskey left in case of snake-bite. The liquor revived him enough to enable him to carry me into the shack. Later he had fallen asleep again.

"I believe I slept through another night. You became semi-conscious several times only to drift away each time until now," he concluded.

I could not help but think of what my father would do when he learned I had been cast up on an uninhabited beach like this with a man from Dancing Island.

"I wonder how, and when, we can ever get away from here?" I asked.

An understanding expression settled in Andy's eyes. He realized I was worried, and afraid. He said he would go down the beach, and see if there were any craft in sight.

He came back quietly. A launch with two men was headed toward us. I thought of papa and Tom. It was natural enough for them to search all the nearby shores once they found me and my skiff, missing.

"I'm sure it's papa and Tom and it'll never do for them to know we've been here alone, like this. My dad is a terror about such things," I said. "You'd better stay hidden. I'll manage to get word to your friends right away where to find you."

"Anything you say," he answered. "You follow me, and keep out of sight. If they're not my men folks I'll call you, Andy. Good-by," I said, biting my lips. It hurt to think I might be telling him good-by forever.

"Can I kiss you good-by, Lydia?" I lifted my mouth up to his, and closed my eyes for the kiss I had dreamed about since I was a little girl. But, I was cheated by the cries of men on the beach. Dad and Tom were shouting my name.

"Good-by, Andy," I said, and I ran over the sand dunes, answering the calls.

I shall never, never forget that meeting on the damp, gray beach. I had hoped my father and brother would be sufficiently overjoyed at finding me to sweep me into their arms, but they stood off, glaring at me as if I were some awful thing. It was dad who cast the first stone at me. "Don't try denyin' nothin', Lydia Morgan. We know the truth. Jed Williams and his wife saw you rowin' to Dancin' Island," he shouted, advancing upon me.

Dad was a brute when he lost control of himself. Catching my wrists in one powerful hand he slapped me.

"If you strike your daughter again, I'll attack you, Mr. Morgan," said a voice behind me, a voice that I hardly recognized as Andy Cartigan's.

MY FATHER dropped my arms as if a bolt of lightning had struck from out the clear skies. I turned and faced Andy. He smiled at me as if to tell me not to worry, but knowing my father and brother I couldn't help but be afraid. A bulky form swaggered past me. It was dad:

"Who in blazes are you?" he roared. "I'm Andrew Cartigan." "Then, by the Almighty, Andrew Cartigan, I dare you to stop me."

Papa struck me across the cheek again and Andy charged straight at him and hit him a stinging blow on the chin.

As dad staggered from the suddenness of it, Tom charged upon Andy. I tried to throw myself in Tom's way, but, dad held

me while my brother drove the man I loved down into the damp sand, and then rained blow after blow upon him. Dad was yelling:

"Kill him, Tom! Kill him! He's made my gal bad."

Tom would have carried out the brutal order if a yacht's whistle had not blown at that moment. Turning toward the sea we beheld a large white yacht, and several small motor cruisers bearing down upon little Green-eye Island.

"Dancing Island folks," dad said. "They've already been to Turtle hunting some feller they think was caught in the storm. Come on, Tom, we better hurry; guess this is their missing scalawag. We'll leave him lay."

I STRUGGLED vainly to get loose, and I gave the yachts and cruisers a distress signal, but my father's iron strength was too much. I cried all the way home and was so weak when we reached the pier I could hardly stand.

Tom and dad locked me in my room. Heartsick and worried over all that had happened I fell across my bed, exhausted.

When I next awakened there were sounds of commotion below in the little village street.

Looking out I saw strange men, armed with rifles in front of the village store. Turtle Island folks were standing on their porches, and in their fenced yards. Many yachts lay anchored in the Sound. Understanding flashed over me. The people from Dancing Island had come to get the men who had assaulted Andrew Cartigan. My father and Tom!

Suddenly the commotion in the street quieted. More strangers swarmed into the street headed by a tall man who wore a sheriff's star on his coat lapel. He ordered everybody on Turtle Island to line up in front of the store. Dad, Tom and myself did not stir until the sheriff came for us. He knew everybody on the island, and had missed us.

When we were all in line Andrew Cartigan supported by two men walked by. His face was bandaged, and his left arm hung in a sling. His pitiful condition reminded me sharply of how bravely he had tried to shield me from dad. Love for him filled my heart, and I wanted to rush over and throw my arms around him. But the presence of the rich strangers from Dancing Island awed me. Perhaps, after all, Andy Cartigan would not want his friends to know that I loved him.

I stood there, and suffered the agony of suppression and of fear as his friends escorted him slowly past the line of Turtle Islanders. If he didn't identify my men folks it would be a sign he loved me. But, what would Andy do?

He shook his head at old Eddie Bailey. Love's little voice of hope whispered in my heart. Then it died down. Would he identify my father? Andrew Cartigan came abreast of dad. My eyes went to the ground. I did not have the courage to look for the sign I wanted Andy to give me more than anything else in the world. The silence of the next few seconds was torture.

Then at the sound of Andy's voice saying that dad and Tom were not the men my heart leaped with joy. Trembling all over. I looked up and tried to catch the eye of my lover. But, he was moving slowly down the line of people, shaking his head at them. A hand squeezed my arm. It was Tom. There was a queer look on his rough face.

"Come on to the house, Lyd, I want to ask you something," he said, and pulled me along with him. Dad saw us and followed.

"That feller proved himself a man with us men, Lyd. He ain't no squealer, that's a cinch. But if he didn't shoot square with you I'll kill him. Did he?"

"Tom, that gal don't have to answer that question for me. When the Dancing Island feller looked me in the eye just now, and didn't identify me, his eyes told me all I want to know. He ain't harmed Lyd; but she was mighty all-fired lucky to run into a decent Dancing Island feller."

"He's not a real Dancing Island man but I'd love him even if he was," I cut in. "Andy's only a speed-boat racer for Mr. Weston."

Our cottage door opened at that moment. Andrew Cartigan, supported by a man who turned out to be the millionaire owner of Dancing, took a step toward us.

"May I speak to your daughter for a moment, Mr. Morgan?" asked Andy.

"Come on, Tom," my father said and the next minute Andy and I were alone in the room. I tried to make him sit down but

he insisted on standing with his uninjured arm around me. "Lydia, I came to ask you if I should go back to Dancing Island or stay here. It's up to you."

"Oh, Andy!" I cried, tears of happiness filling my eyes, "of course I want you to stay here."

His uninjured arm tightened around me. "I wonder," he said softly, "if two people ever fall in love with each other at first sight or if only one does it?"

"I loved you when you came riding out of the dawn, Andy," I answered. I was not ashamed to confess the truth in my heart.

"Then two people do fall in love at first sight. Because I loved you the moment I saw you standing in the dawn on the beach," he said.

After that there was no need for speech.

Behind a Family Doctor's Door

[Continued from page 13]

affair, with a large central studio room and the bedrooms off a balcony. As I entered S— whispered:

"I didn't say you were coming; I don't know what she'll think."

I nodded, and entered the studio. Mrs. S— started up from the lounge, dazed and bewildered. To my surprise, I found her, not the rather faded and stout woman I expected, but still young looking and of a singular beauty.

I went up to her and spoke quietly.

"I am Dr. L—," I said. "Mr. S— has confided in me. If you can, I think we may be able to mend matters."

She looked at me searchingly, and in that moment her fate was balanced between insanity, perhaps death, and some new hope and new life that neither of us could guess.

"Oh, Dr. L—," she said. The words were almost whispered. "If only my baby hadn't died; if only I had a child now. I have nothing, nothing but the blackness of the grave, and loneliness."

The feeling with which she spoke brought out a glow of beauty in her.

"No," I said, "you have more than that; more than you know."

She sank down on the lounge, and bowed her head.

"I feared it was true," she whispered. "But I didn't believe it. I wouldn't, and couldn't. Randolph has been the soul of honor. I have always rested against him as if he were a rock. This isn't his true self. It is a madness."

"Perhaps it is a part of his true self," I said.

"If that is so, Doctor," she said, "then I won't stand in his path. He shall have her. Nothing in this world can prevent me from killing myself."

"Your love for him?" I suggested. "Do you think he could take that lightly? No, it would quite wreck and ruin him. He could never forget your long years of devotion and love; he could never forget his love for you. He would follow you shortly."

"His love for me?" she cried. "Is it love for me to deceive me? Is it love for me to become infatuated with an actress?"

"Perhaps it isn't the actress," I said. "Perhaps now that his business doesn't claim him, he has some need for all those things his youth should have known, but really missed. Perhaps he needs music and song and love and romance, just as he told me."

"I can't share him with another," she said. "It isn't in me. He is all I have in this world."

I leaned toward her.

"Then why don't you give him the things

he is seeking elsewhere?"

She laughed in self-mockery.

"I? Do you think I am that sort? No. To me marriage is a sacrament, and he has violated everything that is true and sacred in it. I'm afraid you can't help me with talk, Doctor."

"But," I said, "has it struck you that you too have missed the things he has missed, that you too have needed what he needs?"

"No," she said frigidly, "that is not true."

"Very well," I said a little brutally, "you will have to give him up."

"I can't," she cried, "I can't. I love him so. My pride is broken. I will do anything to win his love. I will drag myself through the mud for him. Tell me what to do, and with my last strength, I will do it."

"I will tell you," I said. "You must begin to be what you are—a beautiful woman."

She stared round-eyed. "I? Beautiful?"

"YOU have always tried to be plain," I said, "especially as you grew older, but what you have felt tonight has betrayed you. Randolph himself must have seen it. It has brought your soul into your face, and revealed your beauty. That is one of your weapons."

"Let me tell you another. Learn to adventure with him. Learn to dance, to sing, to go out at night. Learn pleasure. Learn to make love to him. Learn the art of marriage. With such weapons you will win him."

She sighed. "If I could believe I were a beautiful woman! And if I could learn to live that way. No, it's too late. I can't."

"Will you try?" I asked.

"I am bewildered," she murmured, "bewildered—tonight, but I'll try—to try."

"You must come down to my place tomorrow at two," I said. "But do not tell your husband, and try not to worry about what to do until you see me."

On the way out I found S—.

"Keep away from her tonight, and until you've seen me at the office tomorrow at ten minutes after two. And bring Miss W— with you. Do you think she can come?"

"Yes, she'll come," said S—. "But, Doctor, do you think that wise?"

"Very wise. Only don't tell your wife you are coming."

SO I left them. I had a bold plan in mind which might fail, but which, if it succeeded, might turn the trick.

At two o'clock sharp, as I had expected, Mrs. S— was ushered in. She was veiled,

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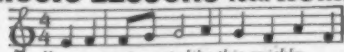
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and when she lifted the veil, I saw that she was pale, distraught and suffering greatly. I excused myself, shut the door on her, and busied myself in my laboratory until ten after two. Again, right on time, the bell rang, and I opened the door myself. A lovely young lady was introduced to me, perhaps not quite as beautiful as S— had described, but certainly lovely with her soft yellow hair, her dark eyes, her sweet smile and graceful body. She was, indeed, as he had said, "all silk."

"Let's go in front," I said, and opening the door of the office, ushered them in. S— and Miss W— stopped, and Mrs. S— rose.

I shut the door.

"Doctor—" began Mrs. S— in an outraged voice.

"I am sorry," I interrupted as gently but firmly as I could, "but you will all have to go through with this. Let us be seated."

"We all understand the matter," I began. "and, since I have had an explanation from both Mr. S— and Mrs. S—, I should now like one from you, Miss W—."

She looked at me with a beautiful defiance.

"I'll not be questioned," she exclaimed, "and, least of all, in public."

"It is necessary," I said. "Without meaning to do it, you and Mr. S— have grievously wronged Mrs. S—. You have almost destroyed her; and only you, Miss W—, can help her now."

"Please let her go, Doctor. I would rather not have her help," said Mrs. S—.

"Mrs. S—," I went on, "this is all necessary, and it is painful for all of us." I turned to Miss W—. "Now, Miss W—, answer me truthfully. Are you so deeply in love with Mr. S— that you could not give him up?"

She bowed her head and murmured:

"I love him."

"Enough," I asked, "to suffer the consequences? For you know what will happen: it will break up a marriage, injure Mrs. S—, and cast a shadow over Mr. S— which will never leave him. He loves his wife, even better than he thinks. You are still very young, he is middle-aged. The blow may break him. Do you love him so greatly as to follow him through it all?"

"Doctor," she said, and she was twisting her handkerchief in her hand, and gulping between words, "how could I help all this? Of course I love Randolph. And I love so to be loved by him. But I don't want to hurt him or anyone. I just want to be happy. I didn't know it would get as terrible as this."

"Then it isn't a life-and-death matter?" I asked.

She looked frightened. With a sudden low moan, she leaped up, and to my amazement, ran to Mrs. S—, sinking down before her. Mrs. S— held out her arms and the two clung desperately together, weeping.

"Oh, you poor thing, you poor thing!" said Mrs. S—.

"I couldn't help it," sobbed Kyra, "I didn't know. Forgive me, forgive me."

I went over to Randolph.

"Come," I said, "let's go out for awhile."

He walked beside me, swallowing hard, but the tears streamed down his face.

"S—," I said, "the worst is over. Your wife will be all right, but you must understand something. Have you really looked at her since this blow fell upon her?"

"No, I suppose not," he said. "What is it?"

"S—, she is a very beautiful woman. This

grief and disillusionment that has come to her has brought it all out. Right there beside you, all these years, was the beauty, the romance, the love you were seeking. You will forget Kyra, as you come to know your wife. A change is coming over her."

"A change is coming over me," he said in a strange voice; "when I saw Della clasping Kyra to her heart, Kyra seemed different to me, as if she were our child. She's young enough to have been my child."

It was a month later, one night, that the door-bell rang. I was reading in my office at the time. I opened the door, and the S—s danced in upon me. Randolph looked younger, full of energy and joy, but the greatest change was in his wife. Her beautiful copper-colored hair was bobbed in the latest fashion, and when she drew off her fur wrap, I saw that she was all in silk, with short skirt, dainty slippers, and a pearl necklace about her throat.

"We came in to say good-by," S— said.

"Good-by?" I asked.

"Our second honeymoon," said S—.

"Then you are really happy?" I asked.

"Doctor," cried Mrs. S—, "I've been the best of pupils. I've taken up dancing. We've been gadding about. And I've learned to vamp Randolph. Isn't it so?"

HE SMILED foolishly. "She turned my head, Doctor."

"Yes, I've been the best of pupils, and not even Randolph knows my teacher."

He looked at her quickly.

"Oh, you'd not guess. Not a man," she said. Then she turned to me and spoke solemnly. "Doctor, it was Kyra. That darling child taught me. I asked her why Randolph didn't love me. I implored her to teach me how to win him. For two weeks I saw much of her, until she left for the West. Of course I shan't see her again, because she felt it would be too hard all round. But she taught me the one art that has always been woman's, and which I knew deep in my heart, but wouldn't allow myself to practise."

So that was that. At the door, he shook my hand fervently.

"You have brought about the impossible," he said.

"No," I murmured, "the possible only." I am glad to be able to record so happy an ending. The problem, that of the man who succeeds and then turns to romance and away from his wife, and also that of the wife who cannot keep her husband's love, is typical, and often leads to disaster. The three tangled in it can rarely work it out by themselves, because their emotions blind them. In this case, it was only because the two women listened to an outsider, who happened to be myself, that a happy ending was brought about. Mr. S—, infatuated, of course could do nothing; fortunately Kyra W— was a girl of character; but actually the real decision lay in the hands of Mrs. S—.

Yet Randolph had come to me to be treated for a cold! One may see clearly in this case how much more there is to a Doctor's life than the dishing out of medicine. As I look over my index cards, I see other cases, rich in their humanness, posing the strange, fantastic but typical problems of men and women. Here, for instance, is a card about Roger B—, a man who refused to be jealous and so wrought havoc with his marriage, bringing his wife to the point of death.

NOWHERE does human nature unfold itself so freely as in a doctor's office. To a doctor, men and women pour out the agony of their souls. Never before have magazine readers been given an opportunity to hear these stories at first hand. That's why you should not miss the second revelation from this Family Doctor's note-book about the curious case of Roger B—, The Man Who Couldn't Be Jealous.

A Girl Must Learn

[Continued from page 52]

decorator and proud of his profession," I said.

"An interior decorator! Dorothy, exquisite One, couldn't it have been something else than an interior decorator? A delicatessen proprietor or a taxi driver?"

"But Arthur says he wouldn't change his job for anything in the world. You see, George, he has ideals, and he's working for the greatest decorator in the city—a Miss or a Mrs. Idele Austin."

"I never heard of her. That ends Idele Austin."

"Why?"

George Lindon turned and looked at me with a sort of look seen on the face of a bomb before it explodes.

"I own George Lindon, Incorporated," he said, "and I've never heard of Idele Austin, though I employ the best decorators in the city. Therefore she's nothing, nothing with a capital 'N.' She's just space with a rail around it to make it look emptier than if the rail wasn't there. See?"

"BUT it's the ideals that Arthur says—" I looked at him and could not help laughing at his expression.

"Damn his ideals! I know 'em! He sips tea out of long amber glasses instead of taking a high-ball! He uses bath salts when he can afford them with the same perfume that would be popular with a chorus girl. He thinks Kipling is vulgar, and he has a lot of pretty little calf-bound poetry books written by men who couldn't look a steak and a bottle of beer in the face without feeling faint. I had ideals when I was his age. Then I inherited half a million from my father, and I got out and hustled and turned that half million into what represents George Lindon, Incorporated, today. That was my later idea, and it has got me where I am, but this boob Arthur's ideals won't carry him further than eating squirrel food in an almshouse. Go on! Tell me some more. What made you take to this boy?"

"Well, just because!" I said. "He is rather a darling, he's sorry for little ladies of elastic virtue, and warns me against my boss. He says men are brutes to women, and so they are. You aren't to me; you're rather nice, but you probably have been to some woman. He makes me feel I want to be good, and one ought to feel like that. I know he'll bore me at times, but that's because he's good and I'm not, and I oughtn't to be bored really. He's lent me books to read, and I'm so ignorant I don't understand them and they make my head ache, but I will try. I am going to have my frocks lengthened, too, and dress more quietly. Arthur says it isn't fair to men to wear clothes that put wrong thoughts into their heads. He says knees are all sex-appeal. What's the matter?"

A sort of strangled choke escaped from Lindon.

"Oh, Lord!" he murmured, "what a world it is! Go on, Dorothy."

"You're awfully nice, you know," I continued dreamily, "and I like you, but you aren't good. For instance, you're married, and yet you're here with Coralie and me. You ought to be at home with your wife. Why aren't you?"

"Because," said Lindon, "I feel more at home here. My wife will probably have a lot of fashionable friends who talk the same sort of junk your Arthur does. They eat my food and smoke my cigarettes and despise me because I am a Babbitt of a business man, who can only make money."

"I'm very busy, and in my little spare time I love to be understood and feel happy."

That's why power's such a blessing. I've got power, so I can give my wife a wonderful museum of a house on Long Island to entertain her nice friends in. I can also see that Coralie gets the best job in her department at Universal Hosiery, Incorporated. If she doesn't they know I'll refuse to deal with them. I can also please myself."

I held out my hand for his cigarette case. "You have to be ruthless and cruel to get power, anyway. It's all very well to do things for people when you've got it, but how about the getting?"

Lindon laughed, and his big ugly face lit up.

"I'd rather be ruthless than have other people ruthless to me. You're only throwing second-hand Arthur at me now. Women are the most ruthless creatures in the world."

"A man can go to hell directly they stop wanting him, whether he wants them or not. And if he complains, good night! But can't I do something for you? Why not let me make a man of Arthur for you? Several of the fellows who help run my store are first-class man-breakers."

"You'd spoil him," I protested, like a mother protecting her young. "Just now he's full of beautiful ideals, and I've never met anyone like him before, and I love him."

"What does this Idele Austin pay him?" "Forty dollars a week," I said, rather diffidently. Lindon laughed.

"I don't want him to starve himself for you, or give you a rotten time merely for want of money. May I see what I can do for him?"

I smiled gratefully. "You are decent. But you'll be very careful and you won't break him? He's a frightfully nice kid. You'll see." "Me? I shan't see him. I'll ring someone up about him and give a hint what he's to do. And it's getting late and you ought to go to bed."

Finally the guests departed. Lindon laid a hand in half-serious affection on my head.

"Don't get too badly in love," he said. "Keep a little corner of your heart for me if you can. I won't forget about the beautiful youth. Good-by!"

I STAYED all night with Coralie and we discussed George Lindon over our hair-brushing.

"I like George awfully, Coralie, but he's so sure of himself and sure he's right, in a quite nice way. The worst of it is he always is right! I hated his laughing at Arthur, and then he didn't laugh any more and offered to help him. What can you do with a person like that? He's got you either way."

Coralie smiled.

"He's a big man, and big men are always like that. They may be brutes, but they're never narrow, and it takes a narrow man to be really cruel. Besides, he likes you and he knows a boy of twenty-three hasn't a look in beside him. He can afford to wait. Boys are always narrow and generally cruel, consciously or unconsciously."

"Are they?" I murmured absently. I was thinking of one boy in particular, coming towards me with a south wind blowing through his wavy hair and daffodils in his arms.

The greatest happiness of youth is being able to say today the exact opposite of what you said yesterday, and still feel consistent. For this reason girls prefer middle-aged men and young men middle-aged women.



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I beg to present one of the great beauty discoveries of all time... a three-fold skin-whitener. Expect results that will amaze you. For now, in just three to six days, you can triple the whiteness of your skin... smooth it to soft, creamy texture... and clear it of every blemish.

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Otherwise life becomes too much of a jazz. Some such thoughts occurred to me when Arthur Gentry ambushed my homing footsteps to reveal the great news of his transfer from Idele Austin to Lindon's, Incorporated.

"But you said you wouldn't change for any job in the world!" I reminded him with a woman's poisonously long memory.

"That was quite different. Here I'm carrying the spirit of art into daily commerce. I preach the same ideals to a wider congregation. I am crusading against the crudeness of a huge department store. It's great!"

Arthur was neither to have nor to hold. He resembled a wilderness blossoming as the rose. He rode his hobby in and out of season, tyrannizing superbly over my mind, my clothes, my food, my recreation.

He took me to classical concerts, and dismal stage-society productions for the good of my soul. Thanks to him my clothes became dull and respectable. He gave me still more books to make my head ache, but for the wonder and splendor of his youth I endured it all. It was more than I could bear to disappoint him.

In these trying days George Lindon, who saw all things and was merely giving Arthur enough rope wherewith to hang himself, tempered the wind to the shorn lamb from time to time. It was he who sent me theater tickets for the lighter shows such as I loved. He took me to dinner once by stealth, and again, one week-end when a chill laid Arthur low, he motored me to the Connecticut shore and back, and amused me for a whole evening in Coralie's apartment.

"After all, I couldn't have gone to see Arthur. He's in bed and he wouldn't let me," I said to excuse myself.

"Isn't that sweet of him! So thoughtful of him to consider your reputation," Lindon said. "Anyway the rest will do you good. This high mental altitude must be a great strain."

BEING in love to a certain extent and unbalanced in consequence, I confessed these little pleasures to Arthur when he recovered, and he smote me with a lover's pitiless hand.

"You must give up meeting that fellow, Dorothy. I don't approve of him nor of his store. He doesn't get on very well with his wife, and there is all sorts of gossip about him. And the ideas of art in that store simply make me wild! The boss of the decorating department would have made an excellent pork butcher."

"Is that quite loyal of you, Arthur?" I questioned. "The despised store is paying you a salary!"

"In exchange for what I bring it!" he said.

I, knowing the secret history of Arthur's new job and why he held it, was silent. Once again the little devil of doubt whispered in my ear.

Nevertheless, a man who loves is forgiven many things by the girl who—almost—loves him, so that when August came, bringing vacations in its train, and Arthur suggested spending our vacations together in a small Connecticut village on the shore, I smiled very happily and agreed. I was to go to the tiny inn, while Arthur, though he was to have his meals with me, was to find a room in a nearby cottage.

George Lindon, when he discovered the arrangement in his unobtrusive way, leaned back in Coralie's wicker chair and smiled a mellow smile that forgives much because the owner has sinned much.

"Great stuff!" he said. "Nothing like a quiet vacation for getting to know one another, especially if it happens to be raining all the time. Bring me back some shells, Dorothy, and send me a picture postcard. I've got rotten taste in art."

But my eyes were dreamy with antipa-

tion. Mentally I remodelled and redecorated Arthur until he became the perfect lover, a thing no man ever is or ever will be.

He met me at the station in the twilight of a summer evening, a new Arthur in vacation flannels, with bared head, and a straight briar pipe in place of the usual cigarette. In the summer dusk there seemed no one in the world but ourselves and God, Who had created it solely for us.

"Come, darling," he said. "You must be frightfully tired and hungry. Give me your suit-case, and I'll take you to your inn and see that they look after you."

WE WANDERED away along the pathway to the stars that mere clouds called Main Street, and Arthur introduced me to Woodbine Inn. He waited in Mrs. Miggs's repulsive sitting room, while I tidied my hair and powdered my face. He brooded over me like a guardian angel when I ate, pressing food on me, waiting on me, stroking my hair. And I, smiling, accepting all this worship, thought:

"He's a dear boy. George would never do all this for me. George and I would be at Atlantic City, and he wouldn't move an eyelash, but somehow every waiter in the place would fly around for us, and we should have everything even if other people had to go without, and he'd know exactly when I was bored and go away and stroll on the boardwalk. But of course Arthur's so young and such a darling, he never realizes I ever could be bored. A boy is dreadfully thrilly, but a man always knows what you want, even if you don't know yourself."

So, being a girl and very wise, I let him love me, which is a great secret some girls know. They realize that love exists to be given, and if they refuse it, it may be squandered on some one less worthy.

Finally we smoked a good night cigarette, and at last he left, with a long, silent pressure of my hands. He didn't kiss me because I was too sacred, and only the common lovers of this life kiss each other! When he had gone I stifled a little yawn and went dreamily up to my bedroom. There were a million stars in the sky and everyone seemed my friend.

Love never stands still; it either progresses, or dies of starvation, or else one lover stands guard over it while the other murders it. In all that wonder-time Arthur reached up to heaven with rash hands to bring something more wonderful into his first, miraculous love-affair than wise, tried men had achieved before him. He failed, as most men fail, because he lacked humbleness of heart.

"I do love you," he told me night after night when we sat alone on a great rock watching the waves break at our feet. "I'm going to do big things because of you. You'll be proud of me when every one in New York knows my name, won't you, Dorothy? I'll give you the finest car in existence, and you shall have a house in the country, and you'll be waiting there for me when I come home with my pockets full of checks for you."

He stroked my hair with caressing fingers. He had perfect, sensitive hands and I became sleepy from their soothing touch. But my mind worked very clearly.

"He's going to do great things," I told myself, "but can he? And all I do is to wait at home. I don't help. I don't share. I just fall into his arms, and then wait at home and he hasn't even kissed me yet."

I felt like some indistinct figure in a dream.

Then one morning a letter came from George Lindon.

"Dear little girl:
I hope you're having a good time. There is an ancient person who misses

you and I'm he. But I don't care so long as you're soaking in bliss and being filled with beautiful moonshine by that boy of yours. If you can spare me an hour or two's talk when you come back I want to ask you to help me over a job of work. Any old time that suits you will suit me.

"Coralie's flourishing and I'm not too dusty. If you'll telegraph when you are coming to town I'd love to meet you and motor you home unless, of course, Arthur's doing it. Keep smiling! George Lindon."

I folded the letter thoughtfully.

"He's made good and he wants me to help him, although he knows I can't," I said to myself.

That night Arthur asked me to marry him.

"You know I love you. You're the dearest thing in the world. May I kiss you, Dorothy?" he said in a voice shaky with earnestness. And in that moment I saw him plainly—a nice enough boy whom spring, summer, and my own longing to be loved had endowed with a sort of artificial magic.

"Arthur, dear, don't be dreadfully serious. You'll make me so unhappy. You've been awfully nice, but I don't love you enough to marry you. You're ever so young, far too young to marry. We should only be hard-up and get to hate one another. Don't spoil a lovely friendship, please."

All his boy's pride flamed scarlet in his face.

"But you let me love you. You know how I adore you, and now you say you won't marry me. You're not just a heartless flirt, are you?"

Something in his tone exasperated me. I stood away and looked at him coolly.

"Because girls like being loved and taken care of, it doesn't necessarily mean they want to marry. Perhaps I know what marriage means better than you. And if I were to marry anyone it would be a man, not a boy. Men don't ask a girl if they may kiss her, Arthur. They just do it."

With almost a moan of anguish he sprang forward, his arms ready to enfold me, but I avoided him and he stood helpless, irresolute, listening to the sound of my flying feet along the cliff path. In the morning I had vanished leaving him a little hastily-scribbled note:

"I'm sorry, Arthur, dear. If you could have made me love you I might have, but you couldn't. Some day you'll understand. Don't be too miserable, and try not to hate me."

Dorothy."

I felt as though I had shaken the cares of the world from my shoulders, and I grudging every minute that the racing train ate up on its way to New York. George Lindon met me at the Grand Central, and a smile lurked behind his keen gray eyes.

"So it's all off with the boy," he said. He seemed to be making a statement rather than asking a question.

"How do you know, George?"

"Because although I may be a fool I'm an old fool. That clears the air to a certain extent. And you like me quite well, and you trust me, perhaps, a shade more than the next man?"

I made no reply, so he went on:

"I WANT you to help me. You know that I run budgets for various people? You would have nothing to do with that, except this. Suppose a young married woman, or a girl with a dress allowance, comes to us. We tell her, or my experts do, that she can afford to spend so much on clothes. You have wonderful taste, and you are always well dressed. The customer would be sent to you with the amount that she could afford to spend a year, and you would tell her what clothes to buy on that amount.

I know you could do it, and it would pay you much better than being a secretary. I'd like you to try. I want someone young with ideas and pep. I am sure you'd do, aren't you?"

I stared at him thoughtfully and his eyes met mine quite candidly.

"My dear George, you're a brick, but you know perfectly well that you don't want me just for the job. It's all on the personal side. I like you, and perhaps you like me a little, but if I were forty and a frump instead of twenty-one and not a frump, well, would you ask me just the same?"

"I certainly would not," Lindon said. "I never employ old women or plain women. The old ones are fed up with life, and the young ugly ones are just spiritless duds, who've never had enough admiration from men to put any backbone into them. So now you know."

Feeling rather like Cinderella turning down the fairy godmother, I tried again.

"Honestly, George, do you think it would work out decently? You've been the greatest pal. I'd hate to spoil it. Don't humbug me, there's a dear. Are you being absolutely straight about it?"

HE put out a firm, square hand and took mine.

"I'm never quite crazy when it comes to business. Come and try and I promise I'll never let you down. Will that do?"

I let my hand lie in his for several seconds. A rosy dream of independence made me almost drunk with happiness.

"A hundred and twenty-five a week, if that will do," Lindon said. He was genuinely delighted to see me so happy. He was a good sort as men go.

So, whirled by the resistless sea of life in a totally new direction, I took leave of my boss with the gay courage of youth, and accustomed myself to my new world.

My lack of knowledge was made up by my enthusiasm, and the men buyers helped me because I was pretty. The women in the better jobs feared me vaguely because my youth and freshness contrasted with their bored, slightly faded competence. But I did what I could with the keen joyousness of a child. My customers were pleased and Lindon professed himself more than satisfied. His immediate staff took their cue from him and helped me to make good.

Yet, because a huge department store is a land of gossip, tidings of me came to Arthur's ears and stung his sore heart anew with the violent acid of jealousy. He came to seek me out in my private office.

"So this explains everything," he said.

"Explains what, Arthur?"

"Why you wouldn't marry me. You'd rather be an old man's darling. You prefer to have Lindon make a fool of you. The whole store is laughing at both of you. I suppose you think you're here on your merits."

"According to your ideas, I haven't any merits apart from marrying you," I said. "I don't agree. If they didn't like me, they'd fire me. Well, they haven't!"

"Do you know what they call you behind your back? They call you 'Lindon's Baby.' They know why he put you here. Perhaps you do, too. If you don't, I'll tell you. And I'll tell you another thing. There have been many pretty girls before you. If they intrigue him sufficiently, he tells them that he is going to get a divorce from his wife, after which he will marry them. It's possible he believes it at the moment, but to get a divorce takes several months, even if Mrs. Lindon would consent to it, and before that time has elapsed, he has tired of the latest toy and is on his knees to his wife to forgive him, because of the children. She understands him and never takes him very seriously. I'm going to go to him and tell



Alone in a Crowd

Conscious of something wrong — Ethel moved aside from the group of young people on the beach. She had expected such a jolly time; and now she heartily wished she hadn't come.

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him exactly what I think he is—a cad."

"Once," then I said, very slowly, "you meant a great deal that was beautiful in life to me. Then you bored me to death with your childish, narrow way of looking at things. Now I despise you absolutely. If you say one word to George I'll never speak to you again. I don't mind your making a fool of yourself, but you won't make a fool of me, please. And now I'd like you to go."

He went slowly, a boy hard-hit and crumpled from the blow, but he left behind mere half-tones where he had found the high lights of happiness. For a long time I stared thoughtfully at the blank wall opposite, then shrugging impatiently I continued my work.

But at last even in that clear sky appeared a cloud no bigger than a man's hand.

"Come and dine with me," Lindon said one afternoon. He hid his fear of a refusal behind a half smile, as he added: "I keep a little bachelor apartment on Murray Hill."

"You know," I said at last, "we'd better not. We're just friends. You've been awfully good, to me, but we'll never be more than friends, because we mustn't. I've got to work, and you'll go on helping me, won't you, and that—why, that's all. If I liked you less, or you liked me less—I would, but then there'd be no point in it so we shouldn't want to. As it is, we just can't, can we?"

"If I promised to be perfectly good; if I said I'm much older than you and you're rather a little girl to me; if I told you I wanted it terribly—just once, wouldn't you? I've never let you down, Dorothy, and if I'd been going to, surely I should have by now? Can't you?"

I shook my head.

"Just this once, if you will, dear. I want to talk to you quite by ourselves. And I'll be very good. I haven't got here—" he swept a vague hand indicating the vast building that was all his—"without knowing how to keep hold of myself. Tonight?"

And so as we sat in his living room after dinner, with cigarettes and coffee, he leaned forward in the deep leather arm-chair opposite mine, a man at the pinnacle of his career, and pitched himself and all he had joyfully at my feet.

"I love you," he said simply. "I know I oughtn't to but I can't help it. I will ask my wife for a divorce, and when I am free, we will be married. If there's anything in the world you want, you've only got to ask for it. You know how good I could be and would be to you. Now I won't touch you, and I won't kiss you. You shall choose alone. I love you that much."

"I love you, too."

"Then you will marry me?" he asked eagerly.

"Do you know, George, the kindest thing you ever did for me was never to kiss me. If you were to, I couldn't stand against you. I should be done and finished, and I'd have to give way. But, my dear, I know you better than you know yourself. You can't marry me, and although you may not believe it tonight, you would not want to, when the time had come for the divorce to be absolute. I love you too much to injure you that way. My dear, you have your place, and your wife and your children have theirs, but in all the wide world,

there isn't any place for me as far as you are concerned."

"I don't believe I would change," he said, but in his voice had crept a tone of indecision. In his heart he knew I told him the truth.

"My dear, wives know they have only to wait!" I told him. "Such a little while, and you would regret and then you'd hate me. I could not bear that! You must let me go. Don't kiss me, my dear. Don't you see it is for you to help me? Help me just because I want you so."

"Where will you go, when I let you go?" he said gently.

"Back to some job. Back to my life where I belong, and oh, how I wish I'd never left it!"

I stood up, and a wan little smile crept again over my face. I took the lapels of his coat in my two hands, and looked up at him.

"Get me a taxi, please, George. And don't come down with me, please, I'd rather you didn't."

THERE being no fool like a young fool, Arthur Gentry, when he heard of my parting from Lindon, called on me one evening after dinner. I received him in my boarding-house sitting room, and by chance we were alone. He came straight to the point.

"You've done the right thing, Dorothy dear, as I knew you would. The man's a scoundrel. I should like to horsewhip him."

My voice interrupted him.

"You're an utter prig, Arthur, and I hate you more than I ever thought I could. You come here and throw mud at the man who gave you your chance, if you care to know, simply because he thought I loved you. He's still giving it to you because he loves me, and I asked him not to take it away."

"He was always perfectly sweet to me. He couldn't help loving me, and when I asked him to, he let me go. He never told me what I ought to do, as you always do! He was never jealous of you, as you are of him. He's a man, Arthur, and if you try very hard you may be, too, some day, though not a man like him; but it'll take you a long time. Sometimes I doubt if you'll ever manage it. And now will you please go, and never see me or speak to me again!"

When he had closed the door behind him, I sat with my hands locked in my lap, trying to hold back the tears that would force themselves under my eyelids. That's the curse of a girl letting herself care too much. She knows that the world is very hard, and that very little seems worth an effort. Never before had I felt so lonely.

Then from very far away came the subdued roar of traffic. Slowly I realized that life still surged around me, that for no one's private griefs does the world stand still, that with every new day new opportunity beckons.

And with these experiences I wait more confidently. I wait the arrival of a third man. One whom I shall love; one who will love me. If and when I meet him, I shall be more prepared for love than I could be had I not known Arthur or George. And I like to think that this man I have not yet met is waiting only just around the corner of tomorrow!

ARE you beautiful? Then I wonder what you would have done in my place. Two men thought I was lovely. One of them, loving my beautiful features, offered me riches and a chance to make his money mean something to him. The other, thinking I had a beauty of soul that would grow greater as my physical beauty faded, offered me nothing but poverty and dreams. Which would you have chosen? Read my story in August SMART SET and see if you think "Love Lasts Longest."

Love Found a Way

(Continued from page 41)

I said. "I tied him fast. Now won't you please hurry?"

"What?" they said.

"You heard me the first time," I said, and led the way outside. They got the man on to the stretcher and carried him in to the operating room.

SOMEHOW I got down-stairs. The man at the desk in the lobby stopped me. He had a big blank in front of him and a fountain pen. My heart sank. He was going to ask questions.

"What's his name?" the man asked me.

"Adams," I said. It was the first name that came into my head.

"Initials?"

"George," I said. "George W."

"Where does he live?"

"In New York," I said. I thought wildly, trying to remember an address in New York. I couldn't admit I'd never seen the man before in my life.

"Street and number?" the man asked.

"Why," I hesitated, as if I were trying to remember, "I believe it's 18 Gramercy Park. Yes, that's it."

On the way home, I tried to figure out some way of getting the car into the garage without making any noise. It was half past three. It would soon be daylight. I couldn't get caught now. I decided that I could leave it in the drive and then get up early, before anybody else was up, and put it away.

I woke at twenty-five minutes after six the next morning. I spent five minutes in the shower and doused my face again and again with cold water so I wouldn't look as if I'd been out all night. By the time the family came down to breakfast I had taken a ten-mile spin in the car with the wind-shield open and my cheeks were flushed with the morning air.

At ten o'clock I couldn't stand it any longer so I got into the roadster and drove down to the hospital and asked permission to see Mr. Adams. They took me up to his room.

He was so well covered with bandages that I could only see his eyes and his mouth and part of one ear. And now that I was face to face with him I didn't know what to say. I just looked at him and he just looked at me. The nurse smiled and left the room.

"Look here," he said, as soon as she was gone, "who am I and what happened?"

"You're Mr. Adams," I said. "George W. Adams of 18 Gramercy Park."

"My real name," he said, "is Palmer, Philip Palmer and I live in White Plains. What's your name?"

"Mary Morley," I said.

"Tell me how it happened," he said.

I told him.

"But I don't understand where you come in," he said.

I told him that, too.

"So," he said, and he smiled as much as a man can smile when his face is all covered with bandages, "you didn't have any business to be there either."

"No," I said, "and if anybody ever finds out that I was, I'll be in awfully Dutch."

"Well," the young man said, "I'd be in a good deal more Dutch than I am if you hadn't come along. The woman who ran away was—well, perhaps I'd better not say who she was, but I didn't have any business to be with her."

"You drove very recklessly," I said.

"I wasn't driving," he answered.

"You mean she was?"

"Yes," he said.

"And then when she had wrecked the car and almost killed you she ran off and left you?"

"Well," he said, "you can hardly blame her; it wouldn't have looked well in the morning papers."

"You'll be found out," I said. "People will be looking for you."

"I hardly think so," he said. "I'm on vacation so that my office won't be expecting me. And I can send word to the hotel. I was staying over at the Briarcliff Arms. And so, if the lady can manage to explain the fact that her car is smashed, or conceal it, why nobody need ever know."

The nurse came back at that point so I rose to go.

"I do hope you'll come back," he said.

"I doubt if I can," I said.

"I shall be very lonesome," he said.

I smiled.

"It might be good for you to be lonesome," I said.

Of course I did go back the next day. When the nurse let me into his room he was propped up in bed with a local paper.

"Listen to this," he said, and began to read aloud from the paper:

"Thieves who stole George Martin's roadster night before last were foiled by their own recklessness in driving. Mr. Martin discovered his loss yesterday morning. His wife had driven the car to the dance at the Malvern Hill Country Club the night before. When she returned she put the car in the garage. In the morning Mr. Martin found the garage empty and reported the loss to the state police. Within an hour Officer Mahon had found the car on the Old Mill road not more than a mile from the country club. It was a total wreck. Apparently the thieves got off the road, hit a big stone, and turned over. To judge by the amount of blood in the car one of them was badly hurt. Officer Mahon says the theft was undoubtedly the work of the Permatelli gang."

Mr. Palmer chuckled.

"YOU see why I wasn't worried about her end of it, don't you?" he asked. "She could explain a little thing like the car being wrecked on the Old Mill road without stopping to think. She's clever."

Mr. Palmer began to laugh again.

I couldn't laugh with him, because I was thinking that I wasn't clever at all, like this woman who had explained everything to her husband and got herself out of a very tight place. And if she was clever enough to do that she was clever enough to get Mr. Palmer back. Within a week they would be kissing and making up. I'd only seen the man twice before in my life and the first time he'd been unconscious but the thought of his kissing that woman made me so furious I wanted to slap her.

"I don't see anything funny about it," I said. "The whole thing is so cheap and—and—and—" I stopped talking because I suddenly felt as if I were going to cry.

"I know it is," he said earnestly. "I'm ashamed of the whole thing, and what's more I'm through with it."

The moment he became serious I wanted to cry more than ever so I told him I had to go. He made me promise to come back the next day. In fact I went back every day except Sunday for ten days. I just couldn't get away from father and mother on Sunday. But on all the other days I drove over to the hospital and sat in Mr. Palmer's room and talked to him.

The time came, of course, when Mr. Palmer was ready to leave the hospital.

"I'm almost sorry," I said, when he told

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me. "Because this means I shan't see you again."

"That's just where you're mistaken," he said, which was exactly what I wanted him to say.

"But you see," I said, "it's absolutely impossible."

"Come here," he said as if he meant it. "Come here and sit on the edge of my bed." I went and he took my hand in his.

"Mary," he said, "you know what's happened to me."

"You've got well," I said quickly.

"That isn't what I mean," he said, "and you know it. But I don't want to tell you until this other arm of mine is out of the sling."

"You must never tell me anything," I said. "My father and mother would never let me know you."

"What have they got to say about it?" he asked.

I thought to myself that perhaps, if I kept on feeling the way I did, they wouldn't have much to say about it. But I wasn't going to tell him that. I suddenly wanted to make everything as difficult as possible for him, to see what he would do.

"What would I have to do to get your father and mother to approve of me?" he asked.

"Oh," I said, "you'd have to be introduced by just the right people."

"Who are the right people?"

I laughed.

"The very best person in the world would be Dr. Horace Manning, the rector of St. Botolphs."

Philip frowned.

"Who else do they think are the right sort?"

"Oh," I said, "the Wilsons and the Ferrises and the Parmenters and the Wickhams."

"What Parmenters?"

"Mrs. Emmeline Parmenter."

"She's my aunt," he said, and grinned at me.

SO WE framed it up. He was to get his Aunt Emmeline to take him to the Reverend Dr. Horace Manning for tea. I would be there with my mother and we would be introduced to each other perfectly formally. Mother would think it was the first time we had ever seen each other and after that he could ask to call and everything would be lovely.

And so it might have been if he hadn't insisted on seeing me alone. Things had gone just exactly the way we planned them at the tea, but we had a moment in a corner alone and he insisted that I must meet him that night after everybody had gone to bed.

I kept saying, "No," as hard as I could, but I couldn't say it very loudly or firmly or somebody would have heard me, besides I wanted awfully to do it. I knew what would happen if I did meet him. He would kiss me. And I had never been kissed in my life—by a man, I mean. So finally I said that if I could get out I would, that very night.

I can remember still all the thoughts that raced through my head after I had gone up to my room that night and got into a sport dress and sat down by the window to wait. One minute I was thrilled by the thought that in another half hour or so I was going to climb out of the window and that Phil would kiss me. The next minute I was scared to death to think what would happen if anybody woke up. And then I'd think about that terrible Mrs. Martin. He must have kissed her. And how could I, who had never been kissed, make him forget her kisses?

I was sitting there trembling when I heard a slight sound at the wall. The next moment I saw a match flare up in the dark and go out instantly. That was Phil. So I slipped

out of the window and along to the veranda roof and over the rail.

I had gone down any number of times without a mistake, but this time I suppose I was excited. As I let myself down over the railing and grasped the pillar with my legs to slide down I lost my hold and fell the last half of the way. I remember thinking it was all off and then I landed in Phil's arms as gently as if I'd done it on purpose.

"You little darling," he said, and kissed me.

Of course when I had thought that he would kiss me I hadn't thought he would do it right away or that it would be anything like what it was. I thought he would kiss me quickly and gently the way my father and mother did. But he kissed me fiercely and he didn't stop. He kept right on kissing me. At first I was so surprised that I just stood there letting him kiss me.

And right in the middle of this the veranda light flashed on; there stood father in the doorway with a revolver in his hand. I still had my arms around Phil's neck.

"Stand where you are or I'll shoot," he said in a loud voice.

For about a minute, nobody said anything, then father said:

"Walk into the house."

There didn't seem to be anything else to do so we did and mother came running down stairs and stood there, gasping so for breath, that I didn't know if she was going to scream or faint or burst into tears.

"How do you do, Mrs. Morley?" Phil said, and bowed to her.

Father was perfectly astonished.

"Do you know this man?" he said.

"I—I met him at Dr. Manning's this afternoon," mother said.

And then everybody began to talk at once; father accusing mother of helping me to meet Phil and telling Phil he was going to call the police and have him arrested and mother saying she just couldn't believe I'd do such a thing, especially with a man I'd only just met that afternoon.

Finally, Phil managed to get them stopped.

"Now look here," he said, "this is all nonsense. I love Mary. There's nothing criminal in that. And I think there's just a chance that she loves me."

They all looked at me.

"Yes," I said to Phil, "I love you."

Phil smiled at me.

"I'm afraid I'll have to tell them the whole story," he said.

"All right," I answered.

So Phil told them how it had all happened. Father and mother were perfectly aghast.

"But Mary," mother said, "I thought you didn't have any of these wild impulses."

I smiled at her. Somehow I knew everything was coming out all right.

"Maybe," I said, "I'm just human after all, mother."

Well, along about daylight they quit arguing and agreed that Phil and I might be engaged and Phil got up to go and I naturally followed him to the door.

"Come on outside a minute," he said to me.

"I just can't now," I said. "They wouldn't like it."

"Come on," Phil said. "I want to finish that last kiss."

So I went.

"I was a little worried when I went back into the house. Mother and father were still waiting for me."

"I'm sorry," I said, "but I had to say good night to Phil."

"You took your time about it," father said.

Then for once mother spoke up.

"Naturally," she said. "I remember the day when I took my time saying good night to you."

Sampling Husbands

(Continued from page 25)

to jar in the first month of living together.

James, being plain spoken, has had the intelligence to tell Edith the first time she did anything which disillusioned him. He has not just sat down under it until the irritation has killed his love as most permanent husbands do. Edith knows what she had better avoid expressing, and both know that the days are flying, and that the decision to part, or not to part, must be made soon.

It does not sound like a bad plan, does it, as things are? The subconscious mind plays such a very strong part in all our lives. Impress it with the idea that you, its master, are bound, and immediately the desire for freedom arises because that is one of the strongest urges in the human makeup, the desire for freedom.

The result of this subconscious belief in the bonds of marriage destroys, by its resentment, many of the things which would appear attractive were there no subconscious dread attached to them. The very knowledge that the bond was only temporary would remove this fear. A habit of loving could be formed and a habit forges the strongest tie possible!

It would seem, after cold, calm consideration, that this "approval" plan might be a real help in solving the ever increasing problem of how to be happy though married. It would not change any of the existing laws. The only difference would be

that the pair would really undertake to carry out their agreement.

But alas! There is human idiosyncrasy to be reckoned with! Snags might be found in the tenacious nature of woman, who, no matter what she had agreed to, would still hold on to the man if she happened to love him at the end of the year.

Or it might be the man who refused to play fair. He might still be in love, although his beloved had grown cold. In which case he would immediately demonstrate his authority. "Stuff and nonsense my dear," he would announce, "I only signed that old thing to please you! We are married for good, and you have no grounds to divorce me!" And there would be an impasse.

Probably amelioration could only be effected by all religious bodies and all civil bodies getting together and devising a new set of promises—and a new set of penalties to be inflicted after a careful "commission" had sat solidly for a year and heard all evidence.

And then, if you ask me, having a twinkle in my eye, I believe I should answer that their new statutes would be adhered to just as completely or incompletely as are the statutes in the law of prohibition! So we are back to where we started! Only character and intelligence and fine principles have any great chance of happiness in marriage as in any other bond whatsoever.

HAVE you got "IT"? Every now and then some one like Madame Elinor Glyn, the greatest living authority on love, takes some commonplace word in our language and gives it new life and meaning. Do you know, for instance, what "IT" means? Madame Glyn will tell you in detail in an early issue of SMART SET what she means by this priceless thing called "IT," how to tell whether or not you have "IT," and also how to attain "IT."

Do You Believe All You Hear?

(Continued from page 65)

my eyes and make believe I could see the flowers, whole fields of them.

That's how things were one night more than a year after Jim went. It was the slack time, around nine o'clock. The door opened, and who should come in but Jim. My heart stopped beating a minute, and then rushed on like mad to make up for lost time.

"Well, Jim," I said, to make it easy for him.

"Well, Bertha," he answered me. He stared at me hard, and I began to think he wouldn't ever open his mouth again. Then he said all in a breath.

"Bertha, Mazie's back dancing at that place. She got tired being cooped up every night. And now the baby's old enough so's I can look after her—"

"The baby, Jim?" I said.

"Yes, Bertha, there's a baby. It's nearly four months old now, and it's the cutest thing. I know how you've always felt about babies, so I thought maybe you'd like to come over and see it. Mazie's doing the long trick tonight. Can't you leave the shop and come with me now?"

So Jim knew how I felt about babies! I wondered how he'd found out.

The Swede girl hadn't gone to bed yet, and she was glad of the chance to be out front for an hour. I put my things on and went with Jim.

They had a little flat over east of Second Avenue. I could see Mazie wasn't much of

a housekeeper. But the baby was sweet and clean. Jim held the curtain away from her crib and let me look at her a long time.

Jim told me how he'd tried to get jobs, but it wasn't so easy for a man who'd been his own boss all his life to work for other people. I guess Mazie and him spent a good deal of money just at first. Then of course when the baby came there was doctor's bills and all. So when Mazie was well again she said she wanted to go back to work. Jim said he didn't blame her. She loved pretty things, and if she could earn the money for them he didn't see himself standing in her way. Only he hated to have his wife work.

WHEN he'd said that, "my wife," he got so red it hurt me to look at him. So I told him I'd do anything he wanted me to. I'd get a divorce so's he could marry Mazie.

"Wouldn't you like the divorce for your own sake, Bertha?" he asks me.

"Why, what do you mean, Jim?"

"You've changed so. You've spruced up so. You look better now than you ever did. Better even than when we were first married. Your hair—"

I just laughed. "You like it bobbed, Jim?" I said, trying to be easy, though my heart was pounding. "But what do you mean, wouldn't I like the divorce?"

"Isn't there another man, Bertha?"

"Oh! You think because I've grown



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fussier it's for another man? No, Jim," I said, very quiet, "there's no other man."

He could see I was telling the truth. After a minute we went on talking. We arranged we'd get the divorce so he could marry Mazie and make things right for the baby. That was what we all had to think about now.

Jim said he'd talk it over with Mazie. I told him he must tell her I'd seen the baby. I didn't want her to think I was sneaking in underhand. I know how I'd feel if I had one.

I had to get back to the store, because I couldn't trust the Swede girl when it got busy. After that Jim came often and took me over to see the baby. He said Mazie didn't seem to know her own mind about the divorce, and wouldn't tell him what to do.

AND then it happened all in a minute like —the thing that got us into the papers. Jim came running into the store one night white as a sheet, the baby all bundled up in his arms. At first he couldn't speak so's you could make out what he was saying. Then it all came out.

The man who run that cabaret had been laying for Mazie. Even before she went with Jim. But he was a married man, and Mazie, though folks think I'm crazy for saying it, was a good girl. Or anyway she always meant to be a good girl. With her and Jim it was different. They loved each other.

Well, everyone knows now that Mazie fell for him at last. I guess it was as much as anything that he promised her she'd never be poor, never be fat and smelly the way I was that night she saw me in the shop. If she stuck to Jim and the baby that'd be all there was for her, she could see that. This guy told her he'd pay his wife to get a divorce and then he'd marry her and make everything all right.

So that was how it was Mazie wouldn't give Jim a straight answer about our divorce. But then the weeks go on, and Mazie sees this cabaret guy isn't going to do what he promised. He'd even took up with another girl, a younger, prettier girl than Mazie. So the poor kid went to a pawn shop down on the Bowery and bought a gun and went to have a showdown with this guy.

Everyone knows now what happened. He turned her down flat, and she shot him. Fool's luck was with her, and she got him the first shot. Then she turned the gun on herself, but that time she wasn't so lucky. The cops come and grabbed her before she could finish the job.

She was hurt bad, though, and was in the hospital with a charge of first degree murder hanging over her. Them next few days was the hardest of all for me to bear, because I had to see Jim suffer. Here the girl he loved was laying at death's door, and he couldn't hope she'd get well, because of what

she'd have to go through with if she did.

They'd easy make it out what they call a premeditated murder, because they could prove she'd bought the gun on purpose to do what she did. And her living with Jim and having the baby and all made her out a bad character. I know Jim used to almost die when he'd think of her serving a life sentence, or worse. Poor Mazie, that loved pretty things and sweet smells so!

Of course in a way it was easy for me, because I had the baby. I guess a woman can stand most anything if she has a baby to take care of. I never did seem to mind it being Mazie's. After all, it was Jim's too, and that made it part mine.

When the end come for Mazie you'd a been dumb not to be glad for her. She had a beautiful funeral. It would of made her happy, all them flowers and music and the crowds and crowds of people to look at her. Why, they even had to get out the police to keep them in line. She looked prettier than ever. I was glad of that.

After it was over and I'd put the baby to bed Jim got down on his knees and cried and cried. I let myself cry a little too, holding him close to me. Somehow them tears didn't burn my eyes the way they used to when I cried alone.

But then it was time to let the Swede girl off. She'd minded the front all day so's I could go to the funeral. I made Jim lay down and went out into the shop.

After a while Jim come out of the bedroom. His eyes didn't look so red. Men don't cry tears the way women do.

"Bertha," he begun, not looking me straight in the eye the way he always did, "I've been hanging around here since I brought the baby to you. We ain't talked things out yet. But can I come back and stay, I and the baby?"

"Yes, Jim," I said, quiet, so my voice would keep steady.

"Oh, Bertha, you mean you will forgive me? You mean things can be just as they was before?"

"No, Jim, not just as they was before. We've got the baby now."

Then he looked at me, and I guess he could see, though the tears was streaming down my face, that they was tears of joy and thanksgiving. He took me in his arms and let me cry all over his coat, and he stroked my hair again and again. Then he told me I'd better go to bed and he'd mind the store.

So that's the way we're going on ever since. We keep the Swede girl so's I can look after the baby. That makes it easy for me, of course. Sometimes I almost forget about Mazie and find myself thinking as if the baby was mine. Then I remember poor Mazie and say a prayer for her while I give my hair an extra brush and put some perfumery on my handkerchief. Maybe if I keep myself nice Jim will get to feeling about me a little bit the way he did about Mazie.

Hunted Lovers

[Continued from page 69]

Alan was on him in a pounce, and before I knew it Greystone's feet were securely tied by the very ropes he had used on us. "Help me get him on the sledge, Jacqueline," Alan said.

The necessity for instant action momentarily saved me from a bad nervous reaction. I ran along behind the sledge to the cabin, and brought a knife and water out for Alan.

He ripped the Sergeant's coat sleeve that had become a deeper red. Washing away the flow of blood Alan made a rough tourni-

quet with a strand of rope and a stick. The red flow lessened. But hysteria was kindling in my blood. I could not control myself any longer, and rushed away weeping.

Later Alan found me lying face downward in the fringe of the woods. He lifted me up into his arms and kissed me. "You saved us by that shot. I was losing the nerve to shoot. How did you know?" he asked softly.

"Oh, Alan, there was the same look on your face as Jack rushed toward your pistol that is there when you think of Marino. A

terrible haunted sort of look."

"Then you do understand the torture I've suffered, wandering from place to place, stalked by the thought that I may have killed Marino? You know why we must leave this beautiful valley?"

"Yes, Alan, I know that your soul's happiness and peace lie in going back, and learning the truth about that night on Long Island. That's the reason I felt so terrible about your being captured by Greystone. I would have always blamed myself. I brought you here. I promised you safety."

"Promise me you'll never blame yourself again, dear, for we are going away tomorrow, and there will be no more soul suffering over the past. Already the shadow of Marino seems lifting now that I'm going back to face everything. Promise, Jacqueline," he said, and kissed my tears away.

I promised, trying to only remember that our going down the long strange trail to his world would bring peace to the man I loved.

ALAN was leaving food enough to last Greystone quite some time, and roping him so he could hobble about very slowly. A knife, and pistol with some ammunition were to be cached in a marked tree, about ten miles down the west shore of Wild River.

"We'll be almost to the steamer landing at Hudson Bay by the time Greystone hobbles to the tree, and cuts himself loose. I couldn't bring myself to leave him without any means of protecting himself in the future."

I looked at Alan. There was a kind, almost gentle expression on his face that matched the voice he'd just employed. A new fear concerning what lay at the end of the journey gripped me. Alan Wendring for all of his fearlessness and strength was soft of heart. Suppose Cecile Broadhurst still loved him, and appealed to his kindness of heart? Would he be able to hurt his former sweetheart by turning her down for me?

As dusk drifted through the Valley of the Wind, my anxiety for the future made me almost ill. I couldn't help but feel as if I were standing on the edge of a chasm that was destined to yawn forever between Alan and myself.

The twilight deepened into a darkness that overwhelmed me with loneliness. Already the chasm seemed to have yawned between us, and I saw myself standing alone, and afraid in strange places, watching Alan being taken farther and farther away from me.

From the river came the echo of his hammer as he made the raft that was to bear us away next day. They seemed like the echo of his footsteps departing in the night. Almost beside myself with foreboding fancies I went to the place in the clearing where Alan first confessed his love for me, hoping that my memories of that night would drive away my fear of losing him.

The stars had all come out and were graining the northern skies with dancing gold. They were the stars Alan believed were the eyes of our God of the Wild, the stars in whose light he had made me his wife. My eyes filled with tears as I gazed up at the glittering heavens, and remembered.

"I can't live without his love now. Please, stars, please never let him forget what we are to each other," I murmured.

Later, when I wandered back to the cabin for our last night in the place that had been paradise to me, the echo of hammer blows was still drifting up from Wild River where Alan Wendring worked eagerly so that the journey I feared and dreaded might be commenced in the morning.

As Wild River, ever flowing up toward the polar seas, swept our raft out of the Valley, and northward into the timber wastes, and the barbaric sweeps of plains that never shed their year-round winter coats of white, a new worry overhadowed me.

Alan was returning to give himself over to the authorities on the assumption that there was a chance to prove he had not fired the shot which ended Marino's life. But, suppose the law held him guilty of the killing, and he was either hung or imprisoned? I seemed destined to lose him no matter what happened and life would become a bleak, empty existence.

Strangely enough I had not thought of this before, although Alan had said it would be worth running any kind of risk with the authorities to escape the torture of his conscience. I suppose my mind had been too pre-occupied with the obsession of losing my lover to his former sweetheart, to seriously consider the chance of losing him to the law.

Time after time, I was on the point of asking Alan if he were determined to give himself up in case the police still charged the murder to him. But I was so afraid of his answer I didn't muster the courage to do it until we were on the little steamer sailing for northern Quebec.

"I'll give myself up, and then start to fight for my acquittal. The more I think it all over, the more I realize that a shot from his own accomplice may have finished Marino," he answered, as I was afraid he would.

"But—if they convict you. Oh! Alan think what it would mean."

He took my hands: "We've got to hope for the best, dearest. It is too late now to change our plans. My peace of mind and soul depend on carrying out our decision to go back and thrash this whole thing out. Buck up, Jacque, you've been a hundred per cent brave so far. It won't be long before everything'll be settled. A few more days, and we'll be slipping secretly into New York, and down to Wings. I know father will help me start off on the right foot. Sometimes I wish I'd put the whole business up to him before I checked out. He's gotten the nasty end of it. But when I look at you I'm glad that something sent me into your life."

There were stores in the little Bay port where we landed from the steamer. We bought the best clothes they had in stock and pushed on to Quebec. In the fascinating shops of that city I bought beautiful things and Alan outfitted himself in the latest style. We also put Captain in a good kennel. We found out that there was very little red tape about crossing the border. But, determined to take no chances, we got off the train before it passed into the States and were driven across the line in a machine without any hitch except the usual search for liquor. At Malone we took another train for New York.

THE train ride from there on to New York completely unnerved me. I could not help looking upon every person and everything as my enemy—somebody, something that was in a great secret and sinister conspiracy to cheat me of love's happiness.

We reached New York at night. The city with its ceaseless rumble, and blinding maze of lights, made me shudder with apprehension. I thought of it as a roaring beast with thousands of blazing eyes and hid my face against Alan's shoulder as the taxicab we were riding in rushed along a crowded avenue. I could feel his heart pounding madly, and I wondered if the city was frightening him, too, for a different reason. But he said he was only excited by the thought of being home so soon and learning what had happened in his absence.

"There's nothing about New York to frighten anybody, Jacqueline," he said. "Look up, we're passing that famous hotel I was telling you about—the Ritz. And we'll be whizzing by the rear of St. Patrick's Cathedral in a minute."

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another shock. You must be near him." "But I'm not Cecile," I said. "Then we must get Cecile." Apprehension swept over me as Alan had Peters phone for his old sweetheart. She was on the point of leaving her home for a dance, but upon learning Mr. Wendring had been stricken she said she would be right over.

I watched Alan as we waited for the sound of her car, trying to figure out what he was thinking about. What would his attitude be? What would happen as the result of their meeting?

A motor swept up to the front door. Alan got up and hurried out of the room. For what seemed eternity there was a flurry of whispered voices in the hall and my heart pounded like mad as I tried to control myself. The idea of meeting Cecile Broadhurst face to face unnerved me.

Then she floated gracefully into the room, as beautiful and slender as a lovely princess. She bowed hurriedly to the doctor and me as she went over to Mr. Wendring. I stepped out into the hall, where Mr. Chester, who had come with Cecile, was standing.

Cecile came out to us after Alan and the doctor had carried Mr. Wendring up to bed. "Robert, will you excuse this young lady and me for a moment if we go into the drawing-room?"

I followed her feeling on the verge of hysteria from suspense and uncertainty. What was she going to tell me? Did she know who I was and why Alan had brought me to his home?

Cecile Broadhurst stopped and gave me a swift, searching glance. "Alan hasn't had a chance to tell me much, but I know one thing. You—you love him."

"And you? You love him, too?" I said impulsively.

"Yes," she said, "I do, but in a different way from what you think. Alan is a wonderful man. He proved his nobility and bravery by running away to shield me. I can tell you what I'm going to tell you because you are a woman and you love him. You'll be glad and you'll understand. Let's sit down."

Cecile Broadhurst told me how she recovered from her nervous breakdown after Marino's shooting and went to the District Attorney with her whole story, giving the true motive for Marino's visit to Alan, and explaining that the latter had run away to shield her name. The police were put on the trail of Marino's accomplice. He was arrested along with others of his blackmail clique, and turning state's evidence against his confederates, he had also confessed that it was an accidental bullet from his revolver that finished Marino.

"I was secretly in love with Robert Chester at that very time," she said, "but I had to wait to see if Alan would still expect me to marry him before I could go to Robert. It was the only square thing to do."

Everything swam before my eyes. I felt weak and dizzy all over. Alan came in at this moment. He seemed startled by what he saw on our faces but he said:

"Father came around again when we got him in his room. He's perfectly coherent. I've told him all about you, Jacqueline. He

wants you to come up while I talk to Cecile."

Cecile put her hand out to me. I took it and kissed her fingers, then flew upstairs to Mr. Wendring's room. He was sweet to me, insisting on saying more than the doctor wished him to. He dropped off to sleep again, still holding my hand. I sat at his bedside until Alan came for me.

"They've gone now and Cecile and I understand each other," he whispered. "Can father be left alone a little while?"

Doctor Jameston said Mr. Wendring would not awaken again for hours.

"Shock is a matter of mind plus body. His mind's straightened out now, so he'll rest."

"Then come with me, Jacqueline, I want to show you something," Alan whispered.

I followed him out of the house. We walked a short distance to a tree where leafy branches formed a canopy in the night. Alan took my hands:

"Jacqueline do you see the stars up there?" he asked.

"Yes, Alan," I said and raised my eyes to the gold-studded skies.

"They are the same stars that shine down over the Valley of the Wind, the stars I believe are the eyes of God, and under which I asked you to become my wife. Jacqueline, darling, I'm asking you now to marry me tomorrow in the eyes of the world—will you, dear?"

"Yes, Alan, my sweetheart, my husband," I said as Alan's kiss closed my eyes to the golden, dancing stars.

HE SAT down on a bench under the tree, and Alan pillowed my head against his shoulder. As I lay there in the strength and security of his arms my thoughts drifted back over the road that led to the white rim of civilization, the road to Waskia, and the Wine Star and the trails that we had struck together through the Valley of the Wind. I thought of all that happened to bring Alan and me together; of that night in the Wine Star before the coming of Kwass-ke-hoo; Wolfclaws Colombes; Sergeant Greystone; everything!

And I did not shudder at these memories for I knew that I was safe from all harm in Alan's love. He had proved it in every way and no longer was there any shadow of the law to haunt our happiness.

The stars twinkling overhead made me homesick for the Valley of the Wind and a great longing to go back there with Alan surged through my heart. It would be wonderful to be alone with him there in all the beauty of the new northern spring and summer. I told him this and he promised that we would go back to our honeymoon Valley, and re-live our thrilling love days and nights.

"We'll take Captain with us. He'll want to go, too," I said.

"Good old Captain," said Alan. "We must go back to Quebec and get him, Jacqueline. He was our friend against all the world."

"Yes, dear," I murmured. I felt that Captain in far away Quebec must be sensing in his dog way that we were now the happiest lovers in the world instead of the hunted lovers he had served so faithfully.



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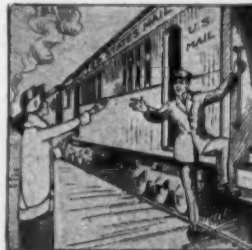
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[Continued from page 71]

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What a blow that little mother must be to the long faced reformers who tell you "the younger generation is sending this country to the dogs." I'd like to see M.

L. H. the First Lady of the Land some day! Why not? It's possible!

The family of Mrs. Lenore R. of Lansing, Michigan, numbers seven. Mr. R's salary is forty dollars a week and they think they're very comfortably fixed! And neither one of them is a wizard at mathematics or an efficiency expert. No, they haven't learned by years of experience; both are under thirty.

Mrs. R says:

"I have five children, three girls and two boys, the oldest ten and the youngest two. We have a Ford sedan which I think is plenty good enough for any ordinary working man, and we are buying our home, paying twenty-five dollars a month instalments, besides our car payments which will end in July, thank goodness. We pay three dollars and fifty cents a week on the furniture and live nicely on ten dollars to twelve dollars a week for the table. I do my own baking and pay cash for groceries. It's running up bills that get people into debt. My children are just as well dressed as any we know, but perhaps that is because I make their clothes myself. I am only twenty-seven years old now and the responsibilities of marriage haven't made me 'old and gray,' as the saying goes. Oh, we've been through many a dark place, but we've stuck together and pulled through because we let love come first."

THERE is just one more letter I would like you to read because it comes from a young wife whose husband never makes more than one hundred and fifty dollars a month and they live in St. Louis, Missouri, and understand thoroughly the difficulty of city life on a small income.

"My husband didn't even have a job when we were married," she says, "but we borrowed a hundred dollars and before that was used up he'd got a better position than he could have had if we were single. Within a year we had paid off the debt and saved enough to make the first payment on some furniture. While we were getting started we lived in two nice furnished rooms which cost ten dollars a week."

"Now we are paying fifty dollars a month for a very cozy three-room efficiency apartment. Our food bills amount to ten dollars a week and we are constantly adding to our furniture. Our place is as cozy as a girl could wish and we even have a radio. I know very well that if I worked too we'd be extravagant and get ourselves in a hole before we knew it. In my opinion poverty doesn't kill love, but debts do."

There now! You see what can be done. And those women are all young and once had dreams of beautiful homes and cars and lovely clothes. Perhaps they still dream about them, and maybe some day their dreams will be realized. But I don't think they'll be any happier for it. Don't laugh! I mean it. Some day someone will startle this mad country of ours with a really great book. And it won't be the story of a beautiful woman or a bad woman or a brilliant woman or a business woman. It will be the true story of just an everyday little wife, like those whose letters you've just read, who spends her time scrimping and saving and cooking and making over old clothes and picking up after restless little feet.

It sounds drab? Uninteresting? Depressing? Dear girls, that book will throb with such rebellion and hopelessness and exquisite moments and such sublime sacrifice that it will thrill those who read it as no

story of Elinor Glyn's ever has. That book will live!

It may be the story of Mrs. R. of Lansing, Michigan, or it may be the story of Mr. and Mrs. M. C., or M. C. R., or Mrs. G. L. T. Or it may be the story of all of them. I wish I could write that book, because never again would you say:

"They're just common people. They're satisfied because they don't know any better."

I could go on and on and use up the whole magazine with these letters. There were so many and they were nearly all so amazing that I had great difficulty choosing the ones I should publish. But I have written personally to all those brave little women, so richly deserving of praise and encouragement and better things.

VERNA H.: Why not have a party and ask him to come? That would bring you together and still not let him think you are chasing after him.

BETTY: You'll have to watch for a chance to get him alone. Tell him just what you have told me. Forget your pride. Isn't he more important? And didn't you drive him away by flirting?

FAIRHAVEN: Isn't half a loaf better than none when you're starving? Accept his terms and don't throw yourself at him and smile even when your heart is breaking. It's your only chance.

WORRIED: Don't try to forget; it isn't any use. Did you tell him of your change of heart when you wrote? If not, do it.

TRIXIE: You've both done wrong but you've both admitted it. The sensible thing is to bury the past and profit by your mistakes. If you can't do that, separate, but not until you've tried honestly.

ANXIOUS: I think he loves you as he says he does but I doubt that you'd ever be happy married. It is rarely "different after marriage."

LONESOME SUE: In your case, I advise waiting. He means so much to you and if he came back I know you would be big enough to take him back. Love like yours "endureth all things."

MARGARET: If his heart is not in the church he will never make a good priest. His mother had no right to exact such a promise. Wouldn't your own priest talk it over with him?

JUANITA: Don't be cross with me, but I am sure you don't love your teacher. You'd probably find him terribly dull and old. And I'll bet he doesn't dance or like any of the things you do.

HEARTBROKEN: Until you have proved to him that you love him as much as the babies, you will have to be patient. And remember, love needs telling.

DOROTHY: I doubt that you have ever really loved. When you do, you won't want to "step out" on the sly.

NELL: It was silly to make up that story. Why wouldn't he be sore? You'll have to be patient and sweet and kind to make up for it.

ELLEN: Be careful not to give the appearance of flirting and I think the young man will come back of his own accord.

EUGENIE: Dear child, you can't charge him for the pictures! You will simply have to let it go, but I am sure he feels badly about it.

Please remember that I am always glad to hear from you, not once but many times. I'd like to think that whenever things trouble you, you say to yourself, "I'll ask Mrs. Madison. She'll help me find a way out."

HAVE you written to Mrs. Madison? Do you know that she has helped thousands of SMART Set readers in their love problems? Write her now, freely and frankly, and you will be aided and encouraged by her wise and kindly advice which is always warmed with real understanding.

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The Daring of Innocence

[Continued from page 59]

better, I believe that half the tragedies in life would be averted.

I sat on top of the bus and thought that today of all days my prince ought to come. And come he did! At Forty-fourth Street, he came out of a building, made a dash through the traffic, and caught our bus. I moved over in my front seat and in a minute he was sitting beside me.

OUT of the corner of my eye I noticed every move. He was wearing a suit finer than our best custom-made and he carried a light overcoat.

Then he did something that made me see he was not a prince at all but just a man. He drew out a cigarette case.

"Does smoking annoy you?" he asked. I turned and met his eyes timidly. "I—I like it," I said, but I stammered a little. It was the first time I had ever spoken to a fine gentleman like him.

A cloud of smoke blew across my face. "Oh, I'm sorry. The wind is your way," he apologized.

"I'll change places with you," I said softly, but my timidity was only the girl-guile which says:

"And please keep right on."

As we changed places I stumbled. He caught me. And so it happened that in the most commonplace magical way we were acquainted. I don't believe that the great lovers of history, those you see in the movies, like Antony and Cleopatra, and Romeo and Juliet, and Nell Gwynn and the King, were stand-offish. They went straight to each other, and that's why they are immortal—because they were so human. The man by my side was human; something in the long puffs of his cigarette and in the audacity of his glance told me so.

"Are you going very far?" he asked. I couldn't go very far in our noon hour, so I answered:

"Only as far as the Metropolitan Museum—" My mother had cautioned me never to speak to a strange man, but how could I be rude to so handsome a young gentleman?

"How fortunate," he said. "I am going just that far."

I looked straight ahead. I knew that I ought to stop talking to him but I just couldn't. Maybe it was the high air playing havoc with my heart, just as the breeze was playing with my skirt. It doesn't take long to get acquainted, when you're sitting close together. My stockings were rolled just below my knees; and my sandals had crystal buttons. Then the same breeze that had blown the smoke into my face lifted my light skirt. I put out both hands with a shriek.

"Don't," he said. "That's a kind-hearted breeze—a regular home missionary of a breeze."

"It's awful," I said, but I didn't fight the breeze very hard.

Have you any idea—you women who sit at home and condemn—how we little girls who work in the sweat-shops get our ideas of love and marriage? I got mine from the movies, from seeing the women step out of their satin-lined cars, in front of the theaters, bare to the waist, under light wraps. They flaunted pretty skirts before the men, showed them a snow-white throat above delicately enchanting curves . . . short dresses and bare knees, short sleeves and pretty shoulders.

And I must do the same if I wanted to make a hit.

We rolled up the Avenue. A group of factory girls stood on the corner of Fifty-

ninth Street, headed for the East Side. He noticed them.

"Factory girls!" That was all he said. Those girls, working in the grimy lofts, were not of his world. Yet, what would he say if he knew that I—the girl sitting so snugly beside him, flirting with him—was a factory girl, too?

"They fall in love like other girls," I said. "Yes, I suppose so," he said. And he took a long puff as though inhaling a pleasant memory.

"But, maybe you don't care for girls at all," I said.

"You do me a wrong," he said. He spoke carelessly, still smoking. "I'm like all the rest of my kind, girl-crazy, when a real pretty girl comes along and happens to be nice to me."

Oh, if he had only meant me! My heart fell with disappointment, at his indifference.

"Yes, indeed!" I said. I knew I wasn't replying very much to the point; I wanted to say that I didn't see how any girl could help being nice to him. Only that would be going too far on so short an acquaintance, so all I did was to stammer:

"I'm so—so glad—you feel that way."

"Indeed!" He laughed. "So you're glad that I'm girl-crazy? That's quite priceless!"

I could feel his eyes on me with a fresh interest in them. Still I was embarrassed and I tried to explain.

"I mean that I think that the men ought to like girls."

"Oh, so do I." He agreed heartily, but his eyes were dancing. "Fortunately, as far as I am concerned, it is not only a duty but a pleasure also. Now young lady, will you please tell me some more things that men ought to like?"

I wasn't sure but I had said something queer and the thought of that made me blush. Still I laughed to keep him company; and went on with an airy hectic gaiety: "I can't think of anything more important than that. Can you?"

"Oh! No! No! No! No!" he laughed.

I was positive that he was enjoying it now and I was wild with happy excitement. To think that I had been bright enough to do that!

The great stone front of the Metropolitan was in sight. It would mark the finish of my romance; my noon-hour was almost up. But oh, how I did wish it would last a little while longer. "I've got to get off here," I said.

"That's too bad." He rose to help me down from the bus. "We must continue this conversation some time. Let me go with you as far as the Museum now."

MY BUS was coming down the Avenue and I had only a minute to catch it.

"Please don't! I have an engagement with someone."

"Oh, I see. And I beg your pardon." He lifted his hat and turned away.

I made the factory just as the whistles blew for one o'clock, but all the afternoon, as I stitched, I thought of my prince. I was afraid, if I met him again, he'd find out that I was only a little factory girl, but at any rate he wouldn't forget me. I felt sure of that.

I resolved never to step on top of a bus again, but what is a girl's mind against a tug at her heart-strings! The very next noon the same fever got into my blood. I refused to go with the other girls to the cruller shop where we got our lunch. Instead I mounted the top of a bus and rode up as far as the Museum and sat down to wait. My bench faced the mansions; and

I saw only love in them. I had heard the names. Vanderbilt! Rockefeller! Gary! Carnegie! And I had met a prince worthy to live in one of them. It was something to dream about. Although I did not see him that day, something seemed to tell me that I would see him soon. I went back to the factory still walking on air.

My mother could not imagine what had got into me. I came home so hungry at night; and I stopped complaining about our dirty street and dingy neighbors. I sat down at our kitchen table and ate my mother's thick Russian soup with an appetite.

One Sunday night, when Yegor came to dinner my mother told him how much happier I was and what an appetite I had every night. And Yegor told her how happy I was at my machine. He had watched me, working the foot pedal, guiding the garment, my eyes on the flashing needle, but smiling to myself all the while. And Yegor and my mother exchanged glances. How little they knew about my stolen hour at noon!

I HAD gone up and down on the bus every day for weeks and had not seen my prince again, but I did not give up. Next noon I mounted the bus again and went as far as the Museum. I was resting a minute on a bench while I waited for the south bound bus and was I dreaming? I heard the voice of my prince.

"Why, it's you!" And there he was standing beside me. "I saw you and I'll have to confess that it wasn't by accident. I've looked for you every day." He lighted a cigarette and we sat there like old friends who have not seen each other for so long! "Would it be extremely bold of me to say that you are looking mighty pretty today?" he said. "Old friends will presume, you know."

If I had only known what to say, what a girl in his own station would have replied, but I was so happy that words completely left me.

He misunderstood my silence. "Now you're offended. Or maybe—Have I been presumptuous? Perhaps you're married and in that case I've got myself into trouble." "I'm not married," I said.

"Well, I'm not either."

He gave a sigh of relief as if an obstacle had been swept away. To me that sigh was the opening of a gate into an El Dorado of high hope.

And, as if I had to prove to him that I wasn't married, I said:

"My name is Sonia Malka."

And then, I was sorry I had told him my right name. Would he, of this fine new land, despise my Russian name? I waited breathlessly.

"Oh," he said. "That has a very pretty sound."

Before I could answer a siren shrieked in the distance. It brought me back to earth and I sprang to my feet:

"I'll have to go now."

He got up. "Now, this is really too bad, Sonia—or must I call you Miss Malka?—to run away in this manner and leave me alone. Do you come up this way very often?"

"Yes!" I called back as I jumped on a bus and waved my hand.

"Meet me here, tomorrow," he called after me.

And I did meet him next noon. But that night I sat up late to make a new dress.

It was tan georgette, very thin, with a big flower on the shoulder. I had a string of yellow beads; and I bought a pair of apricot colored stockings with tops that rolled down tight below my knees. My hat was tan felt with a dashing flower at the side and I wore bluettes. I could hardly wait for the noon whistle.

He was waiting for me when I got off the bus. When he saw me, he grabbed both my hands and turned me around so that he could see my frock. I almost danced with pure joy; and I forgot that I had sat up nearly all night to get my dress done, and spent my last cent on my stockings. My feet simply couldn't behave.

"You can dance—" and he looked deliberately at my apricot stockings, rolled to show my knees.

"Yes, I can dance," I answered. Could I dance with that tune in my heart!

"Don't tell me you're in the chorus," he said. "I do believe you're one of them. You're like that new beauty in the Follies—big dark eyes and skin like a rose in cream. I do believe that you are."

Surely the prince of devils dogs the heels of every poor little girl like me, waiting for her chance. I wanted to say "Yes," but I was afraid to tell an outright lie, so I just looked away.

"All right," he agreed, "if you don't want to confess to it, I don't care."

By this time I had forgotten all the rest of the world. The siren may have shrieked but I didn't care.

"Come and sit close to me, Sonia, on this bench," he invited. The Avenue was deserted. Most of the beautiful houses had their blinds closed, but directly across the way there rose a gorgeous mansion. It was built of grey stone with broad windows and they were wide open inviting the summer air. My heart was attuned to romance and that house seemed the home of mystery and beauty. There is something fundamental in a woman's love of a home.

I pointed to the great house across the Avenue.

"Oh, what a beautiful place! It must be like a fairyland inside."

He looked at me as if he wondered if I really meant it.

"Would you like to see the inside of that house, Sonia?" he asked.

"You can't take me there, can you?"

"Yes, because I live in that house."

"You live there!" I drew away in awe. And to think I had dared to be so familiar with him!

"Yes! And I'm keeping bachelor's hall; the folks are all away for the summer. The decorators are busy on the house, so I have to come up every noon. But, by profession, I'm an architect, a very simple laboring man. I have an office down the Avenue."

"You really live in that house?"

I was trying to believe it.

"And you are an architect?" I wanted to tell him that my father was an architect, too, in Russia.

"Yes, to both of your questions," he answered.

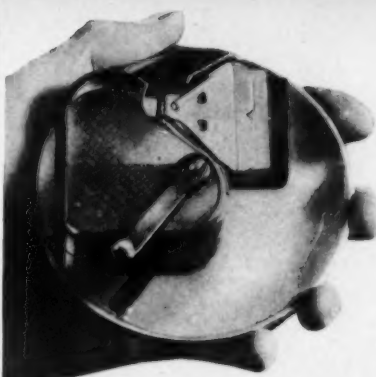
"How wonderful!"

HE LAUGHED. "I'll take you over there. We can be all alone for a while. The workmen have gone to their dinner. My lunch is being brought in and I assure you there is more than enough for us both, if you will share it with me."

"Oh, thank you, Mr.—" I had to pause for it suddenly came to me that I did not know the name of this man who was to be my host.

"You can call me Ben, everybody else does."

I was sure now that I heard a distant siren-shriek. It was our last call to work. I ought to be back at my machine. I was certain to get a good calling down for staying away and if Yegor had the least suspicion that I was out lunching with a strange man, he would discharge me. Russian men are that way. He could fill my place in a minute for there are always girls waiting to take a machine. For me it would simply mean walking the streets for days.



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And what would my mother say to that! What would anybody say? Even though it did happen to be my prince! I was torn between right and wrong, duty and love and I stood irresolute. A bus was coming down the avenue; it was at the curb. I ought to run out and get into it. It stopped but as I made a move toward it I heard Ben's voice say:

"Will you come with me, Sonia?"

"I'd love to," I said, throwing discretion to the winds.

"Did you say you'd love to?"

And, before I could say I wouldn't go, Ben had hold of my arm and was leading me across the avenue, my feet scarcely touching the ground.

We went up the broad steps of the house and Ben opened the door with his key. He stepped into a wide hall from which a massive spiral staircase rose to the enchanted regions above. I reached out and took hold of Ben's hand.

AT THE right was a great drawing-room. Ben led me through it, keeping tight hold of my hand. I felt like another Alice in a grown-up Wonderland as we passed through an immense dining room and into another room, the loveliest room I had ever seen. It was all white marble and mosses, all windows and warm light and sweetness. In the center a cupid fountain was sending a crystal spray upon flowering plants.

"Oh, Ben, this is lovely!" I exclaimed. He led me to a deep stone bench heaped with green cushions. Under the wide window, and the hanging vines we sat down and my eyes drank in the beauty of it.

Then I felt Ben folding me in his arms. I lifted my face to his. His lips met mine. We had not planned it. It just happened. An electric bell buzzed in the distance.

"That must be our luncheon," he said. "The chef's away so I had to have it sent in from a restaurant."

Luncheon sent in! I hardly knew what he meant. I had gone to the delicatessen store, when my mother was too tired to cook the dinner and I had fetched sausages and sweet pickles and potato salad in little wooden dishes. And everything from the delicatessen tasted like something else.

But, instead of that, a man in smart livery appeared carrying a deep tin oven, smoking hot, and an ice cream freezer. Ben sent him away telling him he would serve it. I watched, fascinated, while Ben brought out a circular mahogany table and two chairs from somewhere. He set a heavy Chinese bowl in the middle and filled it with roses. "It's pleasanter eating out here in the conservatory, don't you think so?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, but my voice couldn't have been louder than a whisper. I had never in all my life had anyone wait on me at the table and here was Ben, seating me, pouring water that sparkled like diamonds in a crystal glass.

"I'm afraid it's steak," he said, opening the tin oven. "I hope it's done the way you like it. The head-waiter sends me what he thinks I ought to have. It's just luck that it isn't smothered in onions. And, great heavens, there's a freezer over there with something cold for a hot day. We're in luck, Sonia. It might have been worse, oh, much worse." He was helping me to everything and setting an electric coffee percolator going. I was almost too happy to eat, but my mother had taught me that it isn't polite not to, so I managed to put away a whole lot.

We had finished at last. Ben had been entertaining me all through the luncheon, but I could hardly answer him. I could only laugh. I acted silly, I know, but I couldn't help it. That's the way girls are when they are happy. But, every little while, a thought of the factory would sweep across me, and I felt uneasy. What would

happen to me? Yet how could I jump up from the table and run?

"Now," said Ben. "I assume that you're like all the other girls, Sonia. You'll want to fix up your face—" He looked at me so seriously that I had to laugh again. "Not that you need it—" He led me to a room across the hall that I had not noticed before. "This is what the ladies call the powder-room. And it doesn't sound any more dangerous than it really is. My aunt, who owns this house, copied it after one she saw in Marie Antoinette's palace at Versailles. It is where the ladies make themselves pretty after dinner. As I'm all alone here, I'll have to do the honors."

He opened the door for me and I stepped in alone. I was in a little room so beautiful that I almost wept for pure joy. The walls were done in rose satin. On little shelves of carved sandalwood were boxes of powder and rouge and the most entrancing perfumes. There were panel mirrors set at angles that gave me a view of myself from every direction. In all my imaginings I had thought of nothing like this fairy-like room, hidden in the heart of this romantic house. A powder-room—the beauty parlor of a queen!

The soft rose, the scent of the perfume, the spirit of the fine ladies who had glanced at themselves in those mirrors entered into me. And I did what I thought they would have done. I made my cheeks glow and I drew my mouth in a deep cupid's bow.

When I came out Ben seemed a little bit surprised; but he must have liked the effect; for he said:

"You're certainly a beauty, Sonia." And he added: "Would you like to go through the house now? We'll have to do our own stair-climbing. The electric elevator is not running."

I took hold of his arm and we ascended that wonderful winding staircase. We walked through gorgeous rooms, with magnificent velvet hangings at the doors; with walls all satin covered; and such furniture.

I stopped to look at a small round table. "It's a Chippendale, 1780," Ben explained. And, again, I paused before an Oriental bowl. "That is a Kang Hsi, 1664. I see you are a judge of fine things."

I WASN'T really; it was just their beauty that caught my eye. We went on up to the fourth floor; and he showed me a room that was his room. He didn't have to tell me. Something that was comfortably luxurious made it look like Ben to me.

"Do you like this room?" he asked.

"Oh, yes!" I was tired out with excitement. I could scarcely breathe for the wonder of it all; and I sat down on the first thing that came handy. It was a deep mahogany rocker with lovely silk pillows in its broad seat. I laid back my head and closed my eyes. I did not reason how it would look to him. I motioned to him to come and sit beside me. I wanted him to kiss me.

"You are just too bewitching, Sonia," he said. He sat down beside me. I lifted my face to his. I felt his arm drawing me closer. I leaned nearer to him. He lifted me out of the deep rocker and, before I knew it, he had me in his arms.

That frightened me. I struggled, but he held me tight and was kissing me. I heard my own voice, muffled from the depths of his embrace, strangled as though it were the voice of another girl who was calling out—"Don't, don't!" I was strong and I wrenched myself loose with a force that sent me staggering across the room.

He got up and looked at me with angry eyes.

"Why, what on earth did you come up here for?"

"You brought me up here, Ben, you know you did."

"And you! You let me pick you up on the bus. You flirted with me. You met me again and again on a park bench. What was I to think? What would any man think?"

"Oh, don't!" I put my arm over my face and turned away my head. I was ashamed to look him in the eyes.

"And now you're crying and pretending that I misjudged you. Well, I don't believe I did. You can't tell me that you're all right."

Even in that minute when I hated him, I had to see how strong he was, how fine his face, how wonderful his eyes, as they flashed fire; how brave and straightforward his manner. And he did not mince words.

"You don't believe that I am—a good girl?"

HE DID not reply except for a tightening of the lips and that obstinate look. It was that look that set me wild.

"I didn't come here for what you say. I didn't! I didn't! You live in a fine house and so I thought you were a—fine man. Only a fine man ought to live in such a place. You made love to me, or I thought you did. And I came here because I loved you. Loved you in just those few days. Loved you better than I ever thought a girl could love a man."

"You loved me!"

"Yes, and I was only trying to make you love me." I was afraid my voice would break down before I could finish. In all my life I had never been so wrought up, past the breaking point, right up to desperation.

"Sonia, you loved me, Sonia!"

Suddenly, at the sound of my name, the poor little fabric of my dreams crumpled around me. I saw myself as Sonia Malka, a little garment worker who should have been bending over her machine at that very minute, standing in that magnificent house, facing a rich young man and defending herself. Oh, it was awful!

"Sonia, listen to me!"

"I won't listen. I have no right to listen. I'm not a rich girl in your class. I'm just a poor little girl. I'm a garment worker like those girls we saw going to work and I stitch on the machine all day. I took a ride on the bus at noon because it was the only pleasure I had in life. All the rest was hard work and misery. And, then, I met you. I fell in love with you. And I didn't dare to tell you that I was a poor little factory girl for fear you wouldn't speak to me any more. I wanted you to love me. I wanted a beautiful home. I thought that you'd love me some time. And I went without my lunch so I could ride on the bus and see you again."

"Sonia!"

"I starved and saved to buy the dress I've got on. And I came here with you today because I loved you. I didn't know how it looked to you. And now—and now—I can never see you again—I'm ashamed—ashamed."

"Sonia, Sonia!"

I turned and dashed down the stairs and into the street. The avenue looked arid as a desert. I caught a bus on the run. My head was on fire and my throat had a choking lump.

I got back to the factory awfully late, but Yegor was so glad to see me that he forgot to scold me. I could have clung to his rough sleeve. After all it was better for a girl to stay in her own class.

I worked like mad that afternoon. But, when I went home, my mother noticed the difference in me. I acted tired and I no longer smiled.

But even a shattered dream leaves its memory and I still thought of my prince. One night I asked my mother to show me pictures of the buildings my father had put up in Russia. My prince was an architect, too. When I left the factory at night

to go across to the subway I tried to pass the unfinished buildings. I liked to think that they might be his.

I knew by this time that I had been in the wrong. He thought I was bad; and he was too fine a man to love a girl like that.

And Yegor, good ugly Yegor, with the broad hands and the unshaven chin, would love me and give me a better home than I deserved. I was thinking of it one night, as I walked across Thirty-fourth street to the subway. There was a building going up. I stopped to look at it. It was beautiful and lasting, not like my poor little shattered romance. It was the noble sort of building I felt the man I loved would plan and build, going straight up to heaven, like a mighty cathedral. What if Ben had designed that building? Who knows but what he had? All of a sudden I heard someone calling:

"Sonia, Sonia!"

Strong hands grasped my shoulders. I looked up and there he was.

"Sonia, I've found you at last." He tried to link his arm in mine, but I broke away. He followed. "Wait, Sonia!"

The memory of what had happened that day flashed over me and made my face redden. I turned my head:

"Let me go."

He grasped my arm and pulled me along with him.

"Come, we can't talk in this noisy street. I know a little restaurant." He took me to a little place, all alcoves with curtains hiding them. I couldn't stop him. He was dragging me in, drawing the curtains, devouring me with his eyes.

"You forget that I am only a poor little factory worker, Ben, a poor little girl who made a big mistake, but I've been so sorry for it, so sorry ever since."

"And I'm only Benson Roberts, a hard working architect, Sonia, who comes humbly to you, and begs your pardon."

But I had to tell him the rest. It was now or never.

"I live in a miserable tenement with my mother. And we haven't anything at all."

I couldn't help crying but I wanted him to know everything before he said another word.

"Sonia, Sonia, dear little girl, I don't care!"

"And I am a good girl, Ben!"

"I know it, Sonia, darling. Don't speak of that! You're the girl I love. I didn't realize how much until that awful time. I was a mighty poor judge of a fine little girl. But, Sonia, what I've gone through since that day you stood there, a proud angry little lady, and told me you loved me! And how you wanted love and a home. I never knew a girl to confess to that before. How I've looked for you, night after night. I wanted to hear you say again that you wanted a home and love. And that you loved me enough to come with me anywhere. Can you say it now, Sonia?"

"I have loved you every minute, Ben. Even when I told you that you were terrible."

WE SAT there a long time talking as only lovers can talk.

Ben asked me if I would marry him at once and go to live in that lovely house on Fifth Avenue. And I told him, "Yes."

But I knew that I wasn't marrying Ben for what he could give me. Down in our tenement house or up on the Avenue it would be all the same, just so I had Ben with me. For I had discovered that a man is more than a home, and love is more than dreams.

Now that we are married, I feel the same way. I forget that I am in that gorgeous house on Fifth Avenue. I only know that I am in love with Ben and that is enough for me.

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I Had to Get Thin Again

[Continued from page 61]

earned it and it wasn't easy either," she said.

And as I looked at her, I thought of Oliver dancing with her. And if he knew, as I knew now, that she really was Kathryn McCall, he would be even more interested. Well, I'd have to tell him. And I—I was pudgy and stuffy, and getting stouter all the time. Surely, I wouldn't want Oliver to go on seeing much of this woman. He would be loyal to me, up to some limit. What limit? Also, he had made friends with Lloyd. That would help. But how much? "If you could get thin," I said, suddenly, "I wonder if there's any chance for me?"

"WHY not?" she said. "That's partly why I'm showing off. I can tell you all about it, both the wrong way and the right way."

"You tried the wrong way first?"
 "I'll say I did. Several wrong ways. First I tried the pineapple and lamb chop system. You eat nothing but lamb chops and pineapple. I was just starved all the time, and wretched. The pineapple put my teeth on edge and so much of it made my throat raw. It made me sick and I had to quit it."

"Then I tried a reducing drug that was advertised, and after that I went to a specialist and took some gland treatment, thyroid extract or something like that. Well! It took off the fat, all right, but it also took off everything else, and I thought it was going to take me off. It nearly killed me. I wouldn't go through that again for a million dollars."

"So then you thought you'd rather be fat?"
 "Well, I didn't want to be fat, either, but I didn't want to die, and so I stopped the treatments, went to the country and drank milk and ate everything I wanted. After a while I felt better, but I got pretty fat again. Finally, I began to read and study foods and learned a few things. When you understand it there's nothing to it."

I went home quite excited, partly because I knew Kathryn McCall in person, and partly because she had promised to show me how to get thin the right way. It seemed too good to be true, but she had promised. Why shouldn't I? For Oliver's sake? Chiefly. But also on my own account. Tomorrow she would begin showing me how.

That night Oliver himself came home excited. The firm was going to send him on a long trip, to Persia and India. The buyer who usually went out there to buy rugs was in failing health. In a few days Oliver would be on board ship.

Because of preparations for the trip, I did not see Mrs. Wilson the next morning, or for several days. In some ways I was not sorry to have Oliver go. I would be lonesome, but, if I could get thin, I would like to do it while he was gone, and surprise him. Then again, he would not see Mrs. Wilson during that time, if he was interested in her. Later, if I was successful, I might have a better chance to hold my own against her.

Meanwhile, if Kathryn Wilson had any personal interest in Oliver, of course she did not show it, except perhaps by saying that she would be glad to go with me to see him off on the boat. Mr. Wilson could not leave his business. I had no objections, and down there on the dock I even told Oliver that he could kiss her good-by, too, if he wanted to. He had to then, but it was just a quick little peck, as if he were afraid of her or of me.

When the shouting and waving was over and we saw the big boat going down the river under her own steam, it was noon. We had lunch down-town, but did not men-

tion my reducing. To make it a holiday we went to a matinee, then met Lloyd, who took us to dinner. So it was the next morning before Kathryn and I got together on the business of making me thin. And then I thought that she must have read everything in the world on the subject, though she seemed to think it was so simple.

"I suppose you're going to starve me?" I said.

"No. That's where so many go wrong. You've got to keep well nourished and healthy."

"You mean, I can get thin by eating just as much?"

"I mean, it's a question of what you eat. I said you must be nourished. Fifty pounds of extra fat doesn't mean that you are nourished."

"I never did eat much fat," I said.
 "You surely did," she replied. "Sugar is fat. Starch is fat. Cake is fat, and bread and butter. For instance, your lunch in the restaurant, yesterday."

"But what am I to eat?"
 "Everything but the fat foods. You can have a little of them, too, but you can't live on them. In place of them, you are to eat your own fat?"

"Eat my own fat?" I laughed, and started to bite my own arm.

"Of course—this!" And she pinched my double chin, and my hip, and my knee, and my back behind the armpit. "For fat, you can live on this accumulation for weeks. But for lime and iron and protein you will eat all you want of the foods that will give you these things. No starving at all, don't you see?"

It was quite simple. She gave me her bathroom scales, to watch my weight. I was to lose one or two pounds a week, steadily, but without starving, and get stronger all the time. And so my skin would shrink gradually, and not sag down.

But there were two sides to the program—exercise and food. Kathryn said that exercise alone was not enough, but that it made you more healthy, and you needed to use up some of your fat that way each day. She didn't think so much of bedroom exercises, the stuff that you see pictures of in the papers—one wouldn't get enough work out of that. You needed something that would keep you at it longer, without strain, like walking and golf and dancing.

SHE walked with me. The first few days we walked down to the business section of the village to do the shopping. Gradually we walked farther, and I got special shoes for it. Then we took up golf. Other days we went swimming. I looked like a tub of butter in a bathing suit, but that didn't matter if it helped me to lose fat. She looked like an artist's model, but with Oliver on the other side of the world that was all right. In short, I now had regularly a certain amount of air and sunshine and exercise, such as every one needs for health.

About the first day that we took a fairly good walk I reached home tired and hot and thirsty. "I'd give a lot for a good big drink of water," I said.

"Of course, you shouldn't drink ice water while you're hot," Kathryn replied, "but you can drink ordinary water—all you want."

"But won't it make me fat?"

"How can it? How can you make fat out of water?"

"I don't know—but I've always heard—"

"Listen, my dear. Water is water and fat is fat. You can't make iron out of wood, or fat out of water. Drink all you like."

Altogether, she gave me an education on the subject of health, even outside of the question of weight, things every one should know. Some of the foods that people avoid when trying to get thin are foods needed for health, for instance, milk and cream and butter, because of the organic minerals and vitamins, including vitamin "A" in cream or butter. Also there is a nerve food called lecithin, containing phosphorus, in milk.

So Kathryn told me I would better use a little milk and cream and butter and butter—not too much—for the sake of these minerals and vitamins. I must not starve myself in any way. I said that milk was fattening, but she said it was seven-eighths water, and to gain weight on it one would have to drink a lot of it. She said it was muscle building and nerve building and bone building and blood making, as much as fattening, and I could have one or two glasses of milk every day without adding to my fat, if I didn't eat the other really fat-forming foods.

THAT idea of using foods containing much water, foods that would satisfy my appetite and fill me up, without making fat, was partly the key-note of the whole scheme. Really, the key-note was nourishment in respect to the most precious things, like vitamins and minerals, without the bulk of "fuel." The fattening foods are "fuel," especially starch and sugar, and they are stored up as fat. Kathryn said most people live on a diet with a big bulk of "fuel," with the least amount of the other most precious elements, and some people, like herself and me, naturally got fat on that diet.

The answer, for me, was not to eat fuel, that is, not to eat starch and sugar, or fat meat. I should eat my own fat instead, just as the camel lives on the fat in his humps for days on the desert. Kathryn said most stout people eat lots of bread, and bread is starch—fat. Also, rolls, biscuits, pancakes, waffles, doughnuts, cake, pastries, rice, tapioca and cereals are almost pure starch. I could lose nothing by going without them—except my own fat. I could even eat just a little whole wheat bread, or bran or whole grain cereal, but I should eat so little of them that they would make practically no difference, as a half slice of whole wheat toast. As a cereal I could use a little bran mixture, with cream and berries or fruit. She said bran contained the concentrated minerals and vitamins of the wheat, anyway, and at the same time kept the alimentary canal active. But if I used cream on a cereal, I should not use it in coffee. I finally learned to drink that straight.

Sugar was the other fattener that I should learn to do without—almost. I said that the system needed sugar, but Kathryn said the liver or the organs would manufacture it as needed, from other foods. Candy, she said, was just a habit, and soon I wouldn't even miss it. For desserts I could have baked apple, stewed fruits with little or no sugar, and fresh fruits, no fattening cakes or puddings. A little honey, if I must have sweetening. Or raisins, dates or figs—not too many—rich in vitamins, iron and other minerals.

But—I could eat as much as I liked of vegetables, fruits, lettuce, tomatoes and other salad and green foods. I could stuff on them if I wished. They were largely water, and the chief reason for eating them was their content of minerals and vitamins. They

would keep my system chemically well balanced, keep my blood right, my skin clear, my eyes bright and my hair full of luster.

As to potatoes. Kathryn said she was once afraid of them because they were starchy, therefore fattening. She would avoid them carefully and then eat two or three rolls. Until—she learned that rolls and bread are four times as fattening as potatoes, which have so much water that they are not so starchy as they seem. I could eat a little potato, preferably baked, if it would help me to sidestep the bread.

And I could eat lean meat, with abundant vegetables. A beef stew was a balanced meal, without bread. Roast duck, or goose, was too fat. So was mutton and lamb, unless I ate only the lean heart of the chop. Steaks were the most satisfactory, or the lean of roast beef. I could have cold cuts, such as tongue, lean boiled ham and the like, with salads.

The result of this program was that I lost nine pounds the first month. I wanted to lose it faster, but Kathryn said I was doing just right. I had two very light meals for breakfast and lunch, and then I could let myself go a little in the evening, so long as I avoided the starchy and sweet foods. I weighed myself before dressing each morning, and if I was not losing a pound every three days I would cut down my rations.

Oliver was gone four and a half months, actually about nineteen weeks, and I had taken off thirty-five pounds, but my flesh was so firm and my health so good that I looked as if I had taken off more than fifty. Kathryn was proud of her work and said I could continue to lose—maybe another ten pounds. And I did, but I did not get skinny. I never want to get skinny.

Fortunately, both Kathryn and Lloyd were able to go with me to the pier to welcome Oliver home. Finally we played a little joke on him. There was a stout lady on the pier, about my height, but slightly fatter than I had ever been. Kathryn, smiling, stood alongside this woman, who was also waving at some one, as Oliver came down the gang plank. Of course it wouldn't do to greet Kathryn first, so he put his bags down, said "Well," and turned smiling to the stout veiled lady. But she turned her back on him and walked away, while Oliver stared.

"You've got the wrong wife—she's over there," said Kathryn, laughing and pointing to me, where I stood with Lloyd. But Oliver stared even harder when he saw me—because of the contrast. He took another glance at the stout lady, and then sized me up again, as if he wondered if it was really I. But even I was surprised at the wave of feeling that welled up in both of us, as he held me and kissed me.

WE HAD a theater party down-town two or three evenings later, the Wilsons and ourselves, and after that a dinner. Oliver danced almost every dance with me. He really was a splendid dancer—I had forgotten how good. I noticed he wasn't looking at the pretty girls all around the place, but I wouldn't have cared so much if he had looked a little. I knew now that I had been sensitive about it before because I was too conscious of my own appearance, which made me envious and jealous.

Finally I said, "You can look at the other pretty girls—if you want to."

"Why should I?" he laughed. "I don't need to—now!"

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JUNG ARCH BRACE

CINCINNATI, OHIO

Guilty

[Continued from page 35]

Jim had gone into the sheriff's office!

After dark I slipped out furtively and went east two blocks, doubled back, and got into the road that led up to Barney's cottage. No one was in sight but I ran wildly all the way to the house.

I rushed in, closing the door after me, and stood panting, my back against it. Barney, with an unlighted cigarette in his mouth, stopped in the middle of the floor and looked at me long and hard.

"Well," he said, "I guess you know. I've seen for days you suspicious me. What are you going to do about it?"

"Barney," I felt my knees giving under me. I was about to collapse. "Barney, you must put it back before they know."

"I can't," he said. "I haven't got it."

I WENT toward him feeling a great pity, suffering as he suffered, but he did not take me in his arms. Instead he backed away, and stood with his chin out defiantly. He told me how it had begun. It was like most dishonest beginnings. He lost, and tried to make it up. At last he had decided to steal a bigger stake and run away.

"I expected to take you," he said, "if you would go."

"Barney," I said, "I would go with you anywhere, but you can't go like this. How much have you taken all together?"

"Not an awful lot," he said, "around forty-eight hundred."

"How much of it have you?" I went nearer him, and put my hand on his arm.

"About three thousand."

"Only eighteen hundred missing." I felt a great relief. "That is not much. We can soon make that up. I get a hundred and twenty-five a month. I can spare seventy-five of that, and you can save a hundred and twenty-five, can't you? It will only take nine months. We can replace it and nobody will ever know."

I sat on his knee, my arm about his shoulder, while we figured it all out. We would make up first those shortages most likely to be discovered. In most cases he had taken an even amount; it would not be hard to correct the stub. Tomorrow he would put back the \$1,000, and merely write "1" before the \$928.35. We would use all the money he had hidden away to correct these false entries, and then begin to save from our salaries.

"I believe we can do it." He put his arm about me, and hugged me tight. "You are the darlinest little pal a man ever had. I feel better than I have for a year."

"What was that?" I said. "I thought I heard voices. Are you expecting company?"

"No." He went quickly to the window and lifted the blind.

"It's Jim and the sheriff," he said hopelessly. Then his head lifted, his chin thrust out. He leaped across the room to the table and snatched a gun from the drawer.

I sprang to him, clutching his arm. "Barney, Barney," I said. "You are crazy. You can't do that. You don't even know that they are coming to arrest you. They may be just on a visit."

He wavered. I took the gun from his hand.

"I'll go out and see what they want," I said. "I'll pretend I've just been here on an errand."

I opened the door, letting the light shine out past me. The two men had stopped, but I went down the path as though I had not seen them.

"Why, hello, Jim." I greeted the two men as though greatly surprised. "You and the

sheriff out hunting your favorite bootlegger?"

"Kitty," Cosgrove's tone was troubled, "do you know anything about a receipt given yesterday for taxes on the San Pedro Ranch?"

The breath went from me. My heart fluttered like a wounded bird. They were after Barney!

"Yes, Jim," the reply came as by instinct, "I know all about it and I've just been up to confess it to Barney. He was to tell you tomorrow."

"Kitty," he caught my arm, "what do you mean?"

I dropped my head and fought a sob.

"Jim, I stole that thousand dollars. The rest were out to lunch. I erased the "1" on the stub before the \$928.35 and slipped a thousand dollars in bills into my hand-bag. I had to have a thousand dollars for something and I thought I would not be caught."

Jim turned to the sheriff and with a nod dismissed him.

"I can manage her, Bill. I'll telephone you later if I need help."

Jim took me to the boarding-house and went into my room with me.

"Sit down," he ordered.

"You know what this confession means?"

"The penitentiary," I said. I was frightened. In spite of my love for Barney, my willingness to sacrifice everything for him, I didn't want to go to prison. My life ruined!

"Kitty," Jim said, "how much are you short?"

"About eighteen hundred." I was choking back the dry sobs now.

"Do you think if I didn't have you arrested, and let you go on working you could make it up?"

"I could, I could. I know I could."

"Then," he said, and his voice was roughly gentle, "forget it. Go on just as though nothing had happened."

Barney came down to the house about an hour afterwards to see what had happened.

"It's all right, Barney," I whispered clinging to his arm as we walked down a side street. "They were merely looking for a bootlegger who had promised them some good gin." I laughed. "He was to meet them up at the foot of the mountain. Jim does not suspect a thing."

IT WAS October. We had paid back the last dollar of Barney's shortage. We climbed the winding trail to the big red rock. I had never felt so happy in my life.

"It's all done," Barney gave a deep, grateful sigh. "It's been a pull, but the last dollar is made good."

"And nobody ever suspected," I added.

Barney gave a peculiar laugh, and looked down at me from the corner of his eyes.

"You dear little fool," he said tenderly. "Did you really believe you could deceive a hardened old sinner like Jim Cosgrove?"

I looked up at him, my eyes widening with astonishment. He laughed.

"Jim came straight to me after he had left you at the house, and he cursed me and all my ancestors clear back to Adam. He said because you were fool enough to love me he would not send me to the penitentiary; but that if I didn't make good, and make you happy, he would fill me so full of lead I'd sink through concrete."

"Dear old Jim," I said chokingly.

"Dear old Jim," he echoed, and gathered me close in his arms. "And, Kitty, I'm going to make good."

"You have," I said as I kissed him, "and I am very, wonderfully happy."

Mismates

[Continued from page 37]

when I would threaten to leave him, he only sneered at me. He said I was his wife and that I couldn't get rid of him as easy as I thought."

"Just a minute, Judge," the husband interrupted. "She don't tell you everything. Before we were married we got along great because she went after things differently. She didn't try to boss me about every little thing I did. She coaxed me. There wasn't a thing that was too much for her to do for me, either. And we hadn't been married a month before she was lying in bed mornings and making me get my own breakfast."

Is the illustration clear? So long as this pair knew they might lose each other, through selfishness they were all consideration for each other, but immediately they thought they were bound together permanently, each begin to consider self first, showing the other to the background.

IT IS the seeming finality of marriage in the minds of most people that leads to trouble. It causes them to put aside the devotion, the consideration, the toleration and all the other attractive qualities they kept in the foreground during the courtship. In a large sense courtship is a masquerade, a special effort put forth to win and hold the approval of the loved one. But after marriage what a change! No danger now of losing the adored one to a rival. At least so they think. And so they relax and go back to their natural selves because it is more comfortable. Even if they did nothing worse, the contrast of the real with the masquerade causes a disillusionment that of itself invites trouble.

Easier divorces would justify themselves if only because they would help to correct this pitfall. How differently the young wife or husband would act when the first disagreement arose if each realized that divorce and parting might lie just ahead if this sort of thing got beyond bounds.

Often in court a wife or husband has explained that time and again they had brought the offender in the case to temporary reform by threatening divorce. The reform had not lasted, that is true, but that was because the threat was empty and the recreant always realized it after awhile.

I do not mean, of course, that the fear of divorce would be effective after a pair had lost all consideration of each others rights and feelings, because when marital contention has gone on long enough to engender hatred, then, instead of being a corrective, the threat of divorce would only serve to incite more abuses.

A great many persons find cause for alarm in the fact that during 1925, the last year for which such statistics are available, more than one hundred and seventy-five thousand divorces were granted in America. In this they discern a national tragedy.

There is a national tragedy, not in the figures but behind them. I am not thinking of the incidental ills and hardships and heartaches that unfortunately are part of most divorces, because those drawbacks are all outweighed by the fact that the mismatched pairs, once free, have a chance to begin life over again and perhaps find the happiness they missed.

What I am thinking of is that for every legal divorce there are probably two or three homes in which dissension, bitter and incessant, though stopping short of the divorce court, is causing thousands upon thousands of husbands and wives to drag out miserable lives.

The living together of mismatched married pairs who should be divorced is the real

national tragedy. It is the tragedy that robs the children as well as the parents of happiness, self respect, and often of morality. For the direct cause, or at least the excuse for many cases of adultery is the estrangement which separates people while they go on living together.

There are those who, because of religious or other reasons, are unalterably opposed to divorce under any consideration. Sometimes one partner would eagerly welcome divorce while the other is unwilling. And finally there are those numerous cases in which, because neither was unfaithful to the marriage vow, they cannot find justification for divorce either from the legal viewpoint or in their own consciences.

All of these persons are committing spiritual and moral suicide just because the moral code compels them to live together after all the love and respect which brought them together, has died. The question of whether or not they have grounds for divorce isn't of much importance. Maliciousness, intolerance, jealousy, and penuriousness, scarcely come under the head of serious grounds, and yet they can make the married partners as miserably unhappy as the so called grave offenses.

It is true that these and other minor offenses furnish no reason for divorce so long as love continues in spite of them. Love is the test. It is the pivot on which the entire question revolves. With love intact nothing justifies divorce; with love gone any good reason should warrant a dissolution of the marital tie. Surely no one can seriously argue that without mutual love and adoration two persons should remain in the most sacred of human relationships! And yet that is what a great many people do argue.

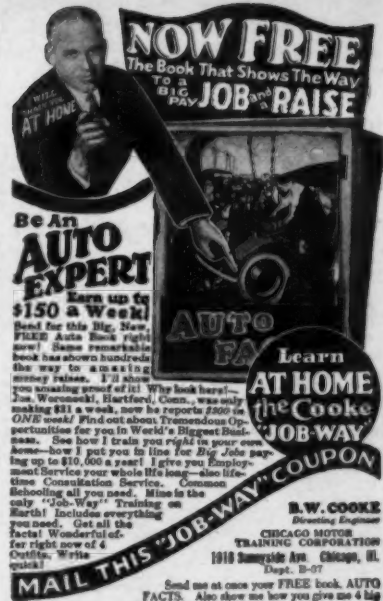
Why should adultery alone be the sole ground in the eyes of the law or in the public conscience? The mere fact that two persons detest each other so much that they want to separate forever is conclusive evidence that there yawns between them an abyss that can never be bridged. The offense is not the thing to be taken into account. The effect rather than the cause is what matters. To some married pairs jealousy and mutual distrust might be more deadly to happiness than mutual adultery would be to another pair.

IN NEW YORK adultery is the only ground for divorce. Think of what that means? It means that two decent persons, as far apart as the poles in soul and mind must break the highest moral and social law or forever remain shackled. If that isn't putting a premium on immorality, what is? To win legal justification one or the other must sin, even though neither one may have the slightest desire to do so. Such sin may indeed be only less hateful to them than the shackles which weigh them down.

That is the way in which numberless pairs, in sheer desperation find their way out. Collusion is the subterfuge forced upon these frantic mismates, turning them into perjurers and lawbreakers. A very large percent of all the divorces granted, I am morally certain, is based on evidence pre-arranged. But where there is no positive clue to establish collusion, and the evidence submitted warrants divorce, the judge must obey the behest of the law and grant a dissolution.

But whichever route to freedom these pairs may choose, whether one actually commits adultery or only pretends to do so in order to furnish grounds, somebody must bear the stigma of adultery. Often the stain is passed on to innocent children.

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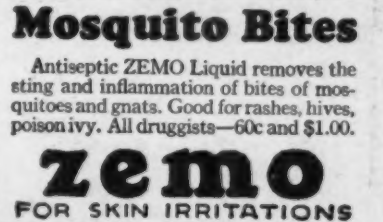
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are granted to wives. That does not indicate the degree of morality of either sex. It is simply evidence that chivalry is not dead. Many husbands, though guiltless, arrange that the odium of adultery be placed on their shoulders rather than force it on their wives.

A great many persons are ready to agree that when two persons mutually decide that their marriage is a failure it is a failure, and that divorce on the grounds of incompatibility is right and proper. But these very same persons will deny that incompatibility is a just cause where only one of the pair desires to be divorced. Their contention is that both parties have equal rights and that it would not be justice that the desire of one to be free should prevail over the desire of the other to remain married.

I SHALL not go into the question of pride and self-respect which obviously should make anyone scorn to hold an unwilling wife or husband. But aside from any and all sentimental reasoning there is no escaping the fact that marriage is, in the final analysis, a contract based on mutuality. And in the marriage contracted through love, as most American marriages are, love is and should continue to be the chief consideration. Love having been the state of both minds when they met and courted, the marriage presupposes a continuance of such feeling. And when the love of one party to the contract defaults, the whole structure of the marital state collapses, like a building from which half the foundation was removed.

I believe that when one of the pair, in the instances mentioned, desires freedom that should be enough. I believe, too, that grave evils exist because this is not the general view. I do not mean, of course, that a husband so freed should be absolved from the responsibilities the marriage had created, as, for example, children, or where property rights are involved.

In such a case when the unwilling party fights against freeing the other, the opposition constitutes an indictment against them in the whole affair. The fact that one of the marital partners failed to hold the love of the discontented one indicates that something was lacking. In many a divorce case I have found that the defendant though guilty of the offense charged was not as responsible for the marital smash-up as the other party. The defendant had been driven to disloyalty by marital tortures inflicted by the other, wrongs of a sort that happen not to be grounds for divorce.

The Browns, let us call them, were such a pair. Mrs. Brown was suing, not for divorce but for a separation, although she charged that her husband had been guilty of infidelity, a recently recognized species of cruelty. He did not deny his guilt. In fact he said he would be glad to have her divorce him, promising in that event to give her sufficient to care for her future needs, more perhaps than she could expect by way of alimony through a separation. Weighing all the facts, it seemed to me that this would be a good solution of the problem confronting them.

"Mrs. Brown," I said to her, "you no longer care for your husband, and you must realize there is not the slightest hope of a reconciliation. Why do you not sue him for a divorce instead of a separation? He admits he has been unfaithful to you."

Her thin lips set together tightly and her eyes darted fire.

"I won't even consider it," she said.

"Mrs. Brown," I went on to say, "while you no longer love your husband you have said you do not hate him. Can't you see that by being stubborn you will spoil every chance for future happiness for him and for yourself, and that you will even receive less consideration from him."

"You're only wasting your time, Judge,"

she snapped. "I'm not a fool. I don't want to marry again. I've had all I want of men. And I don't propose to sacrifice my rights. Some day he's coming in for a lot of real estate and I'm going to hold on to him to be sure I get my share of it."

And there you have a picture of the woman which should settle all doubts as to whether this husband was wholly responsible for their trouble. Although she had driven him from her, she was not big enough to procure a divorce. I have no doubt that her friends thought she was a long suffering martyr.

Greed was her only motive in holding him shackled. She admitted it. On the mere chance that some day, years hence perhaps, she could collect from a prospective inheritance, she was willing to condemn him to a life-long bondage. Greed or something equally mean is usually back of it when one of an alienated pair wants divorce and the other opposes it.

Hatred and a desire for revenge are others of the various unworthy motives which make wives in particular refuse freedom to mates they no longer even pretend to care for.

I remember one fair haired little woman whom we will call Mrs. Smith. She admitted she had never loved her husband, discovering her lack of affection immediately after they were married. "But she had always done her duty." Done her duty! She meant she had been a good housekeeper, that she had been faithful! Of course she had. She couldn't be unfaithful. She was a woman cold and distant, to whom a husband's embraces were distasteful. That was self-evident. It became clear that this was at least in part responsible for the alienation that had come between them, finally driving him into the arms of an "affinity."

This wife also sought only a separation. She was not actuated by greed because she had more money than he, having an independent income. Love was not her motive because she admitted she hated him.

Her whole purpose was to punish him. She wanted to be revenged for certain humiliations she had supposedly suffered at his hands. I asked her why she didn't divorce her husband, trying to convince her that under the circumstances it might add to her own health and happiness.

"I should say not!" was her reply. "Not unless I should want to get married some day, and then I'll divorce him quick enough. Let her suffer. That's what I want. Let her suffer."

SHE was so bitter about the other woman that I scented a possible underlying motive in connection with her, and I found it. This other woman, it seemed, would become a mother before long, and the man's wife didn't propose setting him free in time to marry and legitimize the child.

"Let them suffer," she kept on, "let them both suffer. What if she didn't know he was a married man? I'll punish her and that will make him suffer. He disgraced me before my friends, made me a laughing stock. Now I'll let him and her and her brat be disgraced and then I'll divorce him all right!"

I am not pleading justification for the husband or his paramour. I am simply trying to show how far desire for revenge will carry some persons in these one-sided marital trials.

There is an idea widely prevalent that whereas wealth and idleness encourage marital troubles, the poor very generally are blessed with connubial felicity. It would be a wonderful compensation for poverty if it were only true. Unfortunately it is not a fact. Indeed, poverty itself is often a cause of domestic discord. But while a great many of them apply to the courts for a solution, by no means all who would welcome divorce, seek it. There is a very

good reason. Divorces are expensive things. The poor usually take their marital troubles to the Domestic Relations Courts. Assault, failure to support, and desertion are the most frequent charges. If you were to see them day after day and hear their drab stories you wouldn't bank much on the efficacy of poverty as a rival to the blue bird. It is a pitiful drama they unfold, a never ending parade of embittered and defrauded couples, hating each other because of the shackles they cannot cast off, hopeless from knowing the future holds forth no prospect of bettered marital conditions.

FROM Colonial times, when we were under English laws and divorces were granted by ecclesiastical courts or by a special act of Parliament, down to this day of theoretical equality, the result has been the same. While divorce was never actually restricted to the rich, it was at least out of the reach of the very poor. Our divorce laws in effect are not unlike our prohibitory liquor laws, they only deter the man without the price. But meanwhile the poor have their own sorry substitute for divorce. On every side are wives and husbands deserted by mates who found life with them intolerable. And the sufferers are the children, the one domestic "blessing" that poverty seems to assure.

At any rate the mismates with incomes that barely suffice to keep the wheels of existence going, are unable to escape by legal means. Even separation offers no practical solution, because the amount of money that any judge can allow from the income of the husband is inadequate to support the wife. In other words because there is only enough money to keep one home going they must both occupy it. The evils this brings about are beyond computing.

Take the case of a woman of about thirty whom I shall call Mrs. Preston. Her husband had been poor when she married him but he became a prosperous contractor. She said she had never really loved him. She had only liked him, but desired to give up working in a mill, and thus fooled herself into thinking affection would come. Disillusionment came almost immediately.

Soon there was quarreling. This was not all his fault, she admitted. He was not a bad sort in the beginning. But shortly her lack of affection changed to dislike, then to positive hatred.

"But," I said, "if you hated your husband why did you go on having children?"

"There was no other way," she replied. "I didn't know enough not to. We talked about divorce but there wasn't enough money at that time. I could have left him I suppose but times were hard in my trade and I was afraid I couldn't support myself."

And so shackled by poverty to a man she disliked, this woman had brought into the world three children, spiritual illegitimates, you might call them. She loved them well enough but not as much as she loved herself. She was willing now that her husband be given their custody although she was publicly branding him an adulterer. After having submitted to distasteful marital ties for years, she was ready to cast them off, even at the expense of wide notoriety, because another man had come into the picture.

And that is a situation duplicated on every side, not only among those deterred from divorce by poverty, but also among those unwilling or unable to secure freedom because of the other reasons I have given. Willing to submit so long as no new interest comes into their lives, let such a belated love affair come, they do not hesitate to rebel, even though it brings hardships and sorrow to others, all of which might have been avoided. All these cases are added arguments for quick and easy divorce where the incompatibility is such that there is no

reasonable prospect of effecting a cure. There is a saying that it is the child who pays for the divorce of its parents. In a sense that is true, but the child pays less than it would pay if its parents were fit subjects for divorce and still remained together.

The child of such a pair lives in an atmosphere of hatred, lying, sneaking, disloyalty, often of infidelity, on the part of one or both of the parents. It is impossible for such children to avoid taking sides. It is equally impossible for them not to acquire a cynical outlook on life, a sinister view of the marital relation, and a contempt not only for one of their parents but for humanity in general.

And opposed to this picture I could give instances of numerous parents who having been divorced, and remarried to others, divided equally the affection of their children. The custody of the off-spring had been assigned fairly, their financial maintenance devolving upon the father, of course. And because each of the parents had retained self-respect by terminating their marriage before they became embittered, they retained mutual esteem, and this in turn was reflected in the sentiments of the children who respected them both.

Persons whose marriages have failed, being given an opportunity to try again, usually meet with success in the second venture. In matrimony certainly there is something to the old saying, "Once bitten twice shy," though, of course, the axiom is not of universal application.

As a substitute for divorce the legal separation is a mockery. Instead of being a substitute it is a subterfuge. People who want to separate for the purpose of living apart don't have to go to law about it.

But living apart isn't the only thing that is wanted by the separation seekers who flock to the courts. I have heard it said that whereas in past time mercenary men and women frequently married for money, nowadays they separate for it. It isn't the man, however, who makes the demand for money.

Unfortunately, that fits too many of the cases that come before us, especially where the plaintiffs are childless wives. The majority of them are marital slackers who want something for nothing. They want the advantages of marriage without the disadvantages, as they see such things. They want the protection of the husband's name and his financial support without giving him anything in return. The woman who has ceased to love her husband, who finds his caresses boring, who hates house work and children and dodges responsibility generally, is the staunch upholder of the process of legal separation.

DIVORCE, broadly speaking, at its worst is a doubly decent thing compared with separation. Viewed from the broad angle the chief utility of separation is to afford undeserving wives with a weapon to accomplish legalized blackmail. I do not say there are no husbands who deserve the strictures placed upon them in a decree of separation. And I do not include among the unworthy separation seekers the elderly wives who have suffered at the hands of brutal husbands, nor the wives with children. But even in these cases a better solution might be found in divorce.

I have heard it argued for separation in the case of mismates that wives and husbands think of divorce only when another man or woman is in the offing.

What of it? Even in that case isn't the freedom of divorce better than the half freedom of separation. What is going to happen to the man or woman so responsive to the attractions of another, that they fall in love despite the fact that they are still yoked to the marriage bonds? Suppose



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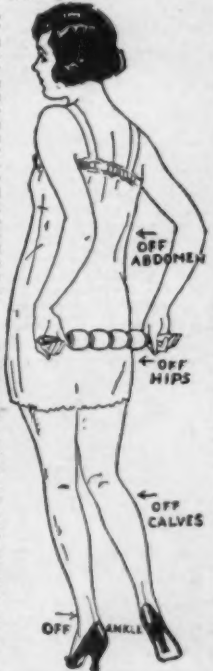


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they are set adrift by separation, but denied the freedom which would enable them to marry the one they love. What do you think will be the outcome? The question involved is not the rights or wrongs of the persons directly involved but of public morality.

Indeed as an actual cause of marital dissension and resentment the very existence of the legal separation with alimony outranks many causes which might seem more important. To begin with there are many wives of a certain sophisticated type who use the threat of separation as a club to wave at their husbands every time there is a disagreement between them. Does that make for harmony and felicity? And when the embittered husband finally gives her the least cause, that type of woman is not slow to put into effect the threat she has been using.

NEW YORK is full of butterfly women, wasting their lives in frivolity and worse. They are a product of the legal separation, the so-called "alimony widows."

Many of them may be giving ample cause for divorce but they are careful not to supply the necessary evidence. It is one thing to be morally certain of a spouse's infidelity and another thing to prove it. And these Broadway butterflies as I have heard them called, and their kind, with no thought of losing an easy income from a non-interfering husband, employ highly effectual means of avoiding detection.

I know of a decent man who for five years has been shackled to his separated wife, a wife who is notoriously lax but too cunning to be caught. Admittedly she doesn't love him and never did. He has begged her for a divorce so he can marry a certain respectable girl whom he loves. And the wife simply laughs at him.

There isn't much hope for that chap because he hasn't enough money to buy his way out of the pit. He earns a very good salary but after he pays heavy alimony to

the wife there isn't enough left to save up a fund.

There is something about the very word "divorce" that seems to strike a chill to the heart of the good old-fashioned men and women. The teaching that matrimony is an indissoluble bond of divine origin has been stressed so long that acceptance of it is almost instinctive. It is extremely difficult to make many persons understand that marriage is primarily a legal contract, and the concern of the state. The traditional belief that "marriages are made in heaven" and therefore out of place in a divorce court is, in my opinion, a mockery. Judging from my wide observation a very considerable number of marriages might more logically be said to have their origin in Hades.

The point of it all is that the modern mind is refusing longer to believe that because a pair of lovers made a bad selection from the marital grab bag, they should be forced to pay and pay for their mistake until the Grim Reaper sets them free. A great many people used to believe, or pretend to believe, that marriage was ordained to endure throughout eternity.

Always sure of a hearty response from older married folk is the story concerning the elderly widow, a noted scold, who attended a spiritualistic seance shortly after the death of her husband. Apparently being placed in communication with the departed, she admonished him not to worry at being separated from her.

"I'm not worried, Maggie," said the ghost.

"But I want you to be entirely happy, John," said the widow.

"I am happy, Maggie, perfectly happy," was the response.

"I understand, John," said the widow radiantly. "You're in heaven, dear, awaiting the day I shall join you."

"You're wrong, Maggie," declared the ghost. "I'm in hell, where I know a perfect woman like you can never come."

Forgive Me My Trespasses

[Continued from page 49]

To any one who has never experienced the consuming heat of a desire to retaliate for an injustice, my feelings perhaps are not understood; yet vengeance has been the motive behind some of the most vigorous action of humanity. I was not the first person to thirst and scheme for revenge, nor will I be the last.

Thousands, yes millions, before me have dedicated their whole lives on the altar of vengeance, even as I now dedicated my life. Not my whole life, exactly, for in the back part of my mind there was always the reservation that some time I would give up, but just now I yearned to have the Karbys feel my claws.

Because I was a woman, I suppose, I centered my hatred on Mrs. Karby. I felt she was far more guilty of my downfall than her husband, although I could not think of him except with bitter resentment. Man's inhumanity to man is but a puny injustice, compared with woman's inhumanity to woman. She, who could have saved me, was the one who blasted me!

Kenneth Karby, the next day, called me up; wanted to come at once to see me. Inspiration, cat-like in its cruelty, came to me in a flash.

"No, you cannot come," I told him. "I cannot see you."

"But why, Savannah? I must see you. I won't take that for an answer," he declared. "Why won't you see me?"

I fancy now, as I recall it, that I must have smiled to myself in a thin, feline way, as I thought, as I hoped, that at last I was about to reach the feelings of the woman who had corrupted my whole life.

"You're an engaged man," I told him. "That is the reason I cannot have you calling at my apartment."

He was stunned! For a matter of seconds there was silence as though an arrow had been driven into his heart.

"Is that the reason you refuse to see me?" he asked at last.

"That's one of the reasons. Isn't that sufficient?"

"Do you care, Savannah? Does it make the slightest difference to you whether I am engaged or not?"

"Perhaps," I said.

HOPE, like a flood of new life, colored his voice.

"Listen, Savannah dear, if I broke that engagement, would you see me then?"

"Perhaps."

"Then I'll come to see you this afternoon. Count on me at five o'clock, Savannah. This is not an easy thing for me to do, mainly because my mother has her heart set on this match; but you mean everything to me, dear girl, on my word of honor you do! And I'm going to break that engagement!"

"That is a matter that rests with you

entirely," I said. "It really isn't any of my affair, you know."

"I'm going to tell her the truth," he said in a strained voice. "I'm going to tell her I love someone else. Good-by, Savannah. Look for me at five."

And at five o'clock that afternoon he came to me, his face shining with eagerness. He had broken his engagement. Score one for me against Mr. and Mrs. John L. Karby!

And thereafter, for many days at a stretch, I saw him. We dined, we danced, we went to the theater. My net spread around him.

Love? I forbade him to speak of it.

I FEAR I may be giving the impression that Kenneth Karby was rather a half-wit. On the contrary he was one of the most intelligent young men I have ever known. Yet infatuation, love, if you prefer the word, is not a matter of intelligence; it is an emotion, and given an inch it will take a mile. Brainier men than Kenneth Karby have made worse fools of themselves over a woman than he did.

Please believe me when I say that I have not the slightest trace of vanity in these things. Youth, rather exceptional good looks and a fair share of personal magnetism, were the weapons with which I disarmed him.

There is nothing at all incredible in that situation, I think. I told him that I could not see him at all if he tried to make love to me, and except for minor and excusable lapses he obeyed me.

My own attitude toward him will probably be understandable to all women. The abject man, the man who crawls at the feet of his loved one, is not the man who sets the feminine heart thumping, the feminine pulse jerking. There is such a thing as too much devotion, and there is nothing that so certainly defeats its own purpose. The man who makes the error of complete surrender to a woman, loses the thing he hopes to gain.

Had Kenneth Karby been older and more experienced, he would not have been so much like putty in my hands. Sometimes I pitied him, but most of the time he annoyed me. Nevertheless, I was fighting for the settlement of my own private grudge and by degrees I was winning.

Night after night I monopolized his company. We were seen everywhere together. Once, when he had to go to Atlantic City on business, I accompanied him and stayed in the same hotel as his guest, although of course I insisted that my rooms be on another floor. We were photographed together on the boardwalk, and the picture appeared in the rotogravure section of the New York newspapers.

All of this, naturally, did not escape the attention of his parents.

"My father has given up trying to bully me about you," he said. "I suppose if I were dependent on him for any money, he would cut me off with a dollar, but thank heavens I'm not. I told him to his face, Savannah dear, that I was not going to give you up. He had a sly idea that he might part us by sending me down to Cuba to look over some sugar properties, but I think he got a hunch that I might take you along, so he gave up the idea."

Never a word did Kenneth Karby say about his mother. From that quarter—silence. I was reaching her, I was hurting her, I imagined; but that was all it was—imagination. I could not know for certain. I might have sounded the boy out as to how his mother was taking it, but after all there are limits beyond which one cannot, in decency, go. I respected Kenneth Karby's natural affection for his mother, even though she was the woman I hated.

Perhaps my readers are wondering how

I lived during this period; where I got the money to maintain my expensive apartment, and bought the smartest of clothes which, I assure you, I always wore. I got it from one source, Kenneth Karby. The facts are bald and crude, and not particularly pretty. I said to him:

"I've got to live. If I give you my company, you've got to pay me. If you don't, someone else will. It's up to you."

But he was never reluctant; never close-fisted. His greatest fear, I think, was that I might go to some other man; that some other man might get from me what he himself had failed to obtain.

And all the time I waited . . . waited. Sooner or later I was going to reach his people. The hidden fires of revenge smoldered, but they did not burn out. And the day—ah, the day when fulfillment came!

Mrs. John L. Karby came to see me! Shall I ever forget her as she looked that day, her head imperiously high, her face frigid and stony, her eyes like steel.

If she thought I was going to quail before her, she was vastly mistaken. I met her on even terms at my door, returning glare for glare.

"I want to talk to you," she said. I stepped aside and allowed her to enter the apartment. She stalked to the center of the room.

"I suppose I may sit down?"

"You may." She sat on the stiffest and hardest chair in the room with a sort of military precision. I sank into a comfortable chair, confident, utterly secure.

"I have come to you, Miss Lane, to talk about my son," she said. "Kenneth is very dear to my heart."

The irrepressible streak of devilry that had found so little outlet in the past, rose up in me with a little gush of wickedness. "Kenneth is also dear to my heart," I said.

"I doubt that very much indeed," she said. "However, that is precisely the subject I want to talk to you about. My boy is paying entirely too much attention to you for his own good."

"I'm sure he wouldn't agree with you," I said.

"He is young, and of course he is in the throes of a mad infatuation. I realize that perfectly," Mrs. Karby went on. "In the hands of a woman with your experience, he is indeed quite helpless."

"Need we go into that?" I asked her.

"Not at all from its sentimental aspect, Miss Lane. I think you and I understand each other. With you it must be a question of money; with me it is a matter of mother love, although I do not expect you to have any understanding or sympathy with my point of view. While I do not sympathize in the slightest with your position, I think I can understand it."

I studied the cold, antagonistic face before me for a moment before I answered her.

MOTHER love! I associated that emotion with tenderness, with sweetness, with something of almost unearthly purity. What I saw before me was spite and hatred. I saw the woman who had stripped me of all girlish happiness, who had made me a woman of the world. If a sense of love or duty mingled with her motive in coming to see me, I was certain that she derived a greater pleasure from her plans to defeat any design I might have regarding Kenneth.

"You think I am interested in Kenneth only from a money standpoint?"

"Naturally." "I'm so glad you understand me, Mrs. Karby. You are quite right. I am interested in your son, not entirely on account of his money, of course, but it certainly is an attraction."

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Even her steel-hardened self-possession was not proof against the cold-bloodedness of this confession. The effrontery of it brought instantly an angry flash of eye, a tinge of color to her cheek.

"Oh, I wish he could hear you say that!" she gasped. "That would disillusion him once and for all."

"But he didn't hear me say it, Mrs. Karby, and he shan't," I said sweetly. "Of course, you can repeat it to him, but I'm afraid he would set it down to your prejudiced interpretation of some thoughtless remark of mine. And naturally I wouldn't be as frank with Kenneth as I am with you."

She bit her lip. "It's just as I thought," she said. "First you set your trap for my husband, and now you have ensnared my son. Women like you ought to be punished. There ought to be a whipping post!"

"I set no trap for your husband, Mrs. Karby, and I set no trap for your son. They both sought me out and I have consistently discouraged their advances in each case. Why should you blame me if your husband felt the necessity to wander from his own fire-side? And surely it is not my fault that Kenneth was not satisfied with the very nice young lady you engaged him to."

MY WORDS were driven home like bullets. I saw her turn pale.

"I expected to be insulted when I came here," she said coldly, with a recovery of her dignified pride which, as much as I disliked her, I could not help admiring. "My errand is purely a matter of business. I want you to give up my son, Miss Lane."

"So I gathered." "After all, you're the sort of a person one can talk business to," she went on. "Since it is a matter of money with you, I'm not going to appeal to your sense of decency, if you have any of that quality. I shall come directly to the point. How much money do you want to leave my boy alone? I'll tell you in advance, however, that his father and I are not able to pay you any large sum, but we could manage a reasonable amount."

Money again! What, after all, did money mean to me? Nothing in the world. No! The greatest yearning in my heart was to vindicate myself, to fulfill the pledge I had made to pay back this woman and her husband for every pang of anguish they had caused me; for every scar they had put on my soul, for every flower of innocence they had uprooted from my nature. Now, for the first time, I was beginning to hurt them both, but this was only the beginning. I had just begun to fight.

It was sweet satisfaction for me now to lean back comfortably in my chair and smile at my enemy.

"I am sorry, Mrs. Karby, but I do not care to talk business to you. In fact, I do not care to talk to you at all."

"I don't think you understand me," she said. "I mean to pay you actual money if you will never see Kenneth again."

"I understood you the first time," I told her, "and I want you to know that no actual money from you, nor anything you can say or do, influences me in the slightest. As long as Kenneth cares to see me, and I care to see him, I imagine we will continue to see each other. I hope that is perfectly clear?"

She looked at me, dumfounded. "But I thought you said you were interested in the money!"

"Only incidentally," Mrs. Karby. But really, I don't care to discuss this thing with you any further at all. You're wasting your efforts on me, and you're certainly taking up time that I could employ, with more pleasure to myself, in other directions. Yes, I know I'm very rude but that's because I mean to be. You see, you have not

been very nice to me in the past, and really I see no reason why I should be especially kind to you. As a matter of fact I'm beginning to get frightfully bored."

She got to her feet, her eyes blazing. "Once more you have crossed my path, you creature!" she said. "I came to you today in all fairness, but your wickedness is greater than I can comprehend. Before I would see my boy married to you, I would rather see him in his grave!"

"I thank you for the idea," I said calmly. She glared at me. "What idea?"

"The idea of marriage, Mrs. Karby. You know Kenneth never appealed to me, particularly, as a husband; but at that, I may marry him. I'm broad-minded. I think I might in time overlook his family. Yes, I'm going to consider marriage quite seriously."

"You would ruin his life!" she said. "I don't think marriage with me would ruin his life, Mrs. Karby. Of course, my reputation is bad, but you must remember that I didn't make my own reputation. You and Mr. Karby made it for me, and you know the old saying—'Chickens come home to roost.'"

The woman turned so pale I thought she might faint; but she held herself stiffly erect.

"I'll send my husband to see you!" she cried. "If he can't do anything with you, I'll set the police on you!"

"Don't send your husband, please, Mrs. Karby," I said. "You know how susceptible he is. And I wouldn't bother taking the matter up with the police, because, honestly, your own lawyer would tell you how silly that would be."

Despite her rage, Mrs. Karby's mind was keen, and she seemed to realize that she was up against a stone wall. She tried to calm herself, and when she spoke again her voice was more under control.

"What is it you want, woman? What does your fiendish purpose demand?"

Again I smiled. "I'm afraid you will have to examine your own conscience to find an answer to that question, Mrs. Karby."

"I still believe," she said, "that you're after money exclusively. You're no fool, Savannah Lane. If we could come to reasonable terms—"

The ringing of the telephone in my bedroom interrupted her.

In spite of my pointed suggestions to the contrary, I had no particular wish that she should leave, because I was drinking deeply from a very pleasant cup, and I excused myself to answer the telephone in such a manner that I was sure she would not leave while I was in the other room.

The voice on the wire was Kenneth Karby's. He was downstairs, wanting to come up.

I told him to come.

ALONE in the room I paused, gathering myself together. This was my supreme test. I was taking my big chance. It might mean complete defeat for me, or, if I won, the sweetest of all possible victories. I wanted to hurt the woman; I thirsted for the complete revenge that had become an obsession in my mind. With me there was no necessity of self-justification; I was no sentimental weakling to give quarter where I had received none.

In all the world there is no fury so intense as the hatred between two women; no cruelty so primitive. Ours is the law of the jungle, and men think we are sweet, dear creatures!

Another moment and Kenneth Karby would be in my apartment. With a final satisfying glance at myself in the mirror I timed my return to the next room to coincide with his arrival. He rapped at the door.

"Pardon me, just a moment Mrs. Karby," I said. Over my shoulder I cast a glance

at her. She was still standing defiantly, yet somehow expectant, as though she had some final argument to make.

I opened the door, and admitted her son. For a moment he did not see his mother.

A devil of cruelty was in me that afternoon, and for the first time in my life I let him put his arms around me. I think the shock of my unexpected greeting had a paralyzing effect, because it was I who had to first kiss him on the lips.

"Your mother is here, dear," I said.

Still speechless, he turned his face from mine and looked across the room to where Mrs. Karby stood crimson, now, with shame and anger. Of the three, I was the only one cool and colored.

Kenneth began to color slowly. His voice when he managed to speak was strained and unnatural. "Mother! What on earth are you doing here?"

Mrs. Karby did not move.

"I have come to save you from this woman, if I can," she said.

"Your mother has just been trying, Kenneth, to persuade me that I should never see you again," I told him. "She feels so strongly on the subject that she offered me a sum of money if I would go away."

The boy looked at his mother aghast.

"Mother, I'm so surprised that I don't know what to say to you," he said. "Why do you come here to humiliate yourself—yes, to humiliate Miss Lane and me, with such foolishness. What right have you to interfere in my affairs? Did father send you?"

"I came on my own responsibility," Mrs. Karby said. "I came because your conduct with this woman is the talk of New York. You are bringing humiliation on your father and me, and you are making a fool of yourself! Worse, you are courting tragedy!"

They faced each other, apparently for the moment forgetful of my presence.

"You've talked this way to me before, mother," he said firmly, "and father both, and I told you that this was my own affair."

"Not yours alone, Kenneth, my son. You have a responsibility to your parents. You have a responsibility to the station of life in which you were born. I'm not trying to thwart you in any legitimate happiness you may seek, I'm merely trying to save you from a mistake that will blight your whole life."

"You have no right to speak that way!" he said. "It's slandering an innocent girl!"

His mother turned to me with her furious eyes. "Innocent!" she said. "You should have heard her laughing at you before you arrived, haggling over the amount of money she wanted."

Kenneth wheeled and faced me, the color slowly receding from his face.

"Is that true, Savannah? I can't believe it, even from my own mother!"

I looked straight at him.

"I didn't laugh at you, Kenneth. She did offer me money to give you up, but I didn't accept it nor agree to accept it. If your mother chooses to misunderstand the conversation we had, I'm very sorry."

"I knew it!" he said. "I knew you wouldn't sell me out behind my back, Savannah. But mother! Why do you do these things? Why do you let your hatred ride you, your prejudices and your jealousies of this girl? Why have you hated her since the day that father made a fool of

himself? It wasn't her fault, I tell you. She simply was the girl nearest at hand. Can't you let up on her? Can't you find it in your heart to forgive her?"

"Just a moment," I said. "I want no forgiveness from your mother, Kenneth, or your father either. I begged them both long ago to be just, but they were without mercy. There is nothing they can do for me now. Please don't humiliate me by asking any favors for me at their hands."

His mother and I battled silently with angry glances; it was she who first withdrew her eyes.

"Come, Kenneth," she said. "I'll not stay here to be insulted."

"Yes mother. I'll take you home," he said. "Savannah—"

I turned half away from him.

"No, you have made your choice Kenneth. Go with your mother. Go with her and never come back again. I'm through with you! I'm through with all of you!"

MY VOICE had the ring of sincerity, but in my heart I was filled with fear. My threat to renounce him was my big bluff. This was my chance to give the supreme wound to the woman who had wounded me almost to the point of death.

Kenneth Karby grew whiter.

"Savannah! You don't know what you're saying. Certainly I'll see you again!"

"Never!" I said. "You have heard what your mother said to me. You know what she thinks of me. If you leave this place with her tonight, it will be the last time you ever see me, unless by accident. I mean that, Kenneth."

"Come, Kenneth. You see now how much this creature cares about you. Surely this will bring you to your senses!"

He ignored his mother.

"Savannah, do you want me to stay here with you now?"

I went close to him and put my hands on his shoulders.

"Yes, Kenneth, I want you to stay," I said. "I want you to stay and defend me from everything and everybody."

"Kenneth, come to your senses!" his mother said to him sharply. "Don't let her make a fool out of you. Come, let us get out of here."

He did not turn his eyes from mine.

"Savannah," he said softly. "I'm not going to leave you, ever!"

His mother's voice edged in between us again.

"My boy, do you realize that this woman will ruin your whole life? Don't you know that you could never live down the shame of her name? You can't reform a bad woman. The world knows what Savannah Lane is. Her name is a jest, a by-word among the men of the town!"

Up to a certain point I could control myself, but something white hot and uncontrollable flared through me and I turned like a tigress on Mrs. Karby.

"If my name is a jest and a by-word, who made it so?" I demanded. "Your husband and you! You two dragged me through every humiliation that you could find! Your husband made a fool of himself over me, and you hated me for it, with a jealousy that would crucify me! You've tried to send me to the gutter, and you've almost succeeded. But in the end I've whipped you! If I go to the gutter, Kenneth goes with me!"



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